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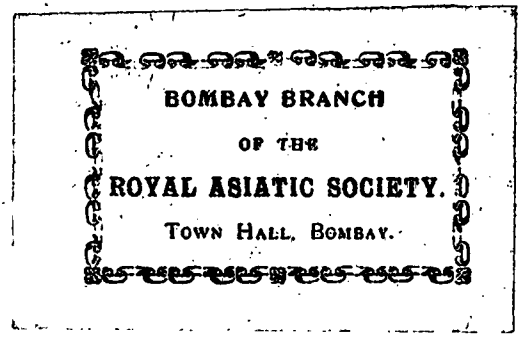

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SOURCE OF THE JORDAN.

NARRATIVE

OF THE

UNITED STATES' EXPEDITION

TO

THE RIVER JORDAN

AND THE

88314

DEAD SEA.

BY

W. F. LYNCH, U.S.N.,

COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION.

WITH MAPS AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIXTH EDITION, REVISED.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY,
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PREFACE.

THE object of the Expedition, the narrative of which is here presented, was unknown to the public, until a very short time prior to its departure from the United States, when the indications were such as to induce me to apprehend that it was not appreciated. Nevertheless, I had an abiding faith in the ultimate issue, which cheered me on; for I felt that a liberal and enlightened community would not long condemn an attempt to explore a distant river, and its wondrous reservoir,—the first, teeming with sacred associations, and the last, enveloped in a mystery, which had defied all previous attempts to penetrate it.

As soon as possible after our return, I handed in my official report, and, at the same time, asked permission to publish a narrative or diary, of course embracing much, necessarily elicited by visiting such interesting scenes, that would be unfit for an official paper. To this application, I was induced by hearing of the proposed publication of a Narrative of the Expedition, said to be by a member of the party. The permission asked, was

granted by the Hon. J. Y. Mason, Secretary of the Navy, with the remark, "I give this assent with the more pleasure, because I do not think that you should be anticipated by any other, who had not the responsibility of the enterprise."

Feeling that what may be said on the subject had better be rendered imperfectly by myself than by another, I have been necessarily hurried; and the reader will decide whether the narrative which follows was elaborately prepared, or written "currente calamo."

To E. Robinson, D. D., of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, I was indebted for letters to his friends in Beïrût, and for much information furnished from his copious store. I have also to thank Professor Haldeman, of Columbia, Pa., for some valuable suggestions, which I adopted.

To Mr. Stephens, of New York, the author of one of the most interesting books of travels which our language can produce, I return, in this public manner, my acknowledgments for a timely letter, written when the equipment of the Expedition was under consideration.

While I am responsible for everything here advanced, it is proper to say, that I have occasionally used the notes of other members of the Expedition; and am particularly indebted to Mr. Bedlow, who accompanied the land party down the valley of the Jordan.

The drawings are by Lieutenant Dale and Passed-Midshipman Aulick,—some of them complete, and some

outline sketches. To Messrs. Gilbert and Gihon, of this city, who undertook the illustrations, I am indebted for the beautiful wood-engravings which accompany the volume. They are all true to nature; each scene was taken upon the spot it was intended to delineate, and every portrait is a likeness.

The maps were prepared by Mr. F. D. Stuart, of Washington, from copies furnished by Mr. Aulick, from the labours of Mr. Dale and himself.

Through fatigue, privation and sickness, the officers and men of the Expedition acquitted themselves manfully; and the only drawback to our grateful recollections is, that one who shared our labours has not been spared to participate in the gratification of our return. Lieutenant Dale was an able and accomplished officer, and, by his death, the profession has been shorn of one of its proudest ornaments. His wife has since followed him to the grave; but, in his name, he has left a rich inheritance to his children.

I am wholly unskilled in author-craft, and have sought rather to convey correct ideas, than to mould harmonious sentences. I send this forth, therefore, in trepidation, yet with a confiding trust in that charitable construction which the people of this country have never denied to any one who honestly does his best.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 1849.

LIST

OF THE

MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION.

W. F. LYNCH, Lieutenant-Commanding.
JOHN B. DALE, Lieutenant.
R. AULICK, Passed-Midshipman.
FRANCIS E. LYNCH, Charge of Herbarium.
JOSEPH C. THOMAS, Master's Mate.
GEORGE OVERSTOCK, Seaman.
FRANCIS WILLIAMS, "
CHARLES HOMER, "
HUGH READ, "
JOHN ROBINSON, "
GILBERT LEE, "
GEORGE LOCKWOOD, "
CHARLES ALBERTSON, "
HENRY LOVELAND, "

HENRY BEDLOW, Esq., and HENRY J. ANDERSON, M.D., were associated with the Expedition as volunteers, after its original organization,—the first at Constantinople, and the other at Beïrût. More zealous, efficient, and honourable associates could not have been desired. They were ever in the right place, bearing their full share of watching and privation. To the skill of Mr. Bedlow, the wounded seaman was indebted for the preservation of his life; and words are inadequate to express how in sickness, forgetful of himself, he devoted all his efforts to the relief of his sick companions.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

A New Edition of this Work being called for, the Author has made some slight changes, and corrected several errors that were discovered in the first impression.

FEBRUARY, 1850.

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OF THE RIVER JORDAN
AND THE
NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE DEAD SEA
LIEUT. W. F. LYNCH, U.S.N.

EXPEDITION

TO

THE DEAD SEA.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

On the 8th of May, 1847, the town and castle of Vera Cruz having some time before surrendered, and there being nothing left for the Navy to perform, I preferred an application to the Hon. John Y. Mason, the head of the department, for permission to circumnavigate and thoroughly explore the Lake Asphaltites or Dead Sea.

My application having been for some time under consideration, I received notice, on the 31st of July, of a favourable decision, with an order to commence the necessary preparations.

On the 2d of October, I received an order to take command of the U. S. store-ship "Supply," formerly called the "Crusader."

In the mean time, while the ship was being prepared for her legitimate duty of supplying the squadron with stores, I had, by special authority, two metallic boats, a copper and a galvanized iron one,* constructed, and shipped ten seamen for their crews. I was very par-

* Built by the patentee, Mr. Joseph Francis, of New York.

ticular in selecting young, muscular, native-born Americans, of sober habits, from each of whom I exacted a pledge to abstain from all intoxicating drinks. To this stipulation, under Providence, is principally to be ascribed their final recovery from the extreme prostration consequent on the severe privations and great exposure to which they were unavoidably subjected.

Two officers, Lieutenant J. B. Dale and Passed Midshipman R. Aulick, both excellent draughtsmen, were detailed to assist me in the projected enterprise.

In November I received orders to proceed to Smyrna, as soon as the ship should in all respects be ready for sea; and, through Mr. Carr, U. S. Resident Minister at Constantinople, apply to the Turkish government for permission to pass through a part of its dominions in Syria, for the purpose of exploring the Dead Sea, and tracing the River Jordan to its source.

I was then directed, if the firman were granted, to relinquish the ship to the first lieutenant, and land with the little party under my command on the coast of Syria. The ship was thence to proceed to deliver stores to the squadron, and Commodore Read was instructed to send her back in time for our re-embarcation.

In the event of the firman being refused, I was directed to rejoin the squadron without proceeding to the coast of Syria.

The ship was long delayed for the stores necessary to complete her cargo. The time was, however, fully occupied in collecting materials and procuring information. One of the men engaged was a mechanic, whose skill would be necessary in taking apart and putting together the boats, which were made in sections. I also had him instructed in blasting rocks,

should such a process become necessary to ensure the transportation of the boats across the mountain ridges of Galilee and Judea.

Air-tight gum-elastic water bags were also procured, to be inflated when empty, for the purpose of serving as life-preservers to the crews in the event of the destruction of the boats.

Our arms consisted of a blunderbuss, fourteen carbines with long bayonets, and fourteen pistols, four revolving and ten with bowie-knife blades attached. Each officer carried his sword, and all, officers and men, were provided with ammunition belts.

As taking the boats apart would be a novel experiment, which might prove unsuccessful, I had two low trucks (or carriages without bodies) made, for the purpose of endeavouring to transport the boats entire from the Mediterranean to the Sea of Galilee. The trucks, when fitted, were taken apart and compactly stowed in the hold, together with two sets of harness for draught horses. The boats, when complete, were hoisted in, and laid keel up on a frame prepared for them; and with arms, ammunition, instruments, tents, flags, sails, oars, preserved meats, and a few cooking utensils, our preparations were complete.

CHAPTER II.

FROM NEW YORK TO PORT MAHON.

ALL things being in readiness, on the 20th of November we dropped down from the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, abreast of the Battery, and waited for a change of weather.

Friday, Nov. 26, 1847. At 10 A. M. weighed anchor, and at 10.15, with a fresh breeze from W. N. W., under a press of sail, we stood down the bay of New York. Around us the ruffled water was chequered with numerous sails, and the shadows of detached clouds flitting before the keen and cutting wind, fit harbinger of the coming frost. Before us, the "Narrows" open into Raritan Bay, and thence expand into the wide-spread and magnificent ocean.

At 2, P. M., passed the light-house; at 2.30 discharged the pilot; 2.45 braced our yards to the fresh and favouring breeze, and bade, as God in His mercy might decree, a temporary or a final adieu to our native land.

In a few hours the low lands were sunk beneath the horizon, and at sunset the high lands of "Navesink" were alone visible above the agitated surface of the water. The dry wind sweeping over the land, which had been saturated by the rains of the two preceding days, caused an evaporation so great as wonderfully to increase the refraction. The setting sun, expanding as it dipped, and varying its hues with its expansion,

assumed forms as unique as they were beautiful. Now elongated in its shape, and now flattened at its ends, it would, at times, be disparted by the white crest of an intervening wave, and present alternately the appearance of golden cups and balls, and jewelled censers tossing about upon a silver sea. As the minutes advanced, the western sky, tint by tint, became one glorious suffusion of crimson and orange, and the disc of the sun, flattening, widening, and becoming more ruddy and glowing as it descended, sunk at last, like a globe of ruby in a sea of flame.

I took this as an auspicious omen, although we sailed on Friday, the dreaded day of seamen. Why superstition should select this day as an unlucky one, I cannot conceive. On the sixth day, Friday, God created man and blessed him; and on Friday, the Redeemer died for man's salvation: on Friday, Columbus sailed from Palos in quest of another world: on the same day of the week, he saw the realization of his dream of life; and returned upon a Friday, to electrify Europe with the wondrous tidings of his discovery. As a harbinger of good, therefore, and not of evil, I hailed our departure upon this favoured day.

With the setting sun, all vestige of the land disappeared, and nothing remained but a luminous point, which, from the solitary light-ship, gleamed tremulously across the waters. As it sunk beneath the waves, our last visible tie with the Western World was severed. How gladly on our return, perchance a tempestuous night, shall we hail that light, which, flickering at first, but at length steadfast and true, welcomes the weary wanderer to his home!

Without the least abatement of affection for, I turned with less reluctance than ever from, the land of my

nativity. The yearnings of twenty years were about to be gratified. When a young midshipman, almost the very least in the escort of the good Lafayette across the ocean, my heart was prepared for its subsequent aspirations. In truth, in our route across the Atlantic, in the silent watches of the night, my mind, lost in contemplation, soared from the deep through which we ploughed our way, to that upper deep, gemmed with stars, revolving in their ceaseless round, and from them to the Mighty Hand that made them; and my previous desire to visit the land of the Iliad, of Alexander and of Cæsar, became merged in an insatiate yearning to look upon the country which was the cradle of the human race, and the theatre of the accomplishment of that race's mysterious destiny; the soil hallowed by the footsteps, fertilized by the blood, and consecrated by the tomb, of the Saviour.

Twice, since, at distant intervals, I contemplated making the desired visit. But the imperative calls of duty in the first instance, and a domestic calamity in the second, prevented me. As I have before said, in the spring of the present year I asked permission to visit the lands of the Bible, with the special purpose of thoroughly exploring the Dead Sea; the extent, configuration, and depression of which, are as much desiderata to science, as its miraculous formation, its mysterious existence, and the wondrous traditions respecting it, are of thrilling interest to the Christian.

The same liberal spirit which decided that the Expedition should be undertaken, directed ample means to be furnished for its equipment. With our boats, therefore, and arms, ammunition, and instruments, I felt well prepared for the arduous but delightful task before me.

The boats "Fanny Mason" and "Fanny Skinner," of nearly equal dimensions, were named after two young and blooming children, whose hearts are as spotless as their parentage is pure. Their prayers, like guardian spirits, would shield us in the hour of peril; and I trusted that, whether threading the rapids of the Jordan, or floating on the wondrous sea of death, the "Two Fannies" would not disgrace the gentle and artless beings whose names they proudly bore.

Tuesday, Nov. 30. Spoke an English brig bound to New York. She had many passengers on board, and had evidently been a long time at sea. Poor fellows! they were sadly out of their reckoning, and we endeavoured to correct their longitude, but the wind blew so fresh that I fear we were not understood. There are few things more exciting than the meeting of two ships on the lonely waters. Approaching rapidly, and as rapidly receding, but a few moments are allowed for friendly greeting; but, in that brief interval, how many thoughts of home and its endearments crowd the mind of the anxious wanderer!

Thursday, Dec. 2. The wind freshened into a steady gale; fragments of clouds flitted hurriedly across the sky; and the ship, now riding upon the crests, and again sunk in the hollow of a wave, rolling and plunging, dashed furiously onward, like a maddened steed, instinct with desperation.

The deep colour of the water, its higher temperature, and the light mist which shrouded its surface, showed that we had been for some days in the Gulf Stream, that wonderful current which originates from the multitudinous waters that are swept across the Atlantic before the trade winds, and impinge against the western continent; thence, sent with a whirl along the

southern coast of the United States, they are intercepted by the Bahamas, and turned rapidly to the north and east, until, encountering the Grand Bank, they are deflected easterly towards the Azores, and thence, pursuing different routes, one branch seeks the Mediterranean, and the other is lost in the sluggish Sargossa Sea.

Our chronometers, invariably ahead of the reckoning, proved that we were accelerated by the current half a mile an hour. We occasionally met with patches of sea-weed (fucus natans), and one morning found several mollusca upon a branch of it.

Between the coast of the United States and the inner edge of the Gulf Stream, we were swept forty miles to the southward, attributable, perhaps, to the great polar current setting along our coast to the south-west. This eddy current of the Gulf Stream may be the cause of the increase of cold experienced by navigators on reaching soundings.

We were favoured with fresh north-westerly gales, frequent rains, and a heavy sea, but there had been no great falling of the barometer. When under close reefed topsails and a reefed course, with a high sea running, the barometer had only fallen $\frac{1}{14}$ of an inch. On the approach of an easterly gale, a few days previous to our departure from New York, it fell $\frac{7}{14}$ of an inch.

This day, tested thermometrical barometer, No 2. Temperature of air, 68°; of surface of the sea, 70°; of the sea, at 100 fathoms, 63°. Barometer, 30.6. Water boiled at 212.95. Salt hygrometer floated at 1.4. Latitude, 38° 40′, north; longitude, 43° 00′, west.

Tuesday, Dec. 7. The barometer gradually fell, and the weather became more and more tempestuous.

Wednesday, Dec. 8. In the morning watch we were compelled to heave to, the ship labouring excessively. In the afternoon, the barometer had reached its minimum, 29.72, when the wind shifted in a sudden squall. Although the wind was fierce, the sky was cloudless, and the sea exhibited in magnificent confusion its toppling waves, with their foaming crests and driving spray, which sailors call spoom-drift, flashing in the sunlight. The interest of the scene was heightened by several sperm whales sporting in the wild chaos of waters, and exhibiting their glossy backs as they rose occasionally to the surface, and blew high in air volumes of water from their capacious nostrils.

Thursday, Dec. 9. The fitful airs throughout the day indicated, apart from our observations, the near vicinity of the land.

Friday, Dec. 11. This morning, made the islands of Corvo and Flores, the north-westernmost of the Azores, and by sunset we had reached the meridian of Flores, its brown and furrowed sides undecked with a single flower, and giving no indication of the origin of its name. Fearing that we should be becalmed if we ran to leeward of it, and the sea setting heavily upon Corvo, I determined to run between them, although we had no chart of the islands, and no one on board knew whether or not the passage was practicable. To this, I was induced by two considerations: In the first place, from the rounded summits of the islands, they were evidently of volcanic origin, and shoals are rare in such vicinities. In the second place, the sea ran so high, that it must break over any intervening obstacle, and present a distinct and prohibitory line of foam. We therefore stood boldly through, and, as if to cheer us, the rays of the setting sun, intercepted by a rain-cloud which had

swept over us, arched the passage with the best-defined and most vivid rainbow I have ever seen. It was so striking, that every draughtsman on board was immediately employed, endeavouring to catch the flitting beauties of the scene.

In the middle of the passage, the bow had faded away with the setting sun, leaving the sky less brilliant, but far more beautiful. In the east, directly ahead, rose the planet Jupiter, lustrous as a diamond, cresting with his brilliant light the line of vapour which skirted the horizon. Near the zenith, shone the moon in her meridian; lower down, the fiery Mars; and in the west, the beautiful Venus slowly descended, enveloped in the golden hues of the sun, which had preceded her. The gorgeous sun, the placid moon, the gem-like Jupiter, and the radiant Venus, bespoke the enduring serenity and the joys of Heaven; while the agitated sea, crested with foam, breaking loudly on either shore, which, in the gathering dimness, seemed in dangerous proximity, told of the anxieties and perils of this transitory life.

We passed through unimpeded, at a glorious rate, and the next day, at 4 P. M., were abreast and in sight of the island Graciosa, the last of the group in our line of route, its rude outlines dimly seen through its misty shroud. The barren faces of these lofty islands present no indication of their fertility. They abound, however, in cereal grains, and produce an excellent wine. They are frequently resorted to by our whalers, and by homeward-bound Indiamen, for supplies.

A case of varioloid made its appearance on board, but so slight as to create no alarm, and in the opinion of the surgeon, did not require isolation. I had my misgivings, for it is but the milder type of a disease as insidious as it is loathsome; and, with the concurrence

of the surgeon, purposed to have every officer and man vaccinated the first opportunity.

Friday, Dec. 17. Made Cape St. Vincent, the "Sacrum Promontorium" of the Romans, the south-western extremity of vine-clad Portugal, as it is of Europe also. This is the second time we have made land upon a Friday. It was off this cape that Admiral Jarvis gained his celebrated victory, and from it was derived the title of his patent of nobility.

During the night, the wind hauled to the southward and freshened to a gale, making it necessary to stand off from the shore. At 4 A. M., without an instant's warning, the wind shifted in a squall, taking the sails aback, the most perilous position, with a heavy sea, in which a ship can be placed. Fortunately the courses were not set, and the noble ship, although pressed down and deeply buried, obeyed the reverse helm and paid off before the wind. Had she been less buoyant and seaworthy, she must have inevitably foundered. The squall subsided into a steady breeze, and passing Cape St. Vincent, we were, at meridian, abreast of the coast of romantic Spain — its mountains, towering as they receded from the shore, wreathed their craggy summits with the mist which floated in the distance.

Sunday, Dec. 19. Made Cape Trafalgar, and sailed over the scene of the great conflict between the fleet of England and the combined fleets of France and Spain. Here, the great Collingwood broke the opposing line! There the heroic Nelson, the terror of his foes and the pride of his countrymen, nobly, but prematurely fell— his last pulsation an exultant throb, as the shout of victory rang in his dying ear. He died gloriously, for he fell in his country's cause, but prematurely for his own fair fame. Had he lived his noble nature would

have freed itself from the thraldom of a syren, and casting aside the seductions of the beautiful daughter of sin, his after life would have been as morally great, as his early deeds were unequalled in daring achievement.

We have *now* a mottled sky above us, and ride upon a tumultuous but not a stormy sea. The waves, like clumsy, living things, rush and tumble along in the utmost seeming disorder, and we have only the sweep of the wind and the surge of the sea, as the waves topple and break around and before us.

Then, the atmosphere was pure and the sky serene, and the gentle and undulating waves pressed the sides of the huge armaments they supported, their aspect lovely and their rippling sound melodious. The light breeze, bearing fragrance on its wing, wooed the upper sails of the advancing fleet in its soft embrace, and slowly propelled it towards the opposing line. A few brief moments, and how changed the scene! The balmy air became murky, sulphurous, and stifling, and one dark cloud, concealing earth, and sea, and sky, enveloped the commingled fleets, from whence came forth incessant flashes and resounding peals, which rivalled the red lightning and the loud thunder of an elemental strife. From amid this sound, frightful, yet stirring to the human heart, and appalling to every other creature, came other sounds, yet more harrowing — the shout of defiance, the shriek of agony and the yell of despair, — and fish, and bird, and every other living thing fled precipitately from the scene, leaving man, the monarch of creation, to slay his fellow man, the image of his august Creator! Such is battle! and he who rushes into it, impelled by other than the highest motives, perils more than life in the encounter. It is a glorious

privilege to fight for one's country; but, the seaman or the soldier who strikes for lucre or ambition, is an unworthy combatant.

As the day advanced, the weather became tempestuous; huge clouds, swollen with rain, rose in rapid succession, and sweeping over, discharged themselves in heavy gusts. A mist of varying density, wreathed along the coast, was here and there disparted by a bold promontory, or sharp projecting rock.

Fearful of being swept by the rapid currents upon the northern shore of the straits, into which we had now fairly entered, we hauled more to the southward, and soon, looming through the mist in gloomy grandeur, the mountains of Africa, lofty and majestic, rose upon the view.

Keeping thence the mid channel, we soon passed Tarifa, the southern point of Europe, where the Saracens first landed under El Arif, from whom it derives its name. The waves were dashing wildly against its battlements, encircling them with a line of foam.

Twice has this narrow strait been covered with Saracen flotillas. First, on their invasion of Spain, when they subjugated its fairest and most fertile portion; and secondly, when, overcome by the wily Ferdinand and the peerless Isabella, they fled disorderly from a land they had held so long, and loved so fondly. The Martello towers erected along the coast, attest the fears long entertained, and the vigilance long exercised to guard against invasion.

2.30 P. M. The clouds and mist, driven before the freshening wind, have left us a clear atmosphere. Ahead, is the blue expanse of the Mediterranean, held by the Romans, as its name imports, to be the centre of the earth. On either bow, is Calpe and

Abyla, the pillars of Hercules, and termini of two continents.

2.40. The strong current, and yet stronger wind, have propelled us so rapidly onward, that the "Rock" and the bay of Gibraltar are now in full view to the east and north. As the bay opened, the towns of St. Roque and Algesiras greeted us to the north and west. The former, directly ahead, as we steered for the anchorage, is situated on the summit of a high, rounded hill, separated from the surrounding ones by a luxuriant, circular valley. It is the most picturesque, and needs but foliage to be the most beautiful town, at a distance, I have ever beheld.

4 P. M. Anchored immediately abreast of the town of Gibraltar.

The rock of Gibraltar, abrupt on this, its western side, and on the other absolutely precipitous, has a summit line, sharp and rugged, terminating with a sheer descent on its northern face, and sloping gradually to Europa point at its south extreme. From an angle of the bay, this rock, 1400 feet high and three miles long, presents the exact appearance of a couchant lion;—his fore-paws gathered beneath him, his massive, shaggy head towards Spain, his fretted mane bristling against the sky, and his long and sweeping tail resting upon the sea.

Upon the debris on its western side, about one-third the distance from its northern end, the town is built, tier above tier, containing a crowded population of 15,000 souls, in a most contracted space. The houses, built of stone and covered with tile, are mostly small and incommodious, and their fronts are coated with a dark wash, to lessen the glare of the sun, which, from meridian until it sinks beneath the mountains of Anda-

lusia, shines full upon them. With the exception of the upper part of the town, where alone the suburbs are, the confined and narrow streets and dwellings are badly ventilated; hence, in the summer season, epidemics are often rife and devastating.

The entire water front of the bay is one continuous line of ramparts, and, from numerous apertures, the brazen mouths of artillery proclaim the invincible hold of its present possessors. It is said, that there is not one spot in the bay, on which at least one hundred cannon cannot be brought to bear. Its northern face, too, is excavated, and two tiers of chambers are pierced with embrasures, through which heavy pieces of ordnance point along the neutral ground upon the Spanish barrier. This neutral ground, a narrow isthmus, at its junction with the rock, but soon spreading out into a flat, sandy plain, separates, by about half a mile, the respective jurisdictions of Great Britain and Spain.

Just within the Spanish barrier is a small village, containing fifty or sixty houses, a few constructed of stone, but most of them of thatched straw. What a contrast it presents to the cleanliness, order, and air of comfort which pervade the fortress, so short a distance from it! Ill clad, lazy men, lounging in the sun; homely, dirty, dishevelled women, with yet filthier children, seated in the door-ways; and hordes of importunate beggars, who, the dogs excepted, are the only active inhabitants of the place, all too plainly bespeak an unhappy and misgoverned country.

South-west of the barrier, on the northern margin of the bay, are the ruins of fort St. Philip, erected during the siege of Gibraltar by the combined land and naval forces of France and Spain. Immediately north, on the first ridge of a mountain chain, which becomes

more and more lofty in the distance until it is lost in the Sierra Nevada, is a rounded stone or semi-column, upon which, it is said, the Queen of Spain took her seat when the batteries opened upon the town and fortress of Gibraltar, solemnly protesting that she would not rise from it until the allied banners waved in the place of the blood-red flag of England. Like many another rash and inconsiderate vow, it was necessarily broken, and the mortification of defeat was enhanced by the recollection of her folly.

About a mile west of the barrier, a narrow gully in the sand, which, in the winter, is partly filled with water, and in the summer perfectly dry, indicates the bed of the river Mayorgo, on the banks of which the populous city of Carteia once stood. Between these banks, how many a proud Roman and Carthaginian galley has passed, as the place fell alternately into the possession of either power! Of the thousands who inhabited that city,—of the houses they dwelt in, and the walls, towers, and citadel which encircled and defended them, not a single vestige now remains. How transitory and fleeting is the life of man! In the midst of terrestrial cares, he is swept from existence, and the memory of the most favoured is scarce treasured beyond the first anniversary of his fall. Alas! "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

We here took observations, to ascertain the rate of our chronometers, and purchased some chemical tests and an herbarium, for the Expedition. Having only stopped at Gibraltar for some mathematical instruments, ordered from London, we were in hourly expectation of their arrival, when an untoward event compelled us to sail without them. One of the officers had been violently ill for some days, and the skill of the surgeon was baffled to detect the character of the

disease, when, on the morning of the fifth day, it developed unequivocal symptoms of the small-pox. My first thought was to seek a place, to which those who might be attacked could be removed as soon as taken, and thereby, as much as possible, retard the dissemination of the pestilence among the crew. My next consideration was to protect the crowded town and garrison, where we had been so hospitably received. I therefore immediately interdicted all communication with the shore, and, as soon as the weather would permit, sailed for Port Mahon, where the flag-ship was, and where there are extensive hospitals. The sick man knew, however, that before it could be reached, he must pass the ordeal. His feelings can be better imagined than described. Prostrate with a disease as malignant as it is loathsome; with a body inflamed and swollen, and a mind so racked with fever, that reason, from time to time, fairly tottered on her throne, he must naturally have longed to exchange his hard and narrow berth, and the stifling atmosphere of a ship, soon to be tossed about, the sport of the elements, for a softer and more spacious couch, a more airy apartment, and, above all, the quiet and the better attendance of the shore.

After a boisterous passage of eight days, we reached Port Mahon, where the invalid was hoisted out of the ship, and taken in his bed to the Lazaretto, or Lazar House, the most cheerless, bleak, and dreary quarters ever occupied for such a purpose. The few dismal weeks he spent there, unable to read and incapable of writing, will, doubtless, be long remembered by him.

Fortunately, there was but one additional case; and the ship, by repeated fumigations, and various modes of ventilation, was finally purged of the foul and festering disease.

Mahon, so named from Mago, the brother of Hannibal, is the chief town of the island of Minorca. It is beautifully situated at the north-west extremity of one of the most secure and spacious harbours in the world. This port, since the first introduction of a U. S. naval force in the Mediterranean, subsequent to the war with the freebooters of Barbary, has, with few exceptions, been the winter rendezvous of our squadrons stationed in that sea. Why it should be so, with the security of the anchorage its only recommendation, it is difficult to conceive. Other places there are, sufficiently secure, less isolated in their position, less tempestuous in their winter climate, abounding with classical associations and teeming with inducements to scientific research, far superior to Port Mahon. A place famed for the facilities it presents for acquiring, and the cheapness of indulging low and vicious habits:—famed for the circumstance that the senior officers, and all who can be spared from watch, abandon their ships and reside for months on shore; while many of the young and the inexperienced, and some of their superiors, spend much of their time and all their money in the haunts of the dissipated and the vile. I do not mean to reflect upon the respectable part of the population of Mahon, for there is not a more kind-hearted or gentle people in the world. But ignorance of the language compels most of our officers to keep aloof from a society, which, if it do not increase the refinement of their manners, should at least protect them from moral degradation.

Apart from all moral considerations, there are political ones why Port Mahon should not be the winter rendezvous of our squadron in the Mediterranean.

Within twelve years, difficulties were once anticipated with France, and twice with England;—with

the former power on the subject of indemnity, and with the latter on the questions of the north-eastern boundary and the disputed claim to Oregon. On these occasions, our depot was, and our squadrons mostly were, at this port, in a small island, two hundred miles distant from Toulon, the nearest point on the main land, and equi-distant from Gibraltar and Malta — all three strongholds of probable enemies. Its isolated position debars intelligence from the continent more frequently than once a month, and the first indication of hostilities might have been the summons of a hostile fleet.

It is true that our commanders have received directions not to winter at Mahon, but orders are fruitless while commanders of squadrons claim the privilege of exercising their own judgment without regard to the instructions of the authorities at home. We found the flag-ship here, and here it is believed that the squadron will winter.

The islands of Minorca and Majorca form the Balearic isles, whence the Carthaginians and the Romans, as they successively conquered them, procured their Baleares or slingers. It is said, but untruly, that in Mahon Hannibal took the well-known oath of vengeance against the unrelenting foe of his country. The oath was taken at Carthage.

The soil is thin, yet exceedingly productive; but so great are the trammels, alike on agriculture, commerce, and every branch of domestic manufacture, that the people are deplorably impoverished. Numerous beggars, and the yet more painful sight of abject poverty peeping from beneath the ragged skirts of pride, everywhere greet the eye. Every day presents scenes cal-

culated to make the philosopher moralize and the Christian weep. Alas! poor Spain!

Friday, Jan. 28. Lieutenant Dale and myself visited the talayots of Trepuco and Talatli, two Celtic ruins, with mounds and musæ or altars. The first is in the midst of a circular fort with five bastions, behind which, tradition says, the inhabitants of the island defended themselves against the Moors. We thought the circumvallations more modern than the mound, or the musæ or altars.

These ruins, and others on the island, are either monumental tombs or altars of sacrifice, on which human victims were most probably immolated. The Druids, or priests of the Celts, derived their religion, perhaps, from the Egyptians. How much labour and ingenuity that ancient people evinced in quarrying, transporting and elevating such enormous blocks! The exact manner in which they are placed with regard to the cardinal points, and being so accurately poised as to stand for many centuries, exhibit, also, no inconsiderable knowledge of geometry. Scarce a vestige remains of the nations that have subsequently possessed this island, while here stand these huge old stones and enormous piles, the mute, but expressive memorials of the most ancient people of all! Mr. Dale took exact sketches of the mound of Trepuco and the musa of Talatli.

The Balearic isles, believed to have been settled by the Phœnicians, if not by the Celts long before them, have fallen successively under the yoke of the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Goths, the Saracens, the English and the Spaniards, — under the latter three times.

CHAPTER III.

PORT MAHON TO SMYRNA.

FRIDAY, Feb. 4th. At 10 P. M. left the harbour of Mahon with a light but favourable wind. Our stay had been so protracted that we gladly hailed the familiar sight of a boundless horizon before us. We had all become somewhat impatient of the many causes of detention that had interfered with our departure; and we were, of course, proportionately elated when at length we were again careering over the blue waves of the Mediterranean.

The breeze freshened as the night wore on, and we wended joyfully on our way, each congratulating the other on the prospect of a speedy disembarcation. The next day we passed south of Sardinia; and the morning after made the Island of Maritimo, and beyond it could see the blue outlines of Sicily. The day was at first clear and beautiful, but, with the ascending sun, a dim vapour spread along the sky, and, wafted by the wind, like a misty shroud, enveloped the larger island. To the eye, all was serene and peaceful, but beneath that veil the myrmidons of power and the assertors of human rights were engaged in deadly conflict. The Sicilian revolution had begun. Its end, who could foresee?

P. M. Passed the island of Pantellaria, the Botany Bay of Naples and Sicily, and accounted by some to be the Isle of Calypso.

To avoid danger in the shape of rocks and shoals at sea, it is ever best to shape the course directly for them, for then all are vigilant. We stood, therefore, directly for the shoal which marks the spot where, some years since, a volcanic island suddenly rose from the sea, and shortly after disappeared. We saw nothing of it.

During the night we shortened sail, but, with the fresh wind blowing, it was difficult to check the ship in her headlong velocity. At early daylight, the Islands of Gozo (the true Calypso) and of Malta were directly before us. To the eye they presented the barren aspect of rugged brown rocks, their surfaces unrelieved by tree or verdure; and the houses, built of the same material, and covered with tile, rather added to, than varied, the tiresome uniformity of the scene.

With a fresh and favourable wind, we sailed along the abrupt and precipitous shores, and came to anchor in the famous port of Valetta. Three promontories, their summits fretted with artillery, frown down upon the triune harbour. Along the city walls, from Castle Ovo to the extreme point on the right, are lines of fortifications, relieved here and there by some towering Saracenic structure, presenting, in graceful contrast,

"The Moorish window and the massive wall."

Here, too, has Napoleon been! From Moscow to Cairo, where has he not?

We rowed around in our boat, and in the upper harbour saw a number of towering three-deckers and heavy line-of-battle ships moored in formidable array. One of the latter, some hours afterwards, passed us, outward bound; and by the side of our little ship she looked, indeed, like

a huge leviathan. She sailed by "majestically slow;" her hull, her armament, her spars and sails, presenting a perfect combination of graceful symmetry and gigantic strength. The deepest silence prevailed, broken only by the ripple of the water beneath her bows, and the occasional voice of her commander, who, whether despotic or humane, had the true urbanity of a gentleman. As with the gathering wind his ship swept by, he caught sight of our pennant and descried our uniform, when, instantly crossing the deck, he courteously and gracefully saluted us. If ever the republican dogs of war are to be again let loose, Heaven grant that it may be against a foe so well worthy of a grapple in the honourable trial at arms.

As we were not admitted to *pratique*, we saw nothing more of Malta, but left it at sunset. Having once before been there, I bear in vivid remembrance her many scenes teeming with interest. The bay and the cave, spots consecrated by the shipwreck and the miraculous preservation of the great Apostle of the Gentiles: her armory, with its shields and swords, and her rare and exquisite gardens.

Saturday, Feb. 12. At daylight, made the Island of Cerigo, the ancient Cythéra, upon which was wafted at her birth the Goddess of Love and Beauty. It is also reputed to have been the birth-place of Helen, the frail heroine of the Trojan war.

Passing under easy sail, between Cerigo and Ovo, leaving Candia (ancient Crete) to the south, we entered the blue Egean, and had the Group of the Cyclades before us as we turned to the north. In the course of the day we saw Milo, famed for its spacious harbour and its excel-

lent wine; Paros for its marble quarries, and Anti-Paros for its celebrated grotto, deemed one of the wonders of the world.

Sailing through the Sporadic group, we passed the Gulf of Athens, and saw Cape Colonna, (ancient promontory of Sunium, where Plato taught, and where are the ruins of a temple of Minerva.

Greece! poetic Greece! but that my soul is engrossed by one pervading thought, how I would love to visit thy shores! How *have* I loved to follow the muse in this favoured land! How delighted to pursue the arts, and trace the history of this wonderful people! How admired the chaste philosophy of Greece, springing with Corinthian beauty into life, amid the storms of sedition, and bending, like the brilliant Iris, her beautiful bow in the clouds which had overshadowed her sleeping oracles! The bold and inquisitive spirit of Grecian philosophy could not be fettered by a loose and voluptuous religion, however graceful in its structure and poetical in its conceptions. Grecian philosophy, reflecting the early rays of revelation, more powerful than the Titans, scaled the pagan Heaven, and overthrew its multitude of gods.

Did time permit, how I would love to look upon the Piræus and the Acropolis! Upon the place where Socrates, in the dispensation of a wise Providence, was permitted to shake the pillars of Olympus, and where the Apostle of Truth, in the midst of crumbling shrines and silenced deities, proclaimed to the Athenians the *Unknown God*, whom, with divided glory, they had so long worshipped in vain.

Continuing our route through the Sporades, between Ipsari and Scio, of sad celebrity, we rounded, on the morning of the 15th, the promontory of Bouroun, and entered the Gulf of Smyrna.

P. M. By a sudden transition from the fresh head-wind

without, we were now floating upon the placid bosom of a beautiful bay, with our wing-like sails spread to a light and favouring breeze.

Far beyond the shore, might be seen the snowy crest of the Mysian Olympus. We passed in sight of the first Turkish town, with its little cubes of flat-roofed houses, and its groves and trees, so refreshing to the eye after the Grecian isles, all brown and barren. It is the ancient Phocœa.

The bay was dotted with the numerous sails of feluccas, outward and inward bound. As we passed, the Bay of Vourla opened on our right,—and on the left, were some remarkable green hills,—and beyond them, a long, very long, low track, with a barely visible assemblage of white dots beyond. It was Ismir! Infidel Ismir! Christian Smyrna! The setting sun empurpled the neighbouring mountains, gilding here and shadowing there, in one soft yet glorious hue, lending a characteristic enchantment to our first view of an Oriental city.

The wind failing, we anchored about eight miles from Smyrna, near Agamemnon's wells. Abreast, was fort Sanjak Salassi, with its little turrets and big port-holes, even with the ground, whence protruded the cavernous throats of heavy guns, entirely disproportioned to the scale of the fortifications.

Our eyes were here refreshed with the sight of rich olive-groves; Turkish villages embowered among trees, many of the latter covered with blossoms, interspersed with the melancholy cypress (the vegetable obelisk), and backed by a range of verdant mountains beyond.

Wednesday, Feb. 16. The scene which this morning presented to our admiring eyes, was one of surpassing loveliness. To the north and west was a sheet of placid water, with cloud-capped mountains in the distance. Before us was the city, overshadowed by a lofty peak,

the snow-crowned summit of which glittered in the rays of the rising sun. On an abrupt platform, immediately beneath it, were the embattled towers of a once formidable castle; from thence, on a descending slope, which spread its base until it reached the water, the houses were thickly clustered; while here and there a swelling dome, and lofty, pyramidal spire, indicated a mosque, with its attendant minaret.

But on the right was the most exquisite feature. A narrow, but most luxuriant valley skirted the base of a range of mountains to the south, and, from the lofty barricade to the very verge of the bay, presented one enamelled mead of verdure and bloom. The grass and cereal grains had all the vivid tints of early spring, while the white and the pink blossoms of the nectarine and the almond were interspersed with the graver hue of the dark and abounding olive. While enjoying the scene, we heard the tinkling of bells, and looking to the left, beheld a caravan of camels rounding a distant hill. In a long line, one after the other, slowly, sedately, with measured strides, they passed along the road towards the west. Each one was laden with heavy packages, except two, which had women and children perched high upon their uneven backs.

11 A. M. Sail up and anchor off the city of Smyrna.

Thursday, Feb. 17. With the first dawn of day we were amused watching the deck of an Austrian steamer, which arrived, during the night, from Constantinople.

With the sun, up rose Turks, Greeks, and Armenians, shaking and settling themselves in their strange and gorgeous costumes. There were magnificent Turks with blessed beards, clothed in multitudinous garments, with a whole armory of pistols and daggers stuck in their sashes. One old fellow was particularly striking, in a drab-coloured capote and a white beard, smoking his chi-

bouque in dignified abstraction from the world around him. There were two or three Persians, with black beards of extraordinary unction, and high, black, conical caps. There was one, a perfect magician, with beard blacker than a raven's plume, and a lofty brow, pale as alabaster. There were Turkish officers and soldiers, Greeks and Armenians, all with the red tarbouch; and lastly, a sailor-looking man, with his hands independently thrust into his pea-jacket pockets.

They all passed near us on their way from the steamer to the shore. Among them were several women, with ugly, white muslin drawn over their faces,—closely veiled. One of the latter we were particularly anxious to see, as she accompanied a rich old Turk with a perfect boat-load of goods and chattels. As she passed, one hand was exposed from beneath the folds of the muslin. Do the Turkish ladies wear black gloves? Credat Judæus Apella! Let the circumcised Jew believe it! Can a Christian credit that she was a Nubian, of the deepest Cimmerian tint?

We landed and passed into the streets, the narrow, winding ways of Smyrna. How strange everything seems! After all one has fancied of an eastern city, how different is the reality! The streets are very narrow and dark, and filled with a motley and, in general, a dirty population—passing to and fro, or sitting in their stalls, for they deserve no better name. Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, seem to prevail.

But the most striking, living feature of the east is the long strings of camels, huge, meek-looking beasts, with long necks and small projecting heads, tramping along under enormous loads, with their great pulpy, India-rubber splay feet, threatening to bear down everything in their onward march. Again and again we were compelled to slip into the open stalls to avoid being crushed.

At length we adopted the precaution of each one keeping under the lee, as sailors term it, of a heavily laden camel, for it was not only necessary to avoid the camels and little donkeys, but also dirty, ragged, staggering, overladen porters, whose touch threatened not only to communicate the plague, but also whole detachments of the insect tribes of Egypt.

We proposed entering a mosque, but as we were required to take off our boots, and the pavement was damp and dirty, we deferred the gratification of our curiosity until we had visited Constantinople.

We came to the same resolution with respect to a bath, the one we looked into being repulsive from its filth and slovenliness, and far too public for our ideas of propriety. Our consul, Mr. Offley, an honour to his name and to the position he fills, told us that he once took a Turkish bath, but never repeated the operation.

The city of Smyrna, so inviting in its exterior, is crowded, dirty, and unprepossessing within. The houses, excepting those on the Marina, or Water front, rarely exceed one story in height, and are dingy and mean; and the very mosques, so imposing from without, fall far short of the conceptions of the visitant.

The Smyrniotes have fair complexions, much fairer, we think, than the people of the Morea, and very much more so than the Kurds, Armenians, Syrians, and Jews.

The River Meles, sacred to Homer, in winter a foaming torrent, but in summer scarce a flowing stream, runs in a northerly direction, along the eastern limits of the city. On the line of travel to the East, it is spanned by the caravan bridge, the great halting-place of returning and departing caravans. As we saw it, the river was a shallow stream, not half filling the space between the widely separated banks. Kneeling on the sands, on each side of the river, above and below the bridge, were many hun-

dreds of camels, with their heavy packs beside them. It was the hour of feeding, and, arranged with their heads in the centres of circles, of which their tails formed the peripheries, without noise, they ate the dry straw which was placed before them. While we looked on, the hour elapsed, and the burdens were replaced on the backs of the patient animals. Although constituting a number of separate caravans, they were all, evidently, subject to the same regulations. At a given signal, they slowly raised first one foot and then another from beneath them, and then, with a peculiar cry, plaintive yet discordant, jerked themselves, as it were, to an erect position. The turbaned drivers, the uncouth, patient camels, and the tinkling bells, formed a scene truly Asiatic.

Turning from the throng of living beings, we passed immediately through an extensive grove of dark, funereal cypress, every interval between the tall, symmetrical trees being covered with Turkish tomb-stones. These are mostly two erect slabs of marble, one at the head and the other at the foot of each grave, their flat surfaces turned towards the highway and covered with Turkish or Arabic inscriptions, usually in gilt letters, recounting the name and character of the deceased. The head-stones of the males have invariably a carved turban, coloured red or green, according to the family of the deceased. On the head-stones of the females, carved rose-branches are generally seen.

Some of the old head-stones had carved on them the implements of the trades pursued in life by the tenants beneath. The hammer and the saw denoted the carpenter; the last, the shoemaker; the trowel, the mason, and the shears, the tailor. We were told, that in the vicinity of Constantinople there are some with the gallows carved on them, indicating that those beneath had, by that instrument, met their doom. It is further said,

that in the times of Turkish despotism, a man's family deemed it a sure and convincing proof of the wealth or talent of their ancestor, if he had been considered of sufficient importance to be executed.

The bowstring and the scimetar have now superseded the ignominious gallows. The day will come, and is coming, when the public mind in every enlightened community will shrink with horror from the infliction of the punishment of death. But, until the minds of men are more enlightened, and their conduct influenced more by holy aspirations than base, ignoble fears, there necessarily must be an inflexibly restraining power.

How beautiful is the moral of the eastern allegory in relation to punishment! The Brahmins represent Punishment as the son of the Deity, and the security of the four orders of the state. He rules with a sceptre of iron, and from the beasts of the field to the children of men, the order can never be violated with impunity. He is the perfection of justice. All classes would become corrupt; all barriers would be overthrown, and confusion would prevail upon the face of the earth, if punishment either ceased to be inflicted or were inflicted unjustly. But, while the Genius of Punishment, with his dark countenance and fiery eye, presses forward to extirpate crime, the people are secure if justice be impartial.

Crime, like a leprous cancer, spreads from individuals to nations. It should be the duty, therefore, of a Christian to oppose everything which tends to corrupt morals and promote licentiousness. History, with her grave and solemn countenance, constantly admonishes us, that, whatever may have been the immediate cause of national calamities, licentiousness of morals has always preceded and precipitated the catastrophe. The political revolutions which have most afflicted mankind were introduced by an era of national profligacy. Charles was the natural

precursor of Cromwell, and Cromwell the fit successor of Charles. The licentious cavalier was aptly followed by the stern and formal Puritan. The morals, the literature, the religion of the English nation had become utterly depraved, and the interposition of the Genius of Punishment, the Avenger of crime, the security of the four orders of government, became necessary, to chastise and to correct. The sufferings of the nation were terrific, but its crimes had been enormous.

But, as if to teach mankind a lesson which tradition could never forget, the crimes of the French people were permitted to accumulate until Paris rivalled Sodom in iniquity: and, perhaps, the sudden and consuming wrath which fell upon the city of the plain, was mercy compared with the protracted sufferings of this abandoned people. If the world shuddered at the enormity of their crimes, nations grew pale at the intensity of their sufferings. The Avenger of crime again exacted the full measure of retribution.

Alas! man, whether in his individual or social capacity, is a frail and rebellious creature, and the sternest sanctions of the law have, in all ages, been required for the maintenance of peace and order. But, all the force of the law has, under every frame of government, been found insufficient to repress the spirit of insubordination. The strong impulse of the passions, and the hope of impunity, still impel daring and wicked men to commit the most detestable and atrocious crimes.

The Genius of Punishment, therefore, with his dark countenance and fiery eye, must yet awhile longer frequent the haunts of the children of men. These reflections have been indulged, in order to strengthen the mind to contemplate a dire necessity, and to prepare it for the recital of a shocking circumstance attendant on a legal execution here.

A criminal was recently condemned to death, and the mode adjudged was decapitation. He was led forth into one of the public streets, and duly prepared. The clumsy executioner, unable to strike off the head with repeated blows, deliberately, with a saw, severed the hacked and disfigured head from the convulsively writhing trunk.

The heart sickens at the recital. It is painful to hear, — most painful, on the best authority, to narrate an incident so harrowing. Were I to consult my inclinations, my pen should, like the sun-dial, note "those hours only which are serene." But, if I speak at all, it is my duty to describe things exactly as I find them.

Such an event as the one above narrated would have shocked all England, even when her penal laws, like those of Draco, were written in blood; and an unhappy mother, starving herself, was hung for stealing a loaf of bread, wherewith to feed her starving child.

Even with such a fact before us, it is difficult to say whether the Ottoman government is most a despotic or a patriarchal one. Certain it is, that if the late barbarous execution were made known to him, the humane heart of the Sultan would shrink with horror, as much as that of any Christian. Unhappily, he is kept in most profound ignorance, and every thing calculated to give him pain, or excite his mind to inquiry, is sedulously excluded. Such is the account given by intelligent Franks, long resident in his dominions.

The country around Smyrna is highly cultivated, and the benignant soil and genial climate amply repay the toil of the husbandman. Less productive of the cereal grains, its vintage and its crops of fruit are most superior and abundant. Except the mountain sides, which are sparsely covered with brushwood, the frequent groves of cypress, each denoting a burial-place, and the clusters of orange trees around the villas of the wealthy, the surface

of the country is thickly dotted with the olive and the almond, the mulberry and the fig-tree. Smyrna is particularly celebrated for an exquisitely flavoured and seedless grape, and for the superior quality of its figs.

It is also one of the claimants for the birth-place of Homer, the blind old bard, whose fame was purely posthumous! The Grecian virgins scattered garlands throughout the seven islands of Greece, upon the turf, beneath which were supposed to lie the remains of *him*, who wandered in penury and obscurity through life, or only sang passages of his divine poem at the festive board of his contemporaries. We were shown his cave—but I will no longer trust myself to speak of him, whom

"I feel, but want the power to paint."

We also visited Diana's bath, whence Acteon's hounds, like many a human ingrate after them, pursued and tore the hand that had caressed them.

Meeting with an acquaintance of one of the party, he invited us to his country-seat at Bournabat, which is the summer resort of the Franks, and a great place of attraction without the walls of Smyrna.

Mounted upon diminutive donkeys with enormous ears, in the course of the ride everybody's stirrups broke away, and everybody's pack-saddle turned so easily, that each one found it difficult to preserve his seat. Steering with a halter, our only bridle, we scoured along the road and soon entered upon a plain covered with rich plantations of olives and figs, with many nectarine and almond trees in full bloom, and villas, here and there, embowered in orange groves,—the flatness of the landscape relieved by clustering spires of the dark cypress, their tall stems expanding high in air, in graceful and luxuriant foliage.

We alighted before an elegant villa, and entering a porte-cochere, passed along an avenue bordered with fra-

grant shrubs and a variety of flowers, with orange-groves on each side, and up a lofty flight of steps into the main building, which was beautifully furnished in the European style. After a while, we were conducted through the garden, upon walks of variegated pebbles, set in diamond figures. We were thence led to a small kiosk, or summer-house, where pipes were brought by female servants of decided Grecian features. A queen-like old lady, dressed in a blue silk sack, trimmed with rich fur, and wearing upon her head a braided turban interwreathed with natural flowers and silver ornaments, was introduced to us by our kind entertainer as his mother. Presently, a silver salver was brought, with small dishes of the same material upon it, containing conserves of various kinds. Taking it from the servant, the superb old lady handed it to each of us in turn, not omitting her son. This is one of the customs of the East which so peculiarly differ from our own. Here man is indeed the sole monarch of creation; but his degradation of the female sex recoils fearfully upon himself.

After wandering about beneath the shade of the orange and the cypress, admiring the night-blooming cereus, and inhaling the fragrance of the rose and the jasmine, and examining the old-time Persian water-wheel and artificial mode of irrigation, we entered a saloon where an oriental collation of fruits and cream had been prepared for us. Although the month of February, the climate was that of summer.

Returning, we trotted merrily along the rich alluvial plain, carpeted with the young grain just springing from the earth. Near Smyrna, we observed a fig-tree thickly hung with shreds of cloth, of every hue and texture. It is a common practice among ignorant Muslims, who believe that a piece of a sick person's garment suspended

from a tree near the tomb of a Santon or Mahommedan saint, will promote the recovery of the wearer.

Emerging from the gloom of a dense cypress grove, which overshadows thousands of Muslim tombstones, we came upon the caravan bridge, which spans the Meles with its single arch. It was the same we had before seen, but at a different hour and under a different aspect. On the banks, below the bridge, were hundreds of camels reposing for the night. The setting sun shone upon the red and blue and yellow saddle-cloths, while the picturesque costumes of the Mukris or camel-drivers, grouped listlessly about, relieved the dun colour of the caravan with a pleasing effect. It was a rich, golden, oriental sunset, worthy of the pencil of a Claude Lorraine.

Returning through the city, the same strange scenes presented themselves as on our first arrival. The variety of costume; the filthy, unpaved lanes for streets, and the necessity of giving way before the onward tramp of a line of loaded camels or a mud-bespattering donkey. We were much assisted, however, by the consul's janissary, who did his best to clear the way before us. Consuls and other foreign officials in Turkey are allowed, as guards, a certain number of janissaries or kavashes, recognized and appointed for that purpose by the Turkish government. This janissary is always heavily armed, and possessing much authority, is very cavalier in his treatment of the common people. He is ever a Turk, and with his long, silver-mounted baton, preceding the consul or his guests, is the very picture of solemn self-sufficiency.

CHAPTER IV.

SMYRNA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

Friday, Feb. 18. At 5, P. M., embarked in the Austrian steamer "Prince Metternich," for Constantinople. When fairly under way, her decks presented as motley an assemblage as I ever beheld. Abaft, on the larboard side, near the helmsman, were two groups of females, consisting of five Asiatics and two Africans. All, mistresses and slaves (for they bore that relation to each other), had the upper and the lower parts of their faces concealed by the "yashmak," a thin, white muslin veil, so arranged as to leave only the eyes and the upper part of the nose exposed to view. Their bodies were enveloped in the "ferejeh," a narrow-skirted cloak, of a thin worsted material, with a cape extending down behind, the full length and breadth of the body; five of them were yellow, and two a dingy purple, — the colour irrespective of mistress or slave.

One of the groups consisted of an Armenian family, and on this occasion their dress, in no particular, varied from that of the Turks. It is said, however, that in the capital the Turkish female may be distinguished by the red or yellow ferejeh, and the invariable yellow boot or slipper. In this group there was little distinction in the quality of dress, and there seemed to be very little reserve in the demeanour of the whites towards the blacks. Certainly the latter conceal their faces as studiously as their mistresses. They were all seated upon rugs, placed on boards elevated a few inches above the deck, and were busied

making preparations to pass the night in the positions they occupied.

In advance of them, extending to the break of the quarter-deck, were various groups of the most respectable class of male passengers; and beyond them, on both sides of the deck, for two-thirds the length of the ship, was clustered a heterogeneous assemblage of lower grade, consisting, like that on the quarter-deck, of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Syrians. Many wore the turban either white or variously coloured, except the despised Jew, whose brows were enveloped in sable. But most of them had on the crimson tarbouch, with a long blue or black silken tassel pendent from the crown. Their underdress was wholly concealed by the universal "Grego," a long, heavy, brown woollen coat, with a hood, and ornamented with scarlet cord and facings.

With their feet drawn beneath them, they were, like tailors, squatted (those who had them) upon rugs, with their baggage piled around them, and each with the stem of a chibouque, or a narghile, in his mouth.

There is no bar for the sale of intoxicating liquors on board. All is orderly and quiet, and there is neither quarrelling nor loud discussion. In sobriety, at least, the Turk is a fit model for imitation.

We swept with great rapidity up the beautiful Gulf of Smyrna, and early in the night entered the channel of Mitylene, between the Island of Mitylene (the ancient Lesbos) and the main. This large and fertile island, placed at the mouth of the Adramatic Gulf, derived its ancient name from one of its kings, who reigned before the Deucalion flood. It is the birth-place of Sappho, and was considered by the ancients the seventh in the Egean Sea. First governed by its own kings, and then by a democracy, it has been subject to the Persians, the

Athenians, the Macedonians, the Romans, the Venetians, and the Turks.

11 P. M. Enveloped in their Gregos, their cloaks and various coverings, the deck passengers, screened from the sight, sleep profoundly; and, from sheer weariness, we retired below to enjoy "the balmy blessings of the night."

Feb. 19. This morning, the deck presented a singular scene. Its whole surface was one uninterrupted range of tumuli, beneath each one of which reposed a human being. Not having been sheltered by awnings, their clothing, saturated by the rain which had fallen during the night, was reeking from animal heat, and rising and falling with the light or heavy breathing of the sleepers beneath.

"The low hung vapours, motionless and still,
Rest on the summit of each tiny hill."

As the day dawned they severally arose, and the first act of each one was to throw himself on his knees, with his face, as he supposed, towards the Kebla of Mecca (some sadly erring in the quarter of the compass), and with many prostrations, which from time to time were repeated, commenced the morning prayer, a series of recitations from the Koran. Some stuck their daggers into the deck, a short space before them, which was respected as sacred by those who, having finished their devotions, wandered about the ship. The most of them were seemingly abstracted, but it was evident that some were satisfactorily conscious of being observed.

One thing may be said of the benighted Turk: he is never ashamed of his religion. No human respect influences him to shrink from an open avowal of his worship; and if outward observance be indicative of inward piety, the Turk is the most devout of human beings. His first act, when he awakes in the morning, is prayer; at three other stated intervals during the day, it is

repeated; and with the descending sun, for the fifth time, he prostrates himself in prayer.

Every public and private deed of record begins with "Bismillah," "in the name of Him;" and the salute of a Turk, when he meets a friend, is neither the "How are you?" "How d'ye do?" "How d'ye find yourself?" "How d'ye carry yourself?" and "How d'ye stand?" of the American, the Englishman, the German, the Frenchman, the Italian, and the Spaniard,—but simply "God preserve you!"

Immediately after their devotions, they resorted to their inseparable chibouque; but, as it is difficult to describe

> "A Turk, with beads in hand and pipe in mouth,
> Extremely taken with his own religion,"

we turned to the east, and beheld Mount Ida, capped with snow, and its tributary range, which, in a graceful sweep, embraces the valleys of the Thymbrek and the Mendere, the Simois and the Scamander of the Iliad. A short distance from Eski Stambhol, are the ruins of Alexandria Troas, screened from the view by a thick growth of stunted trees and shrubbery. At Lesbos and here, St. Paul has been.* On the left, bearing west, is the Isle of Tenedos, in one of the ports of which the Greeks concealed their fleet when they pretended to have abandoned the siege of Troy. Tenedos, more frequently even than Lesbos, has fallen a prey to the conqueror.

As we advanced to the north, with the coast of Phrygia on the right, we soon beheld that of Thrace in Europe before us, with the islands of Lemnos and Imbros to seaward. Immediately on the Phrygian shore, facing the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, are two conspicuous

* It was here that, in a vision, St. Paul was called to Macedonia—here he restored the dead to life—and here left his cloak, parchments, and books.—Acts, xvi. 9; xx. 9 and 10. 2 Tim. iv. 13.

tumuli, pointed out by tradition as the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus. The requiem of the heroic friends is sung by the surging waves, which break against the abrupt and precipitous shore.

To the north-east, on the extremity of the Phrygian shore, is the Sigæan Promontory, crowned with a castle, and disfigured with a town. On the opposite, or Thracian shore, with the Dardanelles between, is Cape Helles, with a corresponding fortress, and its unprepossessing town attendant. Near the European cape, was fought the great naval battle so fatal to the Athenians.

Turning to the east, we rounded Cape Janissary (the Sigæan Promontory), and entering the strait, saw the supposed bed of the Scamander, between which and the promontory, the Grecian fleet was hauled up, and the Grecian hosts encamped. A little beyond, is another barrow, said to be that of Hecuba; yet further is the Rhætian promontory, on which also is a mound, called the tomb of Ajax.

The plain of Troy, so familiar to every classic reader, now barren and unattractive, save in its associations, presents nothing to the eye until it rests upon Mount Olympus; and, in the distance, the imagination, fixing upon the spot where

> "Silver Simois and Scamander join,"

fills the circumjacent plain with the lofty towers of "wide extended Troy," the beleaguring hosts and their dismantled ships. Passing a point on the left, designated as the first in Europe whereon was raised the banner of the Saracen, we came to that part of the strait whence its other name of Hellespont is derived.

The strait, about five miles wide at its mouth, narrows gradually as we ascend, until, near the town of Dardanelles, the lofty, but gently swelling shores compress the

stream within the narrowest limits, and then receding, leave two prominent points, Sestos and Abydos, obliquely facing each other.

The Hellespont teems with more poetic and classic associations than any other stream on earth. Its shores were the chosen scenes of the greatest and most wondrous epic produced in any age or clime; and, separating two great continents, its swollen and impetuous waters have been repeatedly crossed by invading armies; by two Persian monarchs, by Philip's warlike son, by the crusading hosts of Europe, and by the Muhammedan conqueror of Constantinople.

Its rushing flood engulfed Leander within hearing, perhaps, of the thrilling shriek of the watchful and agonized Hero: and it is left to the imagination to decide whether the lover, paralyzed by fear, yielded unresistingly, or, with all that he coveted on earth in view, grappled with fate, and struggled manfully, until, with the water drumming in his ear and gurgling in his throat, he sank beneath the surface as the last heart-rending cry swept across the angry tide.

Here, too, turning from poetic fiction to prosaic fact, the noble bard of England successfully rivalled the feat of Leander; but for his reward, instead of the arms of a blooming Hero, found himself grappled in the chill embrace of a tertian ague.

We stopped, for a short time, at Sestos for the purpose of landing a number of passengers, and the scene was extremely amusing, although it rained incessantly. Numerous Turks, in the crimson tarbouch, or capacious turban, and yet more capacious breeks, with a miscellaneous crowd of Armenians, Greeks, Smyrniotes, and Syrians, were, together with their motley piles of baggage, huddled in seemingly inextricable confusion at the gangway,

whence the Italian baggage-master, swearing "Per corpo di Bacco," was endeavouring to drive them into the boats. In clamorous confusion it surpassed the richest scenes of Billingsgate.

In Mitylene, we received on board a dandy, who, in dress and smirking self-conceit, scarce fell short of the exquisite fop of Broadway in sustaining the delineation of the insect. His tarbouch was higher, and the long, blue silk tassel pendent from it was more flowing and redundant, his purple vest was more richly embroidered, his trowsers more capacious, and his red morocco boots more pointed, than any we had seen.

At Tenedos, where we had also stopped, we received on board a Turkish effendi (gentleman), chief of customs in the island. He had a large retinue of servants, who obsequiously attended upon him. He was now playing backgammon with a Greek officer in a faded uniform, who sported the largest, fiercest, and most fiery moustache we had ever seen. The Turk had a pleasing countenance, and although dignified, was sociable. He was dressed in an azure silk tunic, trimmed with fur, and his head was covered by the tarbouch worn by all officials, beneath which escaped a short crop of hair. His air was gentle, and his person clean. His pipe-bearer had brought him a superb narghile, a silver vase eighteen inches high, with a flexible tube twelve or fifteen feet long, wound round with silver wire, and having a costly amber mouth-piece at the end. He politely passed it round, and we each in turn took a puff. The substance smoked was not tobacco, although, as prepared, it resembled the stem of that weed finely chopped. It was called "Tombec," a product mostly of Syria and Mesopotamia. The present specimen was from Bagdad, and its flavour was aromatic and agreeable.

But while we were sheltered below, the deck-passen-

gers were exposed to the storm: among them were several females, besides those I have mentioned.

The town of Dardanelles (Abydos), situated on the Asiatic side, is unattractive in its appearance, but a mart of considerable commerce. A number of consular flags wave along the water-front, and here, vessels bound to Constantinople, or to any of the ports of the Euxine, must await their firman or permit. The castles of the Dardanelles are formidable—the one on the Asiatic side especially so, from its heavy water-battery.

A little after sunset, we entered the sea of Marmara (White Sea). The mist and clouds, which during the afternoon had gathered on the hills of Thrace, were now swept towards us, and discharged copious showers as they passed. The sea and its surrounding shores were soon shrouded in obscurity, and we retired below, first lending our only umbrella to a group of females, to shield them, in part, from the driving rain. Nor could we suppress our indignant remarks on the neglect of the officers of the boat, when we looked upon so many human beings exposed to the inclemency of such a night, without even the protection of an awning.

When we retired, we were told that the steamer would stop until morning at the village of San Stefano, four leagues this side of Constantinople, and we anticipated enjoying the matchless view which this city is said to present from the sea of Marmara; but a bitter disappointment awaited us. On first awaking in the morning, we felt that the boat was not in motion, and hastening immediately to the deck, discovered that we were anchored in the "Golden Horn," or harbour of Constantinople.

On our left was the Seraglio, with the city of Stambhol (or Constantinople proper) stretching to the north and west, with a multitudinous collection of sombre houses, the dull, brown surfaces of their tile-roofs interrupted

frequently by the swelling domes of mosques, with their tall and graceful minarets beside them.

The "Golden Horn," three miles in length, was filled with ships and vessels of every class, and rig, and nation; and hundreds of light and buoyant caiques flitted to and fro among them. In the far distance, above the two bridges, the upper one resting on boats, flanking the harbour in an oblique line, were the heavy ships of war of the Turkish fleet. To the right, on the opposite side of the harbour, were the suburbs of Pera, Tophana, and Galata (each of them elsewhere a city), with the tower of the last springing shaft-like to the skies. To the east, across the sea of Marmara, where it receives the Bosporus, was the town of Scutari (the ancient Chalcedon), where the fourth general council of the Christian church was held. Near Scutari, is a spacious grove of cypress, shading its million dead; and a high mountain behind it overlooks the cities, the harbour, the sea, the Bosporus, and the surrounding country.

But, wearied with the very vastness of the field it is called upon to admire, the eye reverts with renewed delight to the beautiful point of the Seraglio.

A graceful sweep of palaces, light in their proportions and oriental in their structure, washed by the waters of the Sea of Marmara and the "Golden Horn," look far up the far-famed Bosporus. Here and there, upon the ascending slope, clustering in one place, and dispersedly in another, many a cypress shoots up its dark green pyramidal head, between the numerous and variegated roofs. The shaft-like form of the minaret seems to have been borrowed from the cypress, and they both exquisitely harmonize with oriental architecture. On the summit is a magnificent mosque, its roof a rounded surface of domes, the central and largest covered with bronze, and glittering in the sun, with a light and graceful minaret springing

from each angle of its court. The pen cannot describe, nor can the pencil paint, the beauties of the scene: I will not, therefore, attempt it.

We landed at Tophana and, passing a marble Chinese fountain, elaborately carved, and between two mosques, an ancient and a modern one, struck directly into the narrow and tortuous streets that wind up the steep ascent towards the Frank quarter in Pera. The houses are mostly of wood, rudely constructed, rarely exceeding one story in height, and covered with a dark-brown, clumsy tile. The shops, for they are no more, are open to the street, each with a slightly-elevated platform, upon which the shopkeeper and his workmen are seated à la Turque.

We did not anticipate seeing so many Turkish females in the streets. It seems that, like many of their sex in our own country, they spend a great deal of their time in shopping. When abroad, they invariably wear the yashmak, the ferejeh, and the clumsy red or yellow morocco boot and slipper. The dress of the Armenian woman is almost exactly the same, and the Greek women wear the Frank costume. The last is making rapid encroachments, although many are bitterly opposed to it. A Frank lady recently visited one of the Sultanas, when there were other female* visitors present; one of the latter, not knowing that the Frank lady understood the Turkish language, said to another, "See how shamelessly the Frank lady exposes her face!"

"Do you know," replied the one addressed, "it is said that, before long, we shall do so, too?"

"Allah forbid!" exclaimed the first.

Monday, Feb. 21. Took a caique for San Stefano, the residence of our Minister, twelve miles distant, on the Sea of Marmara. Differing in its construction from other

* Except the nearest relatives, males never visit females in Turkey.

boats, except, in some points, the American canoe and the Malay proa, the breadth of the caique rarely exceeds one-fourteenth of its length. The bow and stern rise high and curvilinear, and these boats are so easily careened that passengers are compelled to recline upon the bottom. In consequence of their extreme buoyancy, they are propelled with great rapidity when the water is smooth, but when it is ruffled, they are exceedingly unsafe, and at times, when a squall sweeps across the harbour, they are to be seen like affrighted wild fowl, flitting before it. The greatest number of them are rowed by two men, with two oars each. The latter are not very long, but have wide blades, with concave ends, and heavy looms, caused by their being nearly three times the usual diameter. This swelling, as it may be termed, is intended as a counterbalancing weight; but, instead of the clumsy lozenge-like protuberance, a band of lead or iron, of moderate thickness, would better answer the purpose.

We could not have wished a more delightful day. The sky was serene, the surface of the sea undisturbed by a ripple, and unchequered by the shadow of a cloud. With great rapidity we swept by the wall of the Seraglio and the sea-wall of the city, both, throughout their whole extent, seemingly Grecian, with more modern props and repairs, for which purpose, intermixed with Roman brick and cement, marble slabs, pilasters and columns have been indiscriminately used. From one position I counted fifty minarets in Stambohl alone, omitting Scutari on one side, and Tophana, in full view, on the other.—We soon rowed past the Seven Towers, the slaughter-house of the days of despotism, which overlooks the western wall, and, with the aid of the current, made a speedy passage.

San Stefano is a paltry village, but delightfully situated on the margin of the sea, with Princes' Islands towards

the southern shore, and the snow-crowned summit of Mount Olympus beyond it. This village possesses two things in its near vicinity, of peculiar interest to an American — a model farm and an agricultural school. The farm consists of about two thousand acres of land, especially appropriated to the culture of the cotton-plant. Both farm and school are under the superintendence of Dr. Davis, of South Carolina; a gentleman who, in the estimation of Armenians, Turks and Franks, is admirably qualified for his position. He is intelligent, sustains a high character, and has many years' experience in this branch of cultivation. Already he has made the comparatively arid fields to bloom; and besides the principal culture, is sedulously engaged in the introduction of seeds, plants, domestic animals, and agricultural instruments. The school is held in one of the kiosks of the sultan, which overlooks the sea.

Dr. Davis has brought some of his own slaves from the United States, who are best acquainted with the cotton culture. So far from being a mere transposition of slavery from one country to another, the very act of removal is a guaranty of emancipation to the slave. By a law of the Ottoman Empire, no one within its limits can be held in slavery for a period exceeding seven years.* Should the culture of the cotton-plant succeed in this region, many, very many, thousands of additional hands will be required. In that event, the Ottoman Empire will present a most eligible field for the amelioration of the condition of the free negro of our own country.

In Turkey, every coloured person employed by the government receives monthly wages; and if a slave, is

* Can this ordinance, like the prohibition of pork, be traced to the Jews under the Theocracy? "And if thy brother, an Hebrew man, or Hebrew woman, be sold unto thee, and serve thee six years, then in the seventh year thou shalt let him go free from thee." — Deut. xv. 12.

emancipated at the expiration of seven years, when he becomes eligible to any office beneath the sovereignty. Many of the high dignitaries of the empire were originally slaves; the present Governor of the Dardanelles is a black, and was, a short time since, freed from servitude. There is here no prejudice founded on distinction of colour. The avenues of preferment are open to all, and he who is most skilful, accomplished and persevering, be his complexion ruddy, brown or black, is most certain of success.

With us, it is manifest that the distinctive character of the Israelite does not so effectually cut him off from a full assimilation with the human family, as does the prejudice arising from distinction of colour separate the Anglo-Saxon from the African. No matter whether this prejudice be implanted for wise and holy purposes, or whether it be the curse of the age. It exists, its roots are deeply planted, it is a part of ourselves, and he is a shallow observer of man, blind and bigoted, who will overlook or despise this pervading and resistless feeling, originate where it may.

Denied with us, the protecting care which the interest, if not the humanity, of the owner extends to the slave, the free negro is subject to all the prejudices of colour, with some of the rights of a freeman, and many of the sentiments of a slave. They constitute an intermediate class; having no bonds of common interest, no ties of sympathy to sustain it, often too indolent to labour, and too insolent to serve, it is, collectively, the most depraved and unhappy race in the western hemisphere.

The only hope of the free negro, is in his removal beyond the barriers of prejudice. A plan of colonization, connected with this country, would present a broad platform upon which the friends of this unhappy race may meet in soberness and truth. The moral and the physical

condition of the free negroes among us; the frequent conflicts between them and the whites in our principal cities, show that to them, on our soil, freedom carries no healing on its wings, and liberty, that blesses all besides, has no blessings for them.

As the consumption of the necessaries of life ever increases in proportion to the facility of their production, and as Turkey cannot, for a century to come, under any possibility, raise sufficient cotton for one-half of her population, she cannot become a rival in the cotton-market. On the contrary, its general introduction, as a fabric for domestic wear, would create a demand far transcending the home supply, and another mart be thereby opened to the cotton-planters of the southern and south-western states. Already, cotton is fast superseding silk, as an article of domestic apparel in the Turkish dominions.

It is said, but untruly, that the slave-market of Constantinople has been abolished. An edict, it is true, was some years since promulgated, which declared the purchase and sale of slaves to be unlawful. The prohibition, however, is only operative against the Franks, under which term the Greeks are included. White male slaves are purchased for adopted sons, and female ones for wives or adopted daughters. Nubians are bought as slaves, to serve the allotted term. Young females, of the principal families of Georgia or Circassia, are often entrusted to commissioners, who are responsible for their respectful treatment. They are only purchased with their own consent, and when so purchased, are recognised by the Muhammedan law as wives; the portion is settled upon them by law, and if the husband misuses them, or proves unfaithful, they can sue for divorce, and recover dowry. But, unfortunately, the husband has the power of divorce at will, without resorting to any tribunal; and the words, "I divorce you," from his lips, is, to the poor woman, the

sentence of dismissal from her husband's roof, and from the presence of her children. If dismissed without good cause, however, she has a right to dowry, but is ever after debarred from appeasing that mighty hunger of the heart, the yearning of a mother for her children.

The female slaves, bought for servitude, are subject to the wife, and not to the husband. He has no property in them, but is bound to protect and to aid them in their settlement.* The males rise in condition with their masters: several pashas have been bondmen, and Seraskier Pasha was once a Georgian slave.

In a ramble to and from the slave-market, yesterday, I saw two females, whose lots in life are now widely different. The first was a Circassian slave, young and interesting, but by no means beautiful, attired plainly in the Turkish costume, and her features exposed by the withdrawal of the yashmak. She walked a few paces behind her owner, who passed to and fro about the market. Stopping occasionally, and again renewing his walk, he neither by word nor gesture sought to attract a customer. When he was accosted, she quietly, but not sadly, submitted to the inspection, and listened in silence, and without perceptible emotion, to the interrogatories of the probable customer.

The second female to whom I have alluded was an Armenian bride being escorted to the residence of her husband. There were three arabas, or clumsy carriages of the country, drawn by two oxen each. The panels of the second one were richly carved and blazoned, and its roof was supported on upright gilt columns, with richly embroidered curtains, and fringes of silk. The concave bottom had no seats, but was covered with cushions, upon which, at half length, reclined the bride, with a female

* "And when thou sendest him out from thee, thou shalt not let him go away empty." — Deut. xv. 13.

attendant beside her. On the backs of the oxen were four or five stakes diverging outwards, like radii from a centre, with long hearse-like purple plumes drooping from them. The bride was gorgeously dressed, but her head and its appendage riveted my attention. From it hung a veil (I can call it nothing else), composed of long strings of bright gold beads, spanning from temple to temple, and reaching from the forehead to the waist. With the motion of the araba, it swayed to and fro in gently waving lines, but without disparting, and my strained vision could not penetrate the costly screen. I have heard of the man in the iron mask, but never before of a woman in a golden one.

The husband, who is yet as ignorant as myself, may, like the Prince of Arragon, find only the blank countenance of a blinking idiot beneath it, and discover, when too late, that the

> "Beauteous scarf
> Veils but an Indian beauty."

They were both destined victims to the matrimonial customs of the country; and perhaps the sacrifice of this poor Circassian may not be more venal than the mercenary marriage of the other.

The conditions of the two females are now widely different; but, such are the peculiar customs of this people, that it is by no means impossible, indeed is far within the range of probability, that the slave of whom I have spoken, may yet be elevated to a sphere more exalted than that of the wealthy Armenian. If every good has its attendant evil, every evil has its antidote; and in this clime of despotism the fetters of slavery are less galling than in our own more favoured land. The slave has here a voice in his own disposal, and his consent is necessary to make a transfer legal. The female slave therefore may, and doubtless does, reject the ill-favoured or tyrannical, and yield her assent only to the comely or the

wealthy purchaser, perchance a bey or a pasha, and become the favourite wife of a future governor of an extensive province.

Besides Dr. Davis and family, including his intelligent brother, we here met Dr. Smith, who holds the important office of geologist to the Ottoman government, to whom we are indebted for many excellent scientific suggestions. From Bishop Southgate, of the American Episcopal mission, we received many kind offices, including a present of his work on Armenia, Persia, and Mesopotamia. By the gentlemen of the Evangelical Mission, and their families, we were also welcomed with cordial hospitality.

Tuesday, Feb. 24. We embarked with our minister, Mr. Carr, in his sixteen-oared caique, for a trip up the Bosporus. The lovely and meandering Bosporus, ever at the ebb, but rarely turbulent, for the last five miles before it becomes merged in the Sea of Marmara, flows between almost uninterrupted ranges of mosques, palaces, gardens, and kiosks. It were in vain to attempt to describe it. I only noted such prominent places as, from time to time, we passed.

First, on the left, or European shore, was a beautiful mosque, erected by the late Sultan Mahmoud, in commemoration of the extinction of the Janissaries. Next, an immense cannon foundry, with a spacious "Caserne," or barracks, on the hill behind it; then the palace of Beschiktasche, and the one built by Mahmoud for the heir apparent, the present sultan, and another mosque, all with gardens and their kiosks between. We also passed the tomb of the great admiral Barbarossa, with the name "Wao" (Jehovah), in large Arabic characters inscribed upon it. Near the palace, stood the column of Simeon and Daniel Stylites, two saintly men, who spent most of their lives upon its summit, sixty feet above the ground, and

"Drowned the whoopings of the owl with sound
Of pious hymns and prayers."

The tomb marks the spot where Muhammed II., during the siege of Constantinople, transported a fleet of galleys overland to the "Sweet Waters," the head of the "Golden Horn."

We then rowed by the stairs, beneath the windows of "Cherighan," the palace where the reigning monarch holds his court. Like the one below, it fronts upon the Bosporus. It is of wood, neatly constructed, and painted a light stone-colour. Its form is a hollow square, with handsomely laid-out gardens in the centre, and a guard-house beside it. It is a fine, rich building, but, for a royal palace, quite an unpretending one. Its style of architecture is oriental, and presents to the eye a light and graceful appearance.

On the opposite, or Asiatic side, from Scutari up, is a like continuous line of gardens, kiosks, and palaces. The swelling hills on each side of the Bosporus alternately approach and recede, so that the banks of this meandering and beautiful stream form seven promontories, and as many corresponding inlets to each shore.

At the narrowest part of the strait, is Roumelia Hissar, or castle of Roumelia. Here, was the bridge over which Darius led his army into Scythia, and the overlooking hill is thence called the throne of Darius. The castle was built by Muhammed II., prior to the conquest of Constantinople; and, from a whim of that monarch, the walls run in the form of the Arabic characters of the word Muhammed.

At the foot of each inlet of the Bosporus, is a valley, now luxuriant in its verdure. That of Buyukdere, about midway, was, at the same time, the most extensive and the most beautiful. Hither, in the summer, resort the Frank ambassadors and their families. A short distance

up this valley, is Belgrade, with its extensive forest, and where once resided the celebrated Mary Montagu. We did not stop at Buyukdere, although it looked inviting, for other beauties were around, and the Euxine was before us.

Passing along the base of the Giants' mountain, and by a modern battery, with the ruins of a Genoese tower high on the hill above it, and by the ancient Pharos, on the European side, and by the upper forts, with their contiguous light-houses, we swept rapidly into

> "The Pontic sea,
> Whose icy current and compulsive course
> Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
> To the Propontic and the Hellespont"—

and beheld in the distance the Symplegades, so familiar to the classic reader for the perilous passage of Jason, when in search of the Golden Fleece. Beyond, the left-hand shore extended north-west and north, to the mountains of the Balkan, "the sentinels of an enchanted land," and thence to the dark, swift rolling Danube. To the right, the mountainous shores stretched in a continuous range towards the site of Sinope, the ancient capital of Pontus and the birth-place of Diogenes. Towards the north and north-east was one broad expanse of water, which, so far from presenting a gloomy appearance, rippled its tiny waves before the breath of a gentle breeze, and basked in the rays of an unclouded sun. A number of vessels bound to the Danube, to Odessa, to Trebizond, and to other ports of this inland sea, were stretching away, under full sail, towards their respective destinations.

We looked long and earnestly,—first to the left, where the mind's eye followed the course of the Danube to the lands of civilization and refinement; to the north, across

the barren steppes, to the frozen limits of inhospitable and semi-barbarous Russia; to the north-east and east, over the range of the Caucasus and along the shores of the almost unknown Caspian, and thence southwardly, through Persia and India, to Hindostan and the Ganges. Warned by the lapse of time, we reluctantly forbore to visit the Semplygades, on the largest of which a fragment of a pillar, supposed to be part of an altar to Apollo, was distinctly visible.

Returning along the Asiatic shore, we stopped near the fortress which lies below the Genoese ruin, and ascended the Giants' mountain. On the summit is a mound twenty feet long and five feet high, called the tomb of Joshua. On the bushes around it are hung shreds and patches of clothing, votive offerings for the recovery of the sick. All Muhammedan visitors dissolve a little of the superincumbent earth in water, and drink it as an antidote of the fever; and to those who are diseased, it is conveyed as a certain remedy.

Another tradition maintains that the tomb contains only the head of a being so gigantic, that when seated on the summit of the mountain, he had one foot immersed in the Bosporus and the other in the Euxine. The first tradition is most credited, and a mosque is erected contiguous to the tomb, which a dervish guards from profanation. The view from this mountain height surpasses all that in my wandering life I have ever seen. The Black Sea, its surface dotted with many sails, stretched in a boundless expanse to the north; nearer were the Symplegades and the mouth of the strait, and nearer yet the Genoese ruin on the site of the temple of Serapis, and over against it the ancient Pharos, or light-house of the strait. Before us was the great valley of Buyukdere, which, as its name imports, is broad, beautiful and luxuriant, with its river, its port, its shipping and its houses;

an acqueduct near, and Belgrade, with its forest, in the distance; while sweeping between, and stretching its meandering length along as far as Constantinople, is the palace-crowned, the indescribably beautiful Bosporus. The promontories, bold, but not rugged, gracefully swelling into the air, and covered with verdure; and the valleys, so inviting as to create a longing desire to erect in each successive one a bower for those we love most dearly.

A little below Buyukdere, on the Asiatic shore, there is a rude granite column upon a projecting point, which indicates the last encampment of ten thousand Russians, on the march to succour Constantinople, when threatened by Mehemet Ali, of Egypt.

When Constantinople was rescued from the clutches of this rebellious pasha by the interposition of the European powers, he came as a tributary to render homage to the sultan. While here, he selected, as the site of the palace he was required to build, the promontory immediately below and in full sight of the one upon which the Russian column is erected, as if to intimate to posterity that if the Russians came thus far, *he* had preceded them, and that it was the fear of *him* that brought them.

These are ominous signs, the first especially; for, if a Russian army can so speedily and unexpectedly (it came without a summons) reach the environs of Constantinople, what is to prevent the same rapid movement of a hostile and yet more powerful force? Of their danger the Turks are well aware, but instead of preparing to resist, in the spirit of fatalism they supinely await the dread event. There is a tradition among them that they are to be driven from Europe by a light-haired race from the north, and their fears have settled upon the Russians. The prediction will work its own accomplishment: the unhappy presentiment of the Turk, (for the feeling amounts to such,) will be more than embattled hosts against him,

and the dispassionate observer can already predict not only his expulsion from Europe, but the downfall of the Ottoman empire. The handwriting is on the wall, and it needs not a Daniel to interpret it. Under present auspices, this country must ere long attain her destiny; and her decline and fall will add another to the many lessons of experience, to instruct future generations and furnish another proof of the perishable nature of all human institutions. Could Christianity but shed its benign influence over this misguided people, their national existence might be prolonged, and the sad catastrophe averted. One crying evil pervades the land, and while it exists, there can be no hope.

In this country, from the hovel to the palace, woman is in a state of *domestic servitude*. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the degradation of the female sex here, in India, and among all barbarous nations. The fact is clearly established, that everywhere, in all nations and among every people, beyond the pale of Christianity, woman is deplorably debased. Christianity has ever expressed the deepest solicitude for the female sex; for the inordinate authority of man over woman, or the undue subjection of the female to the male, tends to the debasement of the morals of each. Woman, even when invested with the plenitude of her rights and mistress of her own actions, is but too often the feeble victim of the seducements which surround her. How utterly helpless is she, therefore, when her will is not her own! The very idea of resistance vanishes, vice becomes a seeming duty, and man, gradually debased by the facility with which his irregular appetites are indulged, plunges into the lowest depths of sensuality. Woman, whose influence over the heart of man is irresistible, whenever she is debased, revisits her corruption upon man; and thus this pervading influence of the sexes over each other, by a species of mutual con-

tamination, moves from generation to generation in one vicious circle, from which they can only be delivered by the supernatural and refining influence of Christianity.

Christianity acts first upon woman, because, from the gentleness and tractability of her nature, she is more susceptible of the influence of its law of purity and love; and when she is thus regenerated, who shall declare the extent of her chastening influence over the sons of the children of men? Under the elevating and benign influences of Christianity, she proceeds to subdue, to reform, to ennoble, and perfect everything around her; and, by this supernatural power, she so softens the affections and refines the feelings of the lord of creation, as to dispose him to prefer the purity and confidence of domestic love, to the selfish and utter isolation of a life of sensual indulgence.

But, alas! Christianity, all lovely and gentle as she is, can find no entrance here; for bigotry, with sneering lip and contracted brow, stands at the portal.

CHAPTER V.

CONSTANTINOPLE, AND VOYAGE TO SYRIA.

SATURDAY, Feb. 26. To-day, by appointment, I had an audience with the sultan. Accompanied by the Dragoman of our legation, I took a caique, and proceeded three miles up the Bosporus, to the palace of "Cherighan," mentioned before.

We landed at the palace stairs, and leaving our overshoes, which etiquette required us to bring, we ascended a broad and lofty flight of stairs, and passing through an ante-chamber, were ushered into a room which overlooked the Bosporus, and was occupied by Sheffie Bey, the chief and confidential secretary of the sultan. It was handsomely furnished, but no more.

With the secretary, was an Armenian, a great favourite of the monarch, and superintendent of the public works in and near Constantinople.

Shortly after we were seated, as many pipe-bearers as there were visitors entered the apartment, and, with heads bowed down and their left hands upon their breasts, presented each of us with a chiboque; then retiring backwards a few paces, dropped on one knee, and lifting the bowl of the pipe, placed a gilt or golden saucer (I could not tell which) beneath it.

I am not a smoker, and hold, with King James I., that

> "If there be any herb, in any place,
> Most opposite to God's herb of grace,"

it is tobacco; but as an opportunity of inhaling the odour of the weed of royalty might never again present itself,

my inclinations jumped accordant with the rules of etiquette, and I puffed away with as much vivacity as any Turk.

In a short time the attendants reappeared, one of them bearing a golden salver, covered with a crimson cloth, gorgeously embroidered. The latter was presently withdrawn, and exhibited upon the massive piece of plate a number of tiny coffee-cups, set in stands or holders, in shape exactly like the egg-cups we use at home. The cups were of the choicest porcelain, most beautifully enamelled, and the holders were rich filagree gold, set with turquoise and emerald.

Again an attendant approached each of us, and, in the same manner as before, presented a cup of coffee. Like the tobacco, it was flavoured with some aromatic substance, which rendered it delicious.

As I sat upon the divan, a cup of priceless value in one hand, and the other holding a chibouque, the bowl of which was eight feet distant, with a jasmin stem between, having a mouthpiece of the purest and costliest amber, encircled with diamonds, I could scarce realize my position. But I had been under a royal roof before, and my nerves preserved their equanimity.

The secretary had the most prepossessing countenance of any Turk I had yet seen, and in conversation evinced a spirit of inquiry and an amount of intelligence that far surpassed my expectations.

To this tribute he is not indebted to the pipes and coffee, which form as indispensable a part in a Turkish welcome to a visitor, as, with us, the invitation to be seated.

His history is a pleasing one. He was a poor boy; a charity scholar in one of the public schools. The late sultan, Mahmoud, requiring a page to fill a vacancy in his suite, directed the appointment to be given to the

most intelligent pupil. The present secretary was the fortunate one, and by his abilities, his suavity and discretion, has risen to the highest office near the person of majesty.

The empty cups and exhausted pipes were removed by the attendants, who, in all their approaches and retirings, were careful not to turn their backs upon us. Observing this, I began to distrust my ability to make a retrograde movement in a direct line, from the sublime presence into which I was about to be ushered.

One of the pashas had preceded me, and I was compelled to wait nearly half an hour. At length, we were summoned. Descending the flight of stairs and resuming our overshoes, we were led across the court, into which, when passing in a caique a few days before, I had looked so eagerly. It is oblong, and contains about four acres, laid out in parterres and gravel walks, with many young and thrifty trees, and a great variety of plants: flowers there were few, for it was yet early in the season. In the centre, with a gravelled walk between, were two quadrangular, artificial ponds, in which a number of gold and silver fish were gambolling in security, protected as they were from the talons of the cormorant by nets drawn over a few feet above the surface of the water.

The fish sporting beneath, the bird of prey poised above, ready for a swoop through the first rent of the flimsy screen, seemed fitting emblems of the feeble Turk and the vigorous and grasping Russian.

There was nothing imposing, but all was rich and in exquisite taste. The bronze gates, with alternate gilt bars, which open on the Bosporus between the centre building and the northern wing, were exceedingly light and beautiful. A part of the court, most probably that appropriated to the harem, or apartments of the women, was screened off by a lofty railing of like material and construction.

We were led to the entrance of the southern wing, and again throwing off our overshoes, entered a lofty and spacious hall, matted throughout, with two broad flights of stairs ascending from the far extreme to an elevated platform or landing, whence, uniting in one, they issued upon the floor above.

On the right and left of the hall were doors opening into various apartments, and there were a number of officers and attendants on either side and stationed at intervals along the stairway, all preserving a silence the most profound.

The secretary, who had gone before, now approached and beckoned to us to follow. But here an unexpected difficulty was presented. The chamberlain in waiting objected to my sword, and required that I should lay it aside. I replied that the audience was given to me as an officer of the United States; that the sword was part of my uniform, and that I could not dispense with it. My refusal was met with the assurance that the etiquette of the court peremptorily required it. I asked if the custom had been *invariably* complied with, and inquired of the dragoman whether Mr. Carr, our minister, had, in conformity with it, ever attended an audience without his sword; but even as I spoke, my mind, without regard to precedent, had come to the alternative, no sword, no audience.

Whether the secretary had, during the discussion, referred the matter to a higher quarter, I could not tell, for my attention had been so engrossed for some minutes, that I had not noticed him. He now came forward, however, and decided that I should retain the sword. At this I truly rejoiced, for it would have been unpleasant to retire after having gone so far. It is due to Mr. Brown, the dragoman, to say that he sustained me.

The discussion at an end, we ascended the stairway,

which was covered with a good and comfortable but not a costly carpet, and passed into a room more handsomely furnished and more lofty, but in every other respect of the same dimensions as the one immediately below it. A rich carpet was upon the floor, a magnificent chandelier, all crystal and gold, was suspended from the ceiling, and costly divans and tables, with other articles of furniture, were interspersed about the room; but I had not time to note them, for on the left hung a gorgeous crimson velvet curtain, embroidered and fringed with gold, and towards it the secretary led the way. His countenance and his manner exhibited more awe than I had ever seen depicted in the human countenance. He seemed to hold his breath, and his step was so soft and stealthy that once or twice I stopped, under the impression that I had left him behind, but found him ever beside me. There were three of us in close proximity, and the stairway was lined with officers and attendants, but such was the death-like stillness that I could distinctly hear my own footfall, which, unaccustomed to palace regulations, fell with untutored republican firmness upon the royal floor. If it had been a wild beast slumbering in his lair that we were about to visit, there could not have been a silence more deeply hushed.

Fretted at such abject servility, I quickened my pace towards the curtain, when Sheffie Bey, rather gliding than stepping before me, cautiously and slowly raised a corner for me to pass. Wondering at his subdued and terror-stricken attitude, I stepped across the threshold, and felt, without yet perceiving it, that I was in the presence of the Sultan.

The heavy folds of the window-curtains so obscured the light that it seemed as if the day were drawing to a close instead of being at its high meridian.

As with the expanding pupil the eye took in surround-

ing objects, the apartment, its furniture and its royal tenant, presented a different scene from what, if left to itself, the imagination would have drawn.

The room, less spacious, but as lofty as the adjoining one, was furnished in the modern European style, and like a familiar thing, a stove stood nearly in the centre. On a sofa, by a window, through which he might have looked upon us as we crossed the court, with a crimson tarbouch, its gold button and blue silk tassel on his head, a black kerchief around his neck, attired in a blue military frock and pantaloons, and polished French boots upon his feet, sat the monarch, without any of the attributes of sovereignty about him.

A man, young in years, but evidently of impaired and delicate constitution, his wearied and spiritless air was unrelieved by any indication of intellectual energy. He eyed me fixedly as I advanced, and on him my attention was no less intently riveted. As he smiled I stopped, expecting that he was about to speak, but he motioned gently with his hand for me to approach yet nearer. Through the interpreter, he then bade me welcome, for which I expressed my acknowledgments.

The interview was not a protracted one. In the course of it, as requested by Mr. Carr, I presented him, in the name of the President of the United States, with some biographies and prints, illustrative of the character and habits of our North American Indians, the work of American artists. He looked at some of them, which were placed before him by an attendant, and said that he considered them as evidences of the advancement of the United States in civilization, and would treasure them as a souvenir of the good feeling of its government towards him. At the word civilization, pronounced in French, I started; for it seemed singular, coming from the lips of a Turk, and applied to our country. I have since

learned that he is but a student in French, and presume that, by the word "civilization," he meant the arts and sciences.

When about to take my leave, he renewed his welcome, and said that I had his full authority to see anything in Stambohl I might desire.

While in his presence, I could not refrain from drawing comparisons and moralizing on fate. There was the Sultan, an Eastern despot, the ruler of mighty kingdoms and the arbiter of the fate of millions of his fellow-creatures; and, face to face, a few feet distant, one, in rank and condition, among the very humblest servants of a far-distant republic; and yet, little as life has to cheer, I would not change positions with him, unless I could carry with me my faith, my friendships, and my aspirations.

My feelings saddened as I looked upon the monarch, and I thought of Montezuma. Evidently, like a northern clime, his year of life had known two seasons only, and he had leaped at once from youth to imbecility. His smile was one of the sweetest I had ever looked upon,—his voice almost the most melodious I had ever heard; his manner was gentleness itself, and everything about him bespoke a kind and amiable disposition. He is said to be very affectionate, to his mother in especial, and is generous to the extreme of prodigality. But there is that indescribably sad expression in his countenance, which is thought to indicate an early death. A presentiment of the kind, mingled perhaps with a boding fear of the overthrow of his country, seems to pervade and depress his spirits. In truth, like Damocles, this descendant of the Caliphs sits beneath a suspended fate. Through him, the souls of the mighty monarchs who have gone before, seem to brood over the impending fate of an empire which once extended from the Atlantic to the Ganges, from the Caucasus to the Indian Ocean.

Returning from the room of audience to that of the secretary, we were again presented with pipes, and, instead of coffee, sherbet was handed round; a drink so cool and so delicious, that my unaccustomed palate treasures its flavour in grateful remembrance.

One circumstance occurred to me as singular. Neither on the palace stairs, nor in the court, nor in the palace itself, did I see a single soldier; and, but for the obsequiousness of the Sultan's officers and attendants, I might have fancied myself on a visit to a wealthy private gentleman.

One trifling circumstance will serve to show the generous disposition of the Sultan. On the day succeeding the audience, he expressed to the Grand Vizier his desire to tender me a present, such as became a sovereign to make, and directed him to ascertain in what mode it would be most acceptable to myself. When his wish was made known to me, I replied, that I felt sufficiently compensated by an audience, which, I had been given to understand, was never before granted to any but officers of the highest rank; and that, even if the constitution of my country did not prohibit it, I could not accept a remuneration for an act of duty that had been rendered so grateful in its performance. I further added, that more than any present, I would prize the granting of the firman.

The peculiar honour intended to be conferred by the audience, I ascribed to the high standing and corresponding influence of our minister, Mr. Carr.

That gentleman's reputation needs not my shallow tribute to swell his tide of merited popularity. In every manly and political relation, he was all that we could desire to see in a representative of our country. Sparing no exertion in our behalf, he had failed in one thing only, for which I was most solicitous,—that the officers who

were with me should also be admitted to the audience. The application was courteously, but firmly refused, and the audience granted was strictly a private one.

My instructions from the Navy Department, when I left the United States, were to apply, through our Minister at the Ottoman Porte, for a firman, authorising our party to pass through the Turkish dominions, in Syria, to the Dead Sea. It was asked as a matter of respect to the Turkish government, and to procure facilities from its officials, when in their vicinities. As to protection against the Arabs, it could afford none whatever; for Eastern travellers well know that, ten miles east of a line drawn from Jerusalem to Nabulus, the tribes roam uncontrolled, and rob and murder with impunity. Mr. Carr fully carried out the instructions he had received, and did his best to procure the firman.

Before leaving Constantinople, in part with the officers, in part alone, I visited some of the principal mosques, the seraglio, the arsenal, and the fleet, and found that the permission given by the Sultan was not an idle compliment.

We first visited the mosque of Victory, built by the late Sultan, to which I have before alluded. It is throughout of white marble, situated in the midst of a large quadrangular court, near the inlet of the Golden Horn, from the Bosporus. It has a colonnade all around it; the columns supporting it, lofty and well-proportioned. Drawing slippers over our boots, we lifted a corner of the mat which hung as a curtain over the door-way, and entered within the mosque. It is a lofty rotunda, the vaulted roof sweeping gracefully above it, at the height of upwards of a hundred feet. It has high windows, with Saracenic arches at the sides, and Arabic sentences from the Koran are inscribed in gilt characters around the walls. Fronting the entrance, the mihrab (a stone set in a recess) indicates the direction of the Kebla of Mecca, towards

which the faithful turn, when they make their prostrations and recite their prayers. A little to the right of the mihrab was the minber (an elevated pulpit), where the Cheatib, or Imaum, reads the chapters from the Koran. There were no paintings, no sculpture, no furniture. The only ornaments, the mihrab and the minber, being of a semi-transparent alabaster and pea-green marble. Further to the right was a gallery, screened by Arabesque gilt lattice-work, for the accommodation of the Sultan, when he attends the mosque. Besides the characters from the Koran, which formed a kind of zone around the cornice, the walls were covered with chequered lines of various colours, which gave them a light and not unpleasing appearance. The floor was richly carpeted, and two large chandeliers hung suspended from the ceiling. Ascending to the gallery, we found several apartments, the floors covered with carpets of English manufacture, which led to the latticed gallery-room, overlooking the interior of the mosque. It had simply a carpet on the floor, and a divan with cushions on one side; on the other side was a beautiful boudoir, with Persian carpet, French curtains and mirrors, and with divans of rich sky-blue damask silk. This last is intended as a place of repose, when the Sultan returns from his devotions.

Over the door of the former was inscribed in large gilt characters, the words "the Sultan is the shadow of God on earth." Beside the mosque were two cylindrical, hollow shafts of marble, called minarets, with a gallery running around each near the top, whence the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer. Within the mosque there were no devotees — no officiating dervishes. Perhaps, like some fashionable churches with us, it is too aristocratic for daily worship, and set forms on set days alone indicate the object of its institution.

Thence we crossed the Golden Horn in caiques, and

landing on Seraglio Point, by an old kiosk, proceeded to the mosque of St. Sophia, — externally, an indescribable mass of blocks and domes, with outstanding minarets beside it. This former Christian church, built by Constantine the Great in the fourth, and rebuilt by Justinian in the sixth century, has often passed through the scathing ordeal of fire, and witnessed many revolutions around it. Unfortunately, a number of workmen were employed in repairing it, and from near the floor to the roof of the dome, its interior presented one entangled network of scaffolding. This church, first called the "temple of Divine Wisdom," was built of granite and porphyry, and white, blue, green, black and veined marbles. It has eight porphyry columns, taken by Aurelius from the great temple of the sun at Baelbec; eight jasper ones from the temple of Diana at Ephesus; and others from Troas, Cyzicus, Athens and the Cyclades. Its dome and roof are supported by columns of the temples of Isis and Osiris; of the sun and moon, at Heliopolis and Ephesus; of Minerva, at Athens; of Phœbus, at Delos; and of Cybele, at Cyzicus. Over the main cross, were inscribed the words of the vision, "In hoc signo vinces."

After its destruction by fire, it was sixteen years rebuilding. When completed, Justinian entered with the Patriarch on Christmas day, and running alone to the pulpit, cried out, "God be praised, who hath esteemed me worthy to complete such a work. Solomon, I have surpassed thee!"

This church is in the form of a Greek cross, 180 feet high, 269 long, and 143 broad. It has one large central and two side domes; its walls are of polished stones, and it is paved with large flags. Within the cupola, is inscribed the verse of the Koran, "God is the light of the heavens and the earth." It has two banners, one on each side of the minber, denoting the victories of Ismalism over

Judaism and Christianity; and on the nights of the Ramadan, when this, as well as all the other mosques, are illuminated, the Imaum mounts it with a wooden sword in his hand. On each minaret is a gilt crescent.

Upon the interior surface of the great dome and the vaulted roofs of the transept, we counted many crosses in mosaic, the work of its Christian architect. A number of workmen were employed scaling off the plaster, which, in a more bigoted day, had been spread over the interior walls of this once rich and beautiful church. When Constantinople was taken by Muhammed II., he forced his charger through a throng of priests and nuns, who had fled to the sacred temple, and riding up to the high altar, sprang from his horse and exclaimed, "there is no God but God — and Muhammed is his prophet!" This desecration was the signal for murder, violation and every horrible excess.

Ascending to the gallery, supported on columns of jasper, we were led out upon the swelling roof, dazzling with reflected light, to look upon the bee-hive city and its circumjacent scenes. On leaving the mosque, our curiosity ungratified from its condition, we were accosted by many boys, proffering for sale pieces of mosaic, that had fallen from the ceiling.

We next visited the mosque "Sultan Ahmed," which, unlike the rest, has six minarets beside it. It seemed larger even than St. Sophia, but is entirely destitute of decoration, save a multitude of small lamps, each suspended by a separate chain, and reaching from the ceiling to within eight feet of the pavement. There are also four enormous columns supporting the dome, their height scarce twice exceeding their diameter; they are 108 feet in circumference. Their disproportioned bulk, with the numerous chains and small parti-coloured lamps, very much impair the effect of an otherwise magnificent interior.

There were sparrows flitting about among groups of worshippers; and in a remote corner was a Nubian, with his head bent to the pavement in prostration. Just within the great door, a Turkish scribe was copying the Koran. In the gallery were many boxes, said to be filled with the treasures of the faithful, who had deposited them there, when starting on the pilgrimage to Mecca. There were some twenty or thirty persons present; a few, like the black, engaged in their devotions, but the greater number wandered about, with little reverence in their deportment; and the boys, who had followed us from St. Sophia, were importunate in offering their mosaics for sale. If a stranger could be justified in forming an opinion on so grave a subject, founded on the observation of a few weeks, he might be led to conclude, from the universal apathy prevailing around him, that the religion of Muhammed is now in about the same condition as was the Polytheism of Pagan Rome, immediately prior to the introduction of Christianity.

Justinian and Muhammed II., the rebuilder and desecrater of the great temple, lie together in a mosque erected by the last on the site of the church of the Holy Apostles. There are none so wholly evil as not to possess some redeeming trait. It is related of this Muhammed, that, when building his mosque, a poor woman refused, on any terms, to dispose of her dilapidated house, which stood within the precincts; and the monarch, respecting her rights, allowed it to stand, a monument of his own justice, until, at her death, he became peaceably possessed of it. The same mosque contains the tomb of Sultan Selim, the conqueror of Egypt. On it, the following words are inscribed:

"On this day, the Sultan Selim passed to his eternal kingdom, leaving the empire of the world to Sulieman."

From the mosque "Sultan Ahmed" we passed into the

Hippodrome, formed by the emperor Severus. It is now upwards of 700 feet long, and nearly 500 broad. In it is the great obelisk of Thebaic stone, a four-sided pyramidal shaft, of one entire piece, fifty feet high, and covered with hieroglyphics. A short distance from it is the fragment of another, composed of different pieces of marble, and once covered with brass plates. At one end stands the "brazen column," consisting of three serpents embracing in spiral folds, and supposed to have been brought from Delphi, where it supported the golden tripod, which the Greeks, after the battle of Platæa, found in the camp of Mardonius. While standing here, our minds absorbed in the past, we were brought back to the present by the muezzin's call to prayer from the numerous minarets around. The sonorous tones of the muezzins, and the solemn import of the words, appeal strongly to the senses, and in a crowded city are more appropriate, as they are certainly more impressive, than the discordant sounds of our clanging bells. But, if "use doth breed a habit in a man," so a habit, once acquired, becomes frequently a mere physical matter, independent of and sometimes apart from the mind. The Turks passing to and fro in the Hippodrome paid no attention to the muezzin's call, which, if not unheard, was wholly unheeded.

Within the Hippodrome we saw what we had all been taught to consider the dromedary, viz., a camel with two humps upon its back. But we learned from good authority that the dromedary differs from the camel only in possessing more agility and swiftness; the first bearing the same relation to the second that the thorough-bred horse does to the heavy, plodding hack. The camel and the dromedary have each one hump; those with two are rare exceptions, and an authentic writer states that in a caravan of five thousand camels, he saw not more than eight or ten with two humps. The one we saw was a

Bactrian camel, the camel of central Asia, which, unlike the others, has frequently two humps. It is found in the Crimea, and the countries bordering on the Caucasus. But the Hippodrome, or the Atmeidan, is interesting as the theatre of the most fearful tragedy of modern times —the slaughter of the Janissaries.

From the Hippodrome we were conducted to the mausoleum containing the tomb of the Sultan Mahmoud and several of his family. It is a lofty circular room, with a vaulted ceiling, — the whole admirably proportioned and exquisitely finished. The architect was an Italian, and the groined roof and beautiful foliage of flowers in stucco, around the cornice, proved that he was a master in his calling. Everything, save the tombs, is of the softest and purest white.

The tomb of Mahmoud is a sarcophagus about eight feet high and as many long, covered with purple cloth embroidered in gold, and many votive shawls of the richest cashmere thrown over it, any one of which would excite attention and awaken cupidity in the female breast. At the head is the crimson tarbouch which the monarch wore in life, with a lofty plume secured by a large and lustrous aigrette of diamonds. The following words are inscribed in letters of gold on the face of the tomb:

This is the tomb
Of the layer of the basis of the civilization
Of his empire:
Of the monarch of exalted place,
The Sultan victorious and just,
MAHMOUD KHAN,
Son of the victorious Abd' al Hamid Khan.
(May the Almighty make his abode in the gardens of Paradise.)
Born, Rebuel Evol 14, 1199.
Accession, Jemaji Evol 4, 1228.
Death, m. , 9, 1255.
Reigned 31 years, 10 months, 14 days.

According to the impelling motive, the hero or the butcher of the Almeidan, *he* died peaceably in his bed, by whose word of command, thousands of his fellow-creatures were swept from existence. Whether the dictates of an unfeeling, or a sound yet reluctant policy, the massacre of the Janissaries is a fearful page in his life's history. How difficult, and how thankless, is the task of a reformer! Mahmoud, who sagaciously discerned the superiority of the arts of civilization over wild barbaric force, commenced the radical reform of a people universally regarded as the most impracticable in the world. With an indomitable energy, worthy of a better result, he persevered to the hour of his death. How his efforts were seconded by the Christian kingdoms of Europe, let the destruction of his fleet at Navarino, and the partial dismemberment of his empire, attest. By destroying the turbulent and rapacious Janissaries, although his people were benefited, he crushed, perhaps for ever, that fanatic courage, founded on fatalism and bigotry, which had so often led the Muslim troops to victory.

Whether the efforts made by the late Sultan, and now making by Abd' al Medjid, his successor, will result in the civilization or the downfall of the Ottoman Empire, remains to be determined. From the eager employment of Franks, the introduction of foreign machinery, and the adoption of improved modes of cultivating the land, the present Sultan gives the strongest assurance of his anxiety to promote the welfare of his people. But the very attempt at a higher development of national character, has led to greater military weakness; and the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb, its actors represented by Russia and the Porte, will ere long be transferred to the page of history.

After the tomb of Mahmoud, we were shown the "Burnt Column," so called from its having been charred

and blackened by numerous conflagrations around it. It is of porphyry, and was brought from Rome by Constantine the Great, whose statue, it is supposed, stood upon its summit—others say, an Apollo by Phidias, which was struck by lightning. Constantine placed some relics beneath it, whence Christians make the sign of the cross in passing it. It is composed of eight stones, the joints covered with copper; hence, some travellers have described it as a monolith. At present, it is disfigured and unsightly. Constantine inscribed these words on the pedestal:—"Oh Christ! king and master of the universe, I consecrate this humble tower, this sceptre, and the power of Rome, to thee! Have them in thy holy keeping, and preserve them from misfortune."

We were also taken to the cistern of a thousand and one columns. Descending a long flight of wooden stairs, dimly lighted from the low door, we came upon a subterraneous colonnade of apparently unknown dimensions. A subterranean palace, its vaulted roof supported by some hundreds of white marble columns of double height, will give the best idea of the wonderful cisterns of this ancient capital. Now, the whole interior is filled with earth and rubbish half the height of the lower tier of columns, and we found it occupied by silk spinners, who seemed merrily to ply their tasks, despite the damp and gloom of their singular work-shop.

From the summit of a tower similar to that at Galata, we had all Constantinople at our feet. From above, the dense masses of dingy roofs loomed up the magnificent domes of St. Sophia, Sultan Ahmed, and other mosques, with their alabaster-like minarets beside them, —and beyond, semi-girdled by the sea, is the Seraglio, or palace of the Sultans, covering the site of the ancient Byzantium. It is rather a collection of palaces and gardens, relieved and beautifully ornamented by the light

airy forms of the arrowy cypress. But it is impossible to pourtray the striking and beautiful effect of a scene like this, which so charmed

"The charming Mary Montagu."

On our way to the bazaars, we stumbled upon the mosque of Bajazet, the court of which is surrounded by a row of old columns, evidently pillaged from one or more heathen temples of remote antiquity. Ten were of verde antique, six of Egyptian granite, and four of jasper. In the court is a fountain and some wintry trees, their branches darkened by many pigeons. The love of animals inculcated by the prophet is beautifully shown in the court of this mosque, where some thousands of pigeons were being fed by an old Turk from a chest of grain. This chest is supported by charitable contributions, and we saw an old, poor man, drop in his copper mite. When the pigeons came down from tree, and roof, and cornice, they darkened the air, and while feeding presented an immense surface of blue backs and tails.

The bazaars form a labyrinth of narrow streets, arched over like some of our arcades, with mean-looking shops on each side. We were compelled to pick our way over round paving-stones coated with mud, jostled every moment by people of all nations hurrying hither and thither in their busy pursuits. The Turk sits smoking dignified and silent until you express a desire to see an article in his shop; but the Christians, and more particularly the Jews, fix upon you with a tenacity that renders it difficult to shake them off. At length, we struck up a trading friendship with Mehemet Effendi, a Turkish dealer in perfumes and embroidery, which continued during our stay at Constantinople. In his neat back shop we were always sure to be regaled with pipes, coffee, and a cool, delicious preparation of cream. He seemed to possess

Aladdin's lamp, for we could call for nothing that was not immediately forthcoming, from a jasmine pipe-stem to the golden embroidery of Persia; from the attar of roses to the Indian cashmere.

It is customary here, for a merchant to ask a great deal more than he expects you to give. You offer, perhaps, one-third of his demand—he abates a little; you become somewhat more liberal, until at length the bargain is closed, much to the annoyance of those accustomed to the one price system; for one never knows that he has not been cheated. We had provided ourselves with a few Turkish phrases for the occasion, and our shopping proceeded much after this manner. Taking up an amber mouthpiece, of a pure lemon colour, (the most prized among the Turks,) "*Katch krutch?*" (How many piastres?) we asked.

Mehemet Effendi.—"*Yus eli*" (150 piastres, about six dollars).

That being altogether too much, we replied,

"*Chock paxhali*" (It is too dear).

Whereupon Mehemet, with oriental gravity, entered upon a long dissertation on the virtues and value of the mouthpiece,—which, being in a language we did not understand, had no effect whatever. However, we offered fifty piastres; and after much talking, smoking divers pipes, and drinking divers tiny cups of coffee, the bargain was closed at one hundred piastres.

Feb. 22. All good Musselmen go to mosque on Fridays, besides praying five times a day. The Sultan goes every Friday to a different mosque, which is known beforehand. For the purpose of seeing his sublime majesty in public, we went this morning to the convent of dervishes in Pera, where he was to be present. A small collection of the faithful had assembled in the court of the mosque, together with many Christians, Greeks, Armenians, and

Franks. The convent is a mean-looking building, in the rear of a street of small shops and cafés, with a neglected burial-ground in front and beside it. None but the faithful being permitted to enter a mosque when the Sultan attends, we were constrained to remain in the court, taking our position near the entrance. At the gate of the adjoining grave-yard were a number of females, forming a separate crowd of yashmaks and gay-coloured ferajes, with black eyes and henna-stained fingers.

Here it is not the custom for men to notice, much less speak to, women in public; and yet the constant presence of Turkish women in the streets and public places, shows that they are prone to gad about as much as some of their Christian sisters in America; but if restricted from the use of that little instrument the tongue, they contrive to do considerable execution with their almond-shaped eyes, inky eyebrows, and half-an-alabaster nose, which is all that is exposed to view. There was one little beauty in a pink feraje, with an extremely thin yashmak, who might have been an Odalisque. The rest of them looked like ghouls risen from the graves, upon the tomb-stones of which they were standing. Most of the grave-yards we had seen were much neglected, many of them like open commons, the turbaned tomb-stones standing at all angles, and frequently trampled under foot.

It was amusing to observe the crowd, like ourselves, waiting in patient expectation to see the grand seignor. All the soldiers and more respectable people wore pantaloons and the red tarbouch; but the lower classes, ever the first to move and the last to be benefited by a revolution, adhered to the turban and capacious breeks, with a kind of tunic to match. The dervishes were moving about with serious faces, wearing faded brown or green cloaks, with felt hats, shaped like inverted funnels, upon their heads.

We waited for some time; and as the Sultan was about to appear in public, our imagination pictured the magnificent entrée of a great Ottoman monarch,—troops of warriors; splendidly caparisoned horses, and all the barbaric pomp of an oriental court,—when a low murmur indicated that the cortêge was approaching.

First came, walking backwards, the Imaum of the dervishes, in a high green felt hat, swinging a censer filled with burning incense, and followed by a grave, melancholy-looking young man, with a rather scanty black beard, the red tarbouch upon his head, and wearing a blue military frock-coat and fawn-coloured pantaloons; the coat fringed or laced, with a standing collar,—fawn-coloured gloves upon his hands, and a short blue cloak thrown lightly over his shoulders. It was the Sultan! He was followed, in single file, by six or eight persons, attired in blue, some wearing swords, and others carrying small leather portfueilles, richly embossed with gold.

Contrary to expectation, the Sultan had dismounted outside, and his gait, as he passed us, was feeble and almost tottering. Indeed, most of the Turks walk what is termed "parrot toed,"—very much like our Indians. Ascending a covered stairway to an upper gallery, with windows towards the court, he approached one of them, and looked intently down upon us; but our interpreter imprudently exclaiming, "Voila le Sultan! le Sultan!" he turned slowly away, we presume, to his devotions.

Without the court, were his horses; splendid steeds, caparisoned in richly-embroidered, but chaste saddle-cloths, which, as well as the reins and the pommels of the saddles, were studded with precious stones; the head-pieces were embossed gold, and the frontlets glittered with gems.

The Sultan's figure was light, and apparently feeble. I thought so when I saw him before, in a semi-obscure

apartment, and his appearance this day confirmed the impression. The expression of his features at the moment of passing, was that of profound melancholy. Like the Mexican prince, of whom he so much reminded me, his mind may be overshadowed by the general and spreading opinion, that the Ottoman rule upon the European side of Turkey is drawing to a close. This impression has become so prevalent, that hundreds, when they die, direct their remains to be interred on the Asiatic side of the Bosporus. It is sad to think that, from the destruction of the Janissaries by Mahmoud to the present time, the very advancement of the Turks in civilization should increase the weakness, and precipitate the dismemberment, if not the downfall, of the empire! It was a singular scene! A few ragged Turks in the old turban, the only relic of the past; the mixture of European costumes and the red tarbouch; a company of Christian officers, from a far-off land; the mild-looking young Sultan, so humble! so gentle! with so little parade! so different from his haughty Osmanlie ancestors! And then there was a back-ground of veiled women—the ghouls peeping out of the grave-yard.

Our visit to the Seraglio deserves an especial notice, not that we saw so much, but that we saw what Franks are rarely permitted to look upon. We landed at the old kiosk with the green curtains, and exhibiting our firman, were permitted to enter the precincts of the Seraglio. *Serai* is the Turkish word for palace, whence this principal one of the Sultan's is called, par excellence, the Seraglio.

Passing through an arched gateway, between files of sentinels, we came upon an open space. Near us, on the left, looking towards the sea of Marmara, was a large caserne or infantry barracks. To the right, crowning the elevation of the hill, were the halls of audience, the trea-

sury, the library, and the kiosk for the entertainment of foreign ambassadors. On the declivity of the hill were the royal stables, and further beyond, but yet upon the slope, looking out upon the sea of Marmara and the Bosphorus, were the royal palaces and harem. Between the latter and the wall, which rounds with the sweep of the sea, is an extensive court, where the annual caravan to Mecca assembles in order that the sovereign and his harem may witness its departure. Immediately looking upon it, are the windows of the harem, screened with fine gilt lattice work. The buildings are oriental, very ancient, and well adapted to the climate. The Turks believe, and with some reason, that, in a changeable climate, like this, frame houses are drier and healthier than those constructed of a more durable material.

We first visited the barracks, where a large number of Turkish soldiers, shaved and dressed like Europeans, except the moustache and the tarbouch, received us with the Asiatic salute. Elsewhere in Europe, the soldier touches his cap; here, they bring the hand first to the lip and then to the forehead, with a quick and graceful motion. The whole caserne was scrupulously clean, the bread dark coloured, but well baked and sweet. The colonel, who politely accompanied us, said that the bastinado had been discontinued, on account of its injuring the culprit's eyes. Their mode of punishment is now similar to our own.

Before entering the sacred precincts of the Seraglio proper, we were required to take off our overshoes, which we had donned for the purpose. Turks of both sexes wear a loose half-boot of thin morocco, either red or yellow, which fits into a similarly coloured slipper, with a hard rounding sole, but open at the heel. The custom of throwing off this loose slipper on entering an apartment, is not so much a superstitious one, as it is a matter

of absolute necessity in a country where everybody sits upon the floor. These palaces are rarely occupied, the Sultan usually residing at Beschich Tasch or Cherighan.

Ascending a broad flight of stairs, we passed at once through extensive suites of apartments, furnished in a costly but gaudy and tasteless manner. The most modern articles of furniture were of French manufacture. Each suite consisted of three or four sleeping apartments, two baths, two sitting rooms, and a banqueting hall, the latter circular, large, and lofty. We passed through a variety of saloons and their corresponding apartments, including those of the harem. They were but partially furnished. In most of them were one or two couches, profusely gilt, and covered with golden fret-work — some oblong, and some oval. The apartments directly over the court are truly beautiful, and command a glorious view of the sea of Marmara and the shipping in the Golden Horn.

The harem looks out both upon the court and the water, but to the windows were fitted gilt arabesque gratings, to screen the sultanas within. What scenes have been enacted in these apartments! What intrigues, murders and sewing up in sacks! Alas, poor woman!

Here are marble baths with alabaster fountains, and domes thickly studded with glass-lights overhead — the bath of the harem! where many a Circassian form has laved!

A bath with us signifies a trough of some kind for one to get into, but the Turkish bath is different. The marble floor of the apartment is highly heated, and hot and cold water, flowing through cocks into alabaster basins, is thence thrown lavishly upon it. Here you are scraped, scrubbed, lathered, and washed off.

There are two long galleries looking out upon the court. Along the inner wall of each, opposite to the latticed windows, were a series of engravings, mostly French,

with but two or three oil paintings. Napoleon must have been a great favourite with the reigning monarch when the modern engravings were placed in this sensual sanctuary, for besides a likeness of himself, nearly every one portrayed some scene in his eventful career.

The other gallery was furnished mostly with mere daubs—strange to say, naval pieces—in which the most outré looking Turkish ships, in most grotesque rig, and under most impossible circumstances, were represented as triumphant over adversaries more formidable and far more frightful than themselves. In the harem there was little tangible to feed the imagination, and it was thrown back upon the sad associations connected with its mysterious history.

In one of the palaces is a chair, looking very French notwithstanding its Persian embroidery. It is the Sultan's throne—but nothing more in fact than a large arm-chair covered with crimson velvet, embroidered in gold, and placed on a semi-circular platform elevated about six inches above the floor. Although gorgeous to the eye, it is less comfortable than one of those formerly in the east room in Washington.

On one side of most of the rooms were divans, but others had only the more modern substitutes of sofas and chairs. The cushions of the divans were each one as large as a double feather bed, and covered with the richest damask or velvet, profusely embroidered: The prevailing colours were crimson and blue. The tables, with costly covers upon them, were of plain mahogany; the chairs had embroidered backs and seats; but the palace and harem being unoccupied, the carpets were up and the curtains removed, except one suite, kept always in order for the Sultan. The divan, carpet, curtains, chairs, sofa, and bed-coverings of this suite, were blue, embroidered with silver.

Passing through a retired garden of the harem, with its orangery, its pond of gold-fish, and evergreens cut in most fantastic shapes, but not many flowers, we sat for a few moments in its kiosk or summer pavilion, and thence proceeded to the "hall of ambassadors," in the old palace. It was here that, with barbaric pomp, foreign ambassadors were received, after going through divers ceremonies, compared to which, the Chinese *Kotan* is a reasonable affair.

When, on such occasions, the proper officer announced to the Grand Seignor that the ambassador of one of the European powers craved an audience, the reply was, "Take the Christian dog, and feed him." When the feeding was over, and the second application made, the order was given, "Clothe the Christian dog, and bring him in." A cloak was then thrown over the shoulders of the ambassador, who, previously disarmed, was led into the presence, a eunuch holding him on each side. The latter custom having originated, it is said, (although history is silent upon the subject,) in the assassination of a Sultan by an ambassador. At a respectable distance the humble representative of a Christian prince was permitted to state his business, when he was abruptly dismissed to undergo a second feeding.

Over the ambassadors' gate is written,—

"The chief of wisdom is the fear of God."

The old divan upon which the Sultans formerly reclined when they gave audience, looks like an overgrown four-poster, each post covered with carbuncles of precious stones, turquoise, amethyst, topaz, emeralds, ruby, and diamond: the couch was covered with Damascus silk and Cashmere shawls. Here, we saw the last of the white eunuchs; the present enlightened Sultan having pensioned off those on hand, and discontinued their attendance for ever.

The outer walls of the seraglio are said to cover the site of ancient Byzantium, and to be three miles in circuit. We had not time to see one-half of what they contained; but wandered about so much,—up and down flights of stairs, through corridors, saloons, baths, sleeping-apartments, &c.,—that we were exceedingly fatigued, even when we left the harem.

We visited the armory, and saw a vast store of muskets, pistols and swords, kept in admirable order, besides a large collection of Saracenic armour. There were morions and shirts of mail; plate-armour, inlaid with golden verses from the Koran; huge two-handed swords; gigantic blunderbusses, of every shape and kind; long, sharp spears, and other formidable weapons of war. In a court, were several large porphyry tombs,—sarcophagi, it is supposed, of some of the imperial families of Rome. In an extensive, but nearly vacant building, was an abortive attempt at a museum.

Next came the royal stables, in which were about thirty stallions, tethered to the ground-floor by their feet, and not separated by stalls, as with us. Two or three were splendid Arabians—the remainder, ordinary in appearance. They were kept for state, and rarely used.

Returning, we should have passed the "Sublime Porte" unnoticed, had not our attention been directed to a large yellow-arched gateway, with a remarkable turtle-shell-like canopy above the entrance. From this gateway, the divan or supreme council, which holds its sitting in an ordinary building within, is called the "Sublime Porte."

Crossing the bridge of boats over the Golden Horn, we observed a neat little steamer, which had been presented to the Sultan by the Pasha of Egypt; and the former, shortly after, was about to pass on board, when, unfortunately, one of his slippers fell off, and the contemplated excursion was instantly abandoned—never to be resumed.

We reached our quarters wearied in body, but exceedingly gratified. How beautiful is the seraglio! What magnificent structures are the mosques! How light and graceful the minarets! yet how mean and filthy the streets! what smells! What numbers of mangy dogs!

On Sunday afternoon we strolled along the banks of the Bosphorus. There are three Sabbaths in each week, one for each religion: Friday, the Muhammedan; Saturday, the Jew; and Sunday, the Christian. Of all, the latter is held most sacred, and the first are becoming less and less observant of the injunctions of the Koran, with regard to Friday.

From the brow of a steep hill, we had the great burying-ground of Pera beneath us. It is an article of Muslim faith, that the soul of a deceased person cannot be admitted to Paradise until the body is interred, (unless he die in battle); hence there is but a brief interval from the death-bed to the grave. These densely-crowded burial-grounds, in the midst of a populous city, must be exceedingly detrimental to health. It is related of a boy, deaf, dumb and blind, that he fainted from the noxious exhalations of a grave-yard he was passing, his smell having been rendered acute by the deprivation of other senses.

Although more than half the people we met were dressed precisely as in Paris or New York, yet there were many curious costumes. The Armenian priest, with his long beard and high, square, black cap, from which depended a coarse black veil, concealing his features;—the gay-looking Albanian, with his bright eye and well-trimmed moustache; and stranger than all, the Turkish women, shuffling along in slippers, or tottering in high wooden clogs,—dressed in bright-coloured ferajes and shrouded up to the eyes in the ugly yashmak, giving to their sallow complexions a yet more ghastly hue.

The yashmak is wrapped round the head and brow,

brought over so as to cover the face down to the eyebrows, and again across over the bridge of the nose, giving a disagreeable prominence to that feature. Ladies of high rank wear the yashmak so thin, as scarcely to conceal the face more than the finest veil worn by our ladies; but in general it is of a close texture and of a dead white, that reminds one of cerements and the grave.

The feraje is a narrow-skirted cloak of silk or woollen, and either purple or a light fancy colour, entirely covering the fair incognita, saving a pair of bright yellow morocco boots, coming loosely a few inches above the ancles, not unfrequently exhibiting streaks of alabaster skin above them as they carefully pick their way along the muddy streets.

Emerging from filthy lanes, we came out upon a broad avenue leading into the country. On one side was a handsome range of barracks; on the other the parade-ground. Among the city offals beyond, more than a hundred dogs lay crunching. A regiment of soldiers was being drilled in the trenches, actually delving and shovelling with pick and spade for exercise. Up and down the promenade might be seen caracoling the handsome steed of a Frank or Greek merchant of Pera. Still further on was the Armenian burying-ground, resembling a tesselated pavement from the number of tombstones or tablets. A grave-yard is here a familiar thing, and their general condition fully confirms the copper-plate maxim, "Familiarity breeds contempt." In this one there were no cypresses, that tree being consecrated only to the faithful.

About a mile on this road was a large, rural-looking café, with a band of music. Round about, a great many Franks of both sexes were seated, enjoying pipes and sherbet. Although February, they were in the open air. It was like our Hoboken in a more genial season.

Monday. Caiqued up the Bosporus, a short distance

beyond the mosque of Victory, to Barbarossa's tomb, of which Mr. Dale took a sketch. It is on the water's edge, overgrown with moss, and has a large fig-tree beside it. Within the tomb is a small mosque, with the same word, Wâo (Jehovah), inscribed as on the outside. The court was much neglected, and in the rear of the tomb were some filthy habitations. An old man told us that there was a great person buried beneath,—he knew not exactly whom. Such is fame! This tomb commemorates the ablest sea-captain of his age, "Chiareddin," who succeeded his brother, the celebrated corsair, Barbarossa of Algiers. He was the great rival of Doria, and the terror of the Christian world. We then pulled over to Scutari, and saw its vast cemetery, shrouded in cypresses, and densely paved with grave-stones. It is miles in extent, and in all that space there does not seem room for an additional tenant. In one place there was a beautiful green lawn, where several companies of soldiers were going through the exercise. They were dressed in blue, with the red cap, and the commander's magnificent charger stood by. A group of female spectators seated on a bank, in their white yashmaks and gay-coloured ferajes, gave additional life to the scene, the whole relieved by a back-ground of the melancholy cypress. The drum and fife sounded discordant in these gloomy shades.

Tuesday, Feb. 29. Visited the same convent which we had seen the Sultan enter, to witness an exhibition of dancing dervishes. Casting off our overshoes, and passing through the door, beside which sentries were stationed, we took our places within a railing, which ran around the circular floor of the mosque. There was a similar gallery above. Some thirty dirty-looking dervishes, in faded brown and green cloaks, with white felt conical hats upon their heads, were prostrate around the circle, while the Imaum, the same who had preceded the Sultan,

chanted a prayer before the mihrab on the eastern side. There was music from the gallery, plaintive, yet barbarous, mingled with the occasional tap of a drum.

After repeated prostrations, at a signal the Imaum led the way, in a slow march, round the apartment. As each one passed the mihrab, he bowed three times, gracefully, without stopping, or turning his back towards the holy place. After marching round three times, making the same reverence, they halted with their faces inwards, and the Imaum resumed his seat upon his rug before the mihrab. The others, all barefooted, crossing their feet one after the other, in slow succession, began to twirl around, keeping admirable time to the music; and when all in motion, looked like so many teetotums spinning. The word spinning conveys a better idea than turning; for they seemed to move about without the slightest effort, and their flowing garments, flying out in extended circles below, gave the movement a most graceful appearance. As the music became louder and faster, they spun round with increasing rapidity, until the eye became dizzy with looking upon them. At a tap of the drum, they stopped simultaneously, with no perspiration upon their forehead, and neither frenzy nor fatigue expressed in the eye. They were of all ages, from the old Imaum, with the benevolent features, to a boy of sixteen, whose melancholy face excited interest. Indeed, they all had an air of sadness and profound resignation: nothing ferocious, nothing sinister, nothing fanatical. Renewing the march, and repeating the prostrations, the exercises continued about an hour, and concluded as they began. The audience either stood erect, or sat upon the floor, and preserved deep silence. The whole affair did not strike us in the ridiculous light we had anticipated. Indeed, some of the customs of Christianity are equally absurd. The religious sentiment is the same all over the world,

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and must find expression. Humanity rejoices, when such expression, harmless in itself, as in the present instance, neither assails the opinions nor the rights of others. Such is the necessity of religion for the support of all human institutions, that any form of worship, however false and corrupt, is preferable to the atrocious enormities which follow in the train of absolute impiety.

The paganism of Rome, with all its monstrous errors and superstitions, even to the human sacrifice, with the faint shadow of morality which it inculcated, formed the cement and support of the political fabric: and the philosophy of Epicurus and his followers, by denying the superintendence of a Supreme Being, struck at the root of all social and political morality, thus undermining the ancient institutions of the government, and paving the way for an iron and blood-thirsty despotism.

The gross fables and puerile mythology with which mankind had been so long deluded could not resist the assaults of sensual infidelity. The last was soon enabled to dissipate the shadows that had so long enveloped the human intellect, and to burst the bonds of a superstition, whose head was hidden in the clouds, and whose foot was on the neck of nations.

But, instead of inculcating a purer system of morals for that which had been abolished, and erecting an altar to Truth amid the broken shrines of the divinities it had dethroned, in the pride of its heart, sensual philosophy exalted its own form for the adoration of mankind, and by removing all the sanctions of religion — by corrupting the motives and inducements to virtue — by stifling all the aspirations of the heart, yearning and restlessly striving for a higher and purer existence — it unbridled the wildest excesses of passion; it recalled the divine principle from its heavenward flight, and bade it seek in pandering to the grossest sensuality the proper end and object of its

being. The result was inevitable. Crime on a gigantic scale ensued. Rome grew drunk with blood. Men looked with horror upon the present, and to the future with despair. One universal night of gloom brooded over her empire, and it seemed as if the impious dogma of the philosopher had been realized, and that the Deity had abandoned man to his fate. The religious sentiment of Turkey, misled and faint as it is, is the best protection it possesses against such debaucheries as the Saturnalia of Rome, or the utter debasements of the Parisian worship of the Goddess of Reason.

March 1. Impatient about the firman, Mr. Carr addressed a note to the minister of foreign affairs upon the subject. In reply, the latter gave the assurance that there would be no difficulty, but that on the contrary the Sultan was anxious to promote our views.

March 2. Went again to St. Stefano, the residence of our hospitable minister. In the afternoon there were a number of revellers assembled on the village green, dancing in a circle round a shepherd from Bulgaria, in a sheepskin coat, wool inside, blowing himself red in the face on a bagpipe, — a veritable bagpipe, — the people dancing as their ancestors did two thousand years ago.

Spent the evening at Dr. Davis's, with Osman Pasha, a German, holding an office in the Turkish army, just returned from Kurdistan, where he had distinguished himself in quelling a rebellion. There were also Ohannis Didian, the Sultan's man of business, Bocas Aga, the rich man of the village, his nephew, the Barout ji Bashi (chief of powder-works), and several younger Armenians. The next evening we spent between Didian's and the Barout ji Bashi; the latter has an immense house with ragged retainers lounging about the court and lower rooms. We had pipes, coffee, sherbet, and sweetmeats — the latter presented by a daughter of fourteen, followed by a very

pretty daughter-in-law, with the coffee. The master of the house hospitable and fussy,—the mistress and daughters gorgeously, but badly dressed. When we had partaken of refreshments, exeunt the beautiful visions, with the skirts of their dresses tucked in their pockets. The Armenians are the great business men of the nation, and are believed to be less cunning and more faithful than the Greeks.

Tuesday, March 6. Received the long-expected firman from the Grand Vizier. It was addressed to the Pashas of Saida and Jerusalem, the two highest dignitaries in Syria. It was briefly couched. The following is a literal translation:

"Governors of Saida and Jerusalem!—Captain Lynch, of the American navy, being desirous of examining the Dead Sea (Bahr Lût), his legation has asked for him, from all our authorities, all due aid and assistance.

"You will, therefore, on the receipt of this present order, give him and his companions, seventeen in number, all due aid and co-operation in his explorations.

"Protect, therefore, and treat him with a regard due to the friendship existing between the American Government and that of the Sublime Porte.

(Signed) "MUSTAFA RESCHID PASHA,
"*Grand Vizier.*

"MUSṬAFA PASHA, *Governor of Saida.*
"ZARIF PASHA, *Governor of Jerusalem.*
"STAMBOHL, March 7, 1848."

In half an hour after the receipt of the firman, I was on board the French steamer "Hellespont," the rest of the party having preceded me.

For the last time, I gazed up the beautiful Bosporus, its rippling waters and its bold headlands basking in the rays of the setting sun. This stream teems with classic

and historical associations, from the time when Europa was borne across in the arms of Jove, to the navigation of the Argonauts, and the passage of the Persians under Darius. The word "Bosporus" literally means "Cattle Ford," a name now wholly inapplicable, for it is deep enough to float a heavy line-of-battle ship. The origin of this strait, in connection with that of the Dardanelles, has been the subject of much discussion. It was the opinion of the ancients, that the Euxine became so swollen by the Danube, the Dnieper, the Dniester, and other rivers, that it burst through to the Mediterranean. But Count Andreossy, French Ambassador to the Porte in 1812, discovered indubitable evidence of a great volcanic cataclism at the mouth of the straits. He inferred, that this opening of the escarped rocks on the Black Sea once made, the waters of the Euxine must have rushed into the Propontis, or sea of Marmara, enlarged the Hellespont to its present width, and thence, expanding over an immense plain, have left only the slopes and summits of the mountains visible (the present Grecian Archipelago), and united with the Mediterranean. The parallel direction of the Grecian islands, Candia excepted, confirms this theory; and the longitudinal position of that island is accounted for, by the supposition that the waters of the flood were deflected by the high mountains of Syria.

Spent the night on the sea of Marmara. Passed the next day in sweeping down the Hellespont, and skirting the Phrygian coast, and, on the morning of the 9th, rejoined the "Supply."

Friday, March 10. Sailed from Smyrna for the coast of Syria, and passed through the straits of Spalmatori and Scio, and by the island of Nicaria (ancient Icaria), named after him, whose waxen pinions so signally failed him.

Monday, March 13. The wind hauled to the southward and eastward, and freshened to a gale—a genuine levanter.

P. M. The gale increasing, we were compelled to bear up, and run for a lee. Scudded through the dark night, and in the morning anchored in the bay of Scio.

In the afternoon, the weather partially moderating, visited the shore. From the ship, we had enjoyed a view of rich orchards and green fields; but, on landing, we found ourselves amid a scene of desolation—an entire city, with all its environs, laid in ruins by the ruthless Turks during that darkest hour of Turkish history, the massacre of Scio. Invited into one of the dwellings, we tasted some Scian wine, and at the same time caught a glimpse of a pair of lustrous eyes peering at us from above:—the wine was light in colour, and, to our tastes, unpalatable; but the eyes were magnificent. The Greek costume differs little from the Turkish, in the capital. The tarbouch is higher; the shakshen (petticoat-trowsers) shorter, with leggings beneath. The Greeks are more vivacious than the Turks, but much less respected in the Levant.

We rode into the country. Our steeds were donkeys—our saddles made of wood! It was literally riding on a rail. What a contrast between the luxuriant vegetation, the bounty of nature, and the devastation of man! Nearly every house was unroofed and in ruins—not one in ten inhabited, although surrounded with thick groves of orange trees loaded with the weight of their golden fruit.

March 14. Weighed anchor and again endeavoured to pass through the Icarian Sea; but encountering another gale, were compelled to bear away for Scala Nouva, on the coast of Asia Minor, not far from the ruins of ancient Ephesus. While weather-bound, we availed ourselves of the opportunity to visit the ruins about ten miles distant. There are no trees and very few bushes on the face of this old country, but the mountain slopes and the valleys are enamelled with thousands of beautiful flowers, among

which the most conspicuous, from its brilliant colour, is the purple anemone (anemone coronaria), one of the lavenders, and known to the ancient Greeks.

Winding around the precipitous crest of a mountain, we saw the river "Cayster" (modern "Meander") flowing through an alluvial plain to the sea, and on its banks the black tents of herdsmen, with their flocks of goats around them. At length turning another point we descried the walls of Ephesus, which, according to Strabo, was the principal mart of Asia this side of Mount Taurus.

Climbing over fragments of marble and stone which lay confusedly upon the hill-side, we first came to a ruined building on a high elevation to the left, called "St. Paul's prison:" crossing a shoulder of the mountain, we beheld the ruins of the city, lying dispersedly in the amphitheatre of hills below. It was a sad yet interesting sight. First was the theatre, where the town clerk quelled the tumult of the silversmiths. It consists of piles of stones, of the Grecian era, with arches of brick, evidently Roman. This theatre is almost wholly destroyed, and there are no seats visible. The inscriptions over the gateway and triumphal arches are almost entirely defaced. On the east side is a ruined aqueduct, with reversed inscriptions of Marcus Aurelius. Amid the tall grass are shafts of porphyry columns, one fragment bright and beautifully polished.

Thence passing some Roman arches on the left, said to have been granaries, and crossing a cultivated field, we reached the site of the great temple of Diana, covered with fragments of columns, pilasters, entablatures, &c., which seem to have been crushed where they stood. It appears to have been a Doric temple; some of the columns are fluted three and a half inches deep, and they are about four feet in diameter. One of the fragments measured twenty-nine feet, a part of its capital lying about

ten feet distant. A corner-stone of a pediment formed a striking mass of sculpture, — the whole of white marble, mellowed by time, and beautifully cut, particularly an exquisite fragment of a lion's head.

This temple, for its extent, architecture, and decoration, was esteemed one of the wonders of the world. It was 425 feet long, 220 broad, and was supported by 127 pillars of marble, each seventy feet high. Twenty-seven of them were curiously wrought, and the rest exquisitely polished. It was planned by Ctesiphon, the architect, and was 200 years under construction. It was seven times destroyed by fire, once on the same day that Socrates was poisoned, the last time by Erostratus, on the night that Alexander the Great was born; whence it was said that Diana was that night so busy superintending the birth of a hero, that she could not protect her own temple. It was rebuilt the last time by female contribution. Alexander wished to erect it at his own expense, but his offer was refused with the flattering remark that it was not seemly for one god to contribute to the erection of a temple dedicated to another.

This temple, the metropolitan shrine of all others dedicated to Diana, was near the Ortygian grove and Cenchrian stream, where she and Apollo were reputed to have been born of Latona. It was finally destroyed by the Goths in the third century.

The amphitheatre and the stadium, like the theatre and the temple, present a surface of marble fragments, glittering in the sun-light. To the north-east on the brow of a hill, in full view, is the cave of the seven sleepers, with the ruins of a chapel adjoining it.

The seven sleepers were seven brothers professing the Christian faith, who, with their dog, were walled up in this cave by the emperor Decius. They are fabled to have slept 157 years. Their names, and that of their dog, are

engraved on the rings and amulets of good Muslims, and are considered charms against the perils of the sea. They are Yemlika, Moksilina, Meslina, Mernoos, Dobernoos, Shadnoos, Kastitiyus, and their dog Kitmir.

The rocks in this vicinity are mostly marble and coarse limestone. One part of our road here led through a rocky chasm of micaceous slate. The mountain precipices over Ephesus present the wildest forms, and rise seven or eight hundred feet high. Their faces are perforated with many quarries, whence, doubtless, was drawn the marble for the construction of the city.

The Turkish village of Ayasalouk, a paltry collection of huts, constructed without taste, of the scattering fragments around, is the forlorn representative of the glories of ancient Ephesus. The relics of Gentiles and of Christians lie subverted and unknown among the habitations of the poor and ignorant herdsmen, just without the vestibule of the great church of St. John, the first of the seven churches of Asia. *There is not one Christian among them.* Before the Muslim village is the noble gateway of the once magnificent church. Looking upon the crumbling walls which once echoed the eloquence of two apostles, one fears for the "angel of Ephesus" as he recollects the awful message,—

"Or else I come to thee, and will move thy candlestick out of its place, except thou do penance."

Over the massive portal were originally fine basso-relievos, now all removed but one. From a cleft in the wall a tree shoots up and partly shades the portal within. It is the beautiful emblem of faith, springing from and surviving the ruins of its earthly temple.

Passing through the gateway, over columns of porphyry and massive fragments of sculptured marble, we came to a broad pedestal near the upper end, which must have

been the site of the grand altar. How it moves the heart to its inmost depths to reflect, that before that high altar have stood the Beloved Disciple and the Apostle of the Gentiles! In fancy, one hears the tremulous tones of the first, as he repeats over and over his favourite exclamation, "My children, love one another."

On the southern slope of the hill, near its base, is a large marble building, with a dome and turrets, overgrown with moss. It is called the "Bishop's Palace," and has been converted into a mosque. The stones, with inverted inscriptions, prove it to be of comparatively modern construction.

We returned by a different road, striking directly across the plain, which lay in front of the ruins of the ancient city, and covered a space of three miles in extent. Through this extensive plain, which is cultivated in patches, amid clusters of the tamarisk and much scattering shrubbery, winds the river Cayster, which, from its serpentine course, is called the "Meander"—by the Turks, the "Lesser Mendere."

There can be no question that this alluvial plain was once a noble bay, and on its shores stood the city of Ephesus; which, according to Pliny, has frequently changed its name with its condition. In the Trojan war, it was called "Alope;" then "Ortygia," "Morgas," "Ephesus;" and now, "Ayasalouk."

The plain has doubtless been formed by the depositions of the river Cayster, in its overflow, and the mountain torrents, in the winter season. It seems improbable that the city should have been originally built on a mountain side, three miles from the sea, with a morass between, through which flowed a shallow and insignificant stream. The bay of Scala Nuova is annually lessening in depth; and the inhabitants maintain that, within the present generation, the land has materially encroached upon the sea.

Saturday, March 18. While the rest were making

necessary preparations for a visit to the ruins yesterday, I called upon the Governor, who seated me beside him on the divan, and entertained me handsomely with pipes, sherbet and coffee. This day he returned the visit. He was a noble-looking Constantinopolitan, with a fine black beard and moustache, and was dressed in a blue military frock-coat, with red tarbouch, and a coloured kerchief wound around it as a turban. He wore green spectacles, and was followed by a long suite, headed by his pipe-bearer. Like most other Turks of condition whom we had seen, in consequence of taking but little exercise, he was quite corpulent, and puffed like a porpoise in clambering over the side. He evinced much interest in our naval improvements, arms, &c., and was exceedingly gratified with the salute we gave him.

P. M. Some of the Greek fashionables came on board. The men were of the soap-lock order: the ladies were dressed pretty much as our ladies, except that their clothes did not fit well, and nothing seemed exactly in good taste. There was much brilliancy, but little cleanliness;—for instance, a dirty hand adorned by a magnificent ring, as old as the temple,—perhaps the workmanship of Demetrius himself. We feasted them, and sent them on shore rejoicing, and shortly after left the port.

The town of Scala Nuova (ancient Neapolis) contains about 10,000 inhabitants, of whom all are Turks or natives, except about fifty Greek and ten or twelve Armenian families.

This little place exports annually about 150,000 kilos of wheat, each kilo weighing sixty pounds; also a large quantity of an inferior kind of maize, or Indian corn. This vessel is the first bearing the American flag, which has ever entered the port. Why will not some of our trading-vessels touch here? It would doubtless pay well. We were assured, but we cannot believe it, that we were the first visitors from the New World to the ruins of

Ephesus. The authorities here do not seem to anticipate the necessity of defence. The ancient walls, with their projecting turrets, are ungarnished with artillery.

We obtained here, besides Grecian coins, two antique marble heads of Diana, from the ruins of her temple, and part of an inscription from the once magnificent church of St. John.

Sunday, March 19. The wind was light, and we advanced slowly. Read prayers this day in the Forni passage, between Samos and Icaria, in sight of "the island which is called Patmos." Samos, the birth-place of Pythagoras and of one of the Sibyls, as well as Chios and Mitylene, were visited by St. Paul. At night, observed the eclipse of the moon by the chronometer.

March 20. All day in sight of Patmos, where St. John wrote the Apocalypse. How grateful, yet how awe-inspiring, would be a visit to the cave where the Scribe of the Almighty dwelt!

Patmos is a small, rocky isle, with not a tree visible upon it, like most of the islands we have seen. There is little cultivation, although a considerable hamlet is seen clustering on the hill-side, while a castellated building crowns the summit. It is said that the inhabitants are supported almost entirely by the proceeds of the sponge fisheries along its rocky shores.

March 21. The wind strong, but adverse—freshened to a gale. We were now under the lee of Cos, where, as well as at Cyprus and Tyre, the god Phœbus was worshipped. This island was also visited by St. Paul, on his way to Rhodes. 10 P. M. A fair wind, and a lunar rainbow! Bore away under full sail, leaving Candia broad upon the weather-quarter, and the sandy coast of Asia Minor glittering in the moonlight on our lee.

Candia (ancient Crete), once called Macaries (happy island), lies across the entrance of the Egean Sea, and is

nearly equidistant from Europe, Asia, and Africa. In early ages, Saturn, the father of Jupiter, reigned here, while the latter was nursed secretly among the hills of Ida. Here, also, reigned Minos and Rhadamanthus, feigned by poets to be the judges in hell. Here, too, is the intricate labyrinth made by Dædalus. The inhabitants of this island were accounted great liars; hence came the term, "a Cretan lie." From one of its ports, Falconer's "Britannia" went forth, breasting the lofty surge, which was so soon to dash her in fragments upon the rocky shore.

We have passed through the scenes of the "Shipwreck," —the only nautical epic that has ever been published, for the Voyage of Argonauts is unworthy of the name.

With a flowing sheet, we sailed past Rhodes and Cyprus,—the first famed for its brazen colossus, which no longer spans the entrance of the harbour. It was an ancient seat of learning, and Cicero and Cæsar were among the pupils of its school. In more modern times, under the Knights of St. John, it was for a long time the bulwark of Christendom against the Saracen.

Cyprus, the "Chittim" of the Old Testament, had in its Paphian Grove, a bower erected to the Goddess of Beauty. It was captured by the lion-hearted Richard, on his way to the Holy Land; and in yet more recent times, the eccentric Lady Hester Stanhope was wrecked upon its shores. Jews are not permitted to reside on this island.

Saturday, March 25. This morning the mountains of Lebanon are before us—their shadows resting upon the sea, while their summits are wreathed in a mist, made refulgent by the rays of the yet invisible sun. Brilliant as the bow of promise, the many-coloured mist rests like a gemmed tiara upon the brow of the lofty mountain. Like the glorious sunset on the eve of our departure, I hail this as an auspicious omen.

CHAPTER VI.

BEÏRÛT TO DEPARTURE FROM ST. JEAN D'ACRE

MARCH 25. At 8 A. M. anchored off the town of Beïrût, and went on shore to call upon the Pasha, who is also a Mushir, which, next to the sovereignty, is the highest rank in the Ottoman empire.

Entering the palace, and passing through a suite of rooms crowded with attendants, we found the Pasha, in the most remote one, seated à la Turque upon an elevated divan. Introduced by our consul, I was graciously received, and the usual preliminaries of sherbet, pipes and coffee having been discussed, I presented the imperial firman. With an air of deep respect he carefully read it, and professed his readiness to obey it.

In making out the instructions to his varions subordinates in our contemplated route, a singular difficulty was presented. He was uncertain whether the eastern side of the Jordan was included in his jurisdiction or in that of the Pasha of Damascus, with whom, although of an inferior rank, he was unwilling to interfere. To my suggestion of sending a messenger to Damascus, he with some hesitation confessed that he would not like by such a step to betray ignorance of the extent of his jurisdiction. We consulted a chart, but as the limits of his pashalic were not geographically defined, it threw no light upon the subject. We at length ascertained that jurisdiction vested in the Pasha of Damascus, and to that functionary a messenger was forthwith despatched.

As this circumstance reflects discreditably upon the

Pasha, I would omit it, although a feature in the government and condition of the country, but that he was soon after recalled, and there is no possibility of his ever seeing this recital, or of his interests being affected by it. He evinced during the interview much thirst for information, and like his master, the Sultan, expressed a wish to know the results of our labours.

The Rev. Eli Smith, of the American Presbyterian mission, although in ill health, exerted himself in our behalf, and to him we were indebted for securing the services of an intelligent young Syrian, named Ameuny, for our dragoman or interpreter. I also engaged an Arab, named Mŭstafa, as cook. The other gentlemen of the mission rendered us all the assistance in their power, and cheered us with cordial good wishes for our success.

We received here two pocket chronometers forwarded by Dent from London; and I had the satisfaction of engaging Dr. Anderson, of New York, as physician and geologist, while we should be descending the Jordan, and exploring the Dead Sea.

An English party having been recently attacked, in attempting to descend the Jordan, the tribes might yet be in an exasperated state, and in the event of gun-shot wounds, surgical aid would be indispensable. Lieutenant Molyneux, R. N., the commander of that party, having, like Costigan, the only man who preceded him, perished of fever caught on the Dead Sea, I felt it a duty to secure the valuable services of Dr. Anderson. I directed him to proceed across the country, to make a geological reconnoissance, and to join us, if he could, on the route from Acre to Tiberias.

For the purpose of making some necessary pecuniary arrangements, I was introduced by Mr. Smith to a wealthy Syrian merchant. When informed of the nature of our undertaking, he first said, "It is madness;" but the mo-

ment after, forgetful of the comforts and luxuries around him, he turned to me, and, with his soul beaming in his eyes, exclaimed, "Oh! how I envy you!"

Our consul, Mr. Chasseaud, was indefatigable in his efforts to facilitate us; and notwithstanding the weather was tempestuous, with incessant rain, we were ready at the expiration of the first twenty-four hours. H. B. M. Consul-General, Colonel Rose, was kind and obliging. Besides partaking of his hospitality, I was indebted to him for a letter to Mr. Finn, H. B. M. Consul at Jerusalem,—rendered the more acceptable, as our country has no representative there.

Beïrût is a Franco-Syrian town, with a proportionate number of Turkish officials. The customs of the east and of the west are singularly blended, but the races remain distinct, separated by difference of complexion and of faith. The most striking peculiarity of dress we saw, was the tantûr, or horn, worn mostly by the wives of the mountaineers. It was from fourteen inches to two feet long, three to four inches wide at the base, and about one inch at the top. It is made of tin, silver, or gold, according to the circumstances of the wearer, and is sometimes studded with precious stones. From the summit depends a veil, which falls upon the breast, and, at will, conceals the features. It is frequently drawn aside, sufficiently to leave one eye exposed,—in that respect resembling the mode of the women of Lima. It is worn only by married women, or by unmarried ones of the highest rank, and once assumed, is borne for life. Although the temple may throb, and the brain be racked with fever, it cannot be laid aside. Put on with the bridal-robe, it does not give place to the shroud. The custom of wearing it, is derived from the Druses, but it is also worn by the Maronites. Its origin is unknown; it is supposed to have some reference to the words,

"the horns of the righteous shall be exalted," and other like passages of Scripture.

The illimitable sea was upon one side, the lofty barrier of the Lebanon on the other, with a highly-cultivated plain, all verdure and bloom, between them. But so indispensably necessary did I deem it to reach the Jordan before the existing flood subsided, that no time was allowed to note the beauties of the surrounding scene. It seemed better to descend the river with a rush, than slowly drag the boats over mud-flats, sand-banks, and ridges of rock.

Monday, March 27. At night, got under way; but the wind failing, and a heavy sea tumbling in, we were compelled to anchor again.

Tuesday, 28. A. M. The wind light, and adverse,—employed in packing instruments, and making all ready for disembarkation. 3 P. M. Sailed with a fine breeze from the north-west. At midnight, having passed Sidon and Tyre, heaved to off the White Cape ("Album Promontorium" of the Romans, and "Ras-el-Abaid" of the Syrians), the north extreme of the bay of Acre.

At daylight filled away, and the wind blowing fresh, sailed past the town of St. Jean d'Acre, its battlements frowning in the distance, and anchored under mount Carmel, before the walled village of Haifa.

With great difficulty I landed through the surf, in company with our dragoman and our vice-consul at Acre, who had come with us from Beïrût. We were in danger of perishing, and were only rescued by the Arab fishermen who came to our assistance. They are bold and dexterous swimmers, as much at home in the water as the natives of the Sandwich Islands.

The increasing surf preventing further communication with the ship, we proceeded first to Haifa and thence to the convent for a bed, for in the miserable village there

was no accommodation. The first thing in Syria which strikes a visitor from the western world, is the absence of forest trees. Except the orchards, the mountains and the plains are unrelieved surfaces of dull brown and green. No towering oak, no symmetrical poplar, relieves the monotony of the scene. The sun must surely be the monarch of this clime, for, outside the flat, mud-roofed, cube-like houses, there is no shelter from his fiery beams.

The road to the convent led for a short distance through an extensive olive orchard, and thence up the mountain by a gentle ascent. On the plain, and the mountain side, were flowers and fragrant shrubs,—the asphodel, the pheasant's eye, and Egyptian clover. The convent stands on the bold brow of a promontory, the terminus of a mountain range 1200 feet high, bounding the vale of Esdraelon on the south-west. The view from the summit is fine. Beneath is a narrow but luxuriant plain, upon which, it is said, once stood the city of Porphyræa.* Sweeping inland, north and south, from Apollonia in one direction to Tyre in another, with Acre in the near perspective, are the hills of Samaria and Galilee, enclosing the lovely vale of Sharon and the great battle-field of nations, the valley of Esdraelon; while to the west lies the broad expanse of the Mediterranean. But the eye of faith viewed a more interesting and impressive sight; for it was here, perhaps upon the very spot where I stood, that Elijah built his altar, and "the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood and the stones and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench."

We were cordially received by the monks, "Bon frere Charles" in especial, who, as it was Lent, regaled us with vegetable soup and fish.

Within the convent is the celebrated grotto of Elias,

* The true site of Porphyræa is near Sidon.

with a beautiful marble rotundo in front, and a chaste and richly decorated chapel above it. In front of the main building is a tent-shaped mausoleum, erected over 2000 Frenchmen, who, sick, and unable to defend themselves, were massacred by the Turks. The convent was then used as a hospital. The word "Carmel" means garden. Mount Carmel has been visited by Titus, St. Louis, and Napoleon.

We procured here some of the flint nodules resembling chalcedony, in the form of fruit, — petrified, it is said, by a curse of the prophet, who was refused some of it by the proprietor when he was faint and weary. They are nothing more than round hollow pieces of flint, with smooth and coloured protuberances within.

Friday, March 31. Wind changed off shore with a smooth sea. Sent to Acre for horses, and hoisted out the two "Fannies" and landed them with our effects. Pitched our tents for the first time, upon the beach, without the walls of Haifa. A grave-yard behind, an old grotto-looking well (then dry) on one side, and a carob tree on the other. This tree very much resembles an apple tree, and bears an edible bean, somewhat like the catalpa, which, in times of scarcity, is eaten by the poor. It is supposed to be the "husk" spoken of in the beautiful and touching parable of the prodigal son. Indeed, I have heard oriental scholars maintain that "husk" is not the proper translation of the Hebrew word. The fruit is called (by the Christians) St. John's bread, and the tree, which is an evergreen, "the locust tree," from the belief that its fruit is the locust eaten with wild honey by St. John in the desert. For the first time, perhaps, without the consular precincts, the American flag has been raised in Palestine. May it be the harbinger of regeneration to a now hapless people!

We were surrounded by a crowd of curious Arabs, of

all ages and conditions,—their costumes picturesque and dirty. The rabble already began to show their thievish propensities by stealing the little copper chains of our thole-pins. They thought that they were gold. Great fun to our sailors putting together the carriages, which with the harness were made in New York for the transportation of the boats. The men were full of jokes and merriment, at beginning camp life. Mŭstafa, the cook, prepared our first tea in Palestine.

We had two tents made of American canvass. They were circular, so constructed that the boats' masts answered as tent-poles to them. The officers occupied the small and the men the large one. We had each, officers and men, a piece of India-rubber cloth, two yards long, to sleep on, and a blanket or comforter to cover us.

Night came, and the sentries were posted. The stars were exceedingly brilliant; the air clear and cool—almost too cool,—and the surf beat in melancholy cadence, interrupted only by the distant cry of jackals in the mountains. These, I suppose, are the foxes whose tails were tied together by Sampson.

Saturday, April 1. A day of tribulation. A little past midnight, the tinkling of bells announced the arrival of our horses, followed soon after by a screaming conversation in Arabic between the dragoman (interpreter) within our tent and the chief of the muleteers outside. Our sleeping was excessively uncomfortable,—what from the cold, and the stones on the ground, and the novelty, we scarce slept a wink. Some began to think that it was not a "party of pleasure," as an illiberal print had termed it.

With the first ray of light, we saw that our Arab steeds were most miserable galled jades, and upon trial entirely unused to draught. It was ludicrous to see how loosely the harness we had brought hung about

their meagre frames. On trial, as an exhibition of discontent, there was first a general plunge, and then a very intelligible equine protest of rearing and kicking. After infinite trouble, and shifting the harness to more than a dozen horses, we found four that would draw, *when once started.* But the load was evidently too much for them. We then chartered an Arab boat, to convey the boats, sails, and heavier articles, across the bay to Acre. Still, the horses could not, or would not, budge; so that we were compelled to re-launch the boats, and send them to the ship, which had sailed over, and was then blazing away, returning a salute of the town. With a sailor mounted on each of the trucks, the horses were at length made to draw them, by dint of severe beating. The road along the beach was as firm and hard as a floor. About half a mile from our camping-place, a branch of the Valley of Esdraelon opened on the right, drained by the "Nahr Mukutta" (the river of the ford), the Kishon of Scripture, in which Sisera and his host were drowned, after their defeat by Deborah and Barak, at the foot of Mount Tabor.

> "The river of Kishon swept them away:
> That ancient river,—the river of Kishon."

It was to the brink of this brook that the 450 prophets of Baal were brought from Mount Carmel, and put to death by order of Elijah. The half-frightened horses dashed into the stream, which they crossed without difficulty, it being only about eighteen inches deep, and as many yards across. Onward we went, occasionally coming to a dead halt, rendering necessary, renewed applications of the cudgel,—for lighter instruments of persuasion were of no avail.

The road ran along the beach,—in fact, the beach was the road, curving gently towards the north, and eventually to the west. Passing the wrecks of several vessels, buried

in the sand, about six miles from the Kishon, we came to the river Namàanè (Belus), nearly twice as deep and as wide again as the first. Pliny says, that near this river some shipwrecked Phœnician sailors discovered the mode of making glass, by observing the alkali of the dried sea-weed that they burned, to unite with the fused silex of the shore. Thence, the beach sweeps out into a low projecting promontory, on which stands "Akka," the "St. Jean d'Acre" of the Crusades, and the "Ptolemais" of the New Testament.

Akka derived its name from the church of St. Jean d'Acre. It has been esteemed the key of all Syria; and Napoleon, when he saw it, exclaimed, "On that little town hangs the destiny of the East." It checked *him* in his victorious career, and *he*, who had never known a reverse, recoiled before it. An English fleet, a few years since, however, proved that it was not impregnable, and its walls and bastions are yet in a dilapidated state, but they are now being thoroughly repaired and strengthened.

It being necessary to see the consul and the governor, I preceded the party to the town. At the outer gate of this fortified stronghold, two or three soldiers were standing, and there was a guard-room just within it. I made my way, as well as I could, to the house of our consul, to which the stars and stripes occasionally beckoned me, as, from time to time, I caught a glimpse of them, floating above a lofty turret.

Riding through a mass of masonry, with every conceivable name in the science of fortification,—through tortuous, ill-paved streets, and narrow bazaars and covered ways, I found myself at the bottom of a "cul-de-sac." Dismounting before a low gateway, flanked by a gallery of blank walls, ascending a stone stairway, and passing through courts and ruined buildings, I reached the consul's house, and was in a few moments seated on his divan.

Had I not been in so much anxiety about our operations, the whole scene upon my entrance into St. Jean d'Acre would have been exceedingly interesting. It is the strangest-looking place in the world, besides its being so renowned from the days of chivalry to the English bombardment. Perhaps no other town in the world could have stood the hurtling of the iron hail-storm as well. In some places, but comparatively few in number, there were chasms, showing where a cannon-shot had passed; in others, the shot had formed a lodgment, and remained a fixture; and in others, again, had only made an indentation and fallen to the ground.

A short distance within the gate was a narrow bazaar, roughly paved, about two hundred yards in length, with small open shops, or booths, on each side. They only exhibited the common necessaries of life for sale. A short distance farther, opposite to the inner wall, was a line of workshops, mostly occupied by shoemakers. These, with a few feluccas in the harbour, presented the only indications of commerce.

In the walls of our consul's castellated bomb-proof house several shot were lodged; and in the court I stumbled over broken bomb-shells and fragments of masonry. From the flat terrace roof we looked down upon numberless neighbours: women with golden hair-ornaments and ragged trousers,—for they were too large to be called pantalettes. There was, on an adjoining terrace, a young girl with a glorious profusion of curling tresses, which, from beneath a golden net-work on her head, fell gracefully down upon her dumpy form. Besides a boddice, or spencer, she wore a short pelisse and full trousers, which, to say the least, were rather the worse for wear. I should have admired the dark, wild-looking eye and the luxuriant hair, had it not been whispered to me that in the morning her beautiful head was seen undergoing a

more critical examination than would be necessary with one of our fair countrywomen.

The consul having prepared himself, we went forth to seek the governor, who, with his suite, had gone outside the walls. There were few people in the streets, but I noticed that the turban was more generally worn than in Beïrût, Smyrna, or Constantinople. Civilization has scarce landed upon these shores; and in Syria, we may look for more unadulterated specimens of the Muslim character than in the capital of the empire.

We found the governor just without the gate, seated in the most democratic manner, against the side of a thatched hut, a café, I believe. He received us courteously, and we were immediately provided with seats. It was a singular place of audience, and contrasted strangely with the sparkling gem upon the finger of the governor, the amber mouth-piece of his chibouque encircled with diamonds, and the rich dresses and jewel-hilted swords of some of his officers: but I liked it; there was no pretension or parade, and it looked like business; moreover, it had a republican air about it that was gratifying.

In this public place, the parley was held, and the horses that he had furnished were abused in unmeasured terms. His officers and ourselves were seated upon stools and benches; the attendants were in front, and the rabble stood around and listened to the talk.

Sa'id Bey, the governor, is about forty-five years of age. He is a Syrian by birth, an Egyptian by descent, and almost a mulatto in complexion. He was dressed in plain blue pantaloons and a long blue surtout, and wore a black beard and the red tarbouch. His countenance indicated cunning, if not treachery. The crowd seemed to be on such familiar terms with their superiors as would have been edifying to the citizens of some of our own states at home.

In brief terms, I told the governor how worthless the horses proved which he had sent. He professed his deep sorrow, but asked what could he do, for there were none better to be procured. I then proposed oxen, but he stated that it was then the height of seed-time, and that without great injury to the husbandmen he could not take them. This was confirmed by our dragoman and a Syrian gentleman, a Christian convert, educated by the missionaries at Beïrût. Of course, although burning with anxiety to proceed, I would not consent to profit by an act of injustice. From the governor's manner, however, I suspected that he was coveting a bribe, and determined to disappoint him.

Assuming a high stand, I told him that we were there not as common travellers, but sent by a great country, and with the sanction of his own government: — that I called upon him to provide us with the means of transportation, for which we would pay liberally, but not extravagantly. That his own sovereign had expressed an interest in our labours, and if we were not assisted, I would take good care that the odium of failure should rest upon the shoulders of Sa'id Bey, governor of Acre. By this time a great concourse of people had gathered around, and he said that he would see what could be done, and let me know in the course of the evening.

The "Supply" had in the mean time weighed anchor, and stood close in shore to land the provisions and things sent back in the morning. The boats of the expedition had also arrived, as well as the trucks drawn round the beach. The governor and his officers came to look at them, followed by nearly the whole population of the town. Such a mob! such clamour and confusion! I requested the governor to employ the police to clear a place for us to pitch our tents upon the beach. He did so immediately, but it was of no avail; for the crowd, driven

off at one moment, returned the next, more clamorous than before: and he confessed that he had not power to prevent the townspeople from gratifying their laudable desire for information,—not to speak of acquisition, for they are notorious thieves. But for its vexation, the scene would have been very amusing. In the midst of this Arab crowd were many women, with coloured trowsers and long coarse white veils; and some stood in the grave-yard immediately behind us, in dresses, veils and all, of common check, black and white.

Finding it utterly impossible to land our effects and encamp in this place, we returned and pitched our tents on the southern bank of the Belus. But even here the crowd followed us, evincing a curiosity only to be equalled by our own brethren of the eastern states. Since the authorities could not or would not protect us, we determined to take the law into our own hands, and protect ourselves, and accordingly posted sentinels with fixed bayonets to keep off the crowd. Jack did it effectually, and the flanks of two or three bore witness to the "capable impressure" of the pointed steel; after which we were no more molested. We then hauled the boats up to a small green spot beside the river, and a short distance from the sea. Behind us was the great plain of Acre. While thus engaged, some Arab fellahin (peasants) passed us, their appearance wild, and their complexions of the negro tint.

With conflicting emotions we saw the "Supply," under all sail, stand out to sea. Shall any of us live to tread again her clean, familiar deck? What matters it! We are in the hands of God, and, fall early, or fall late, we fall only with his consent.

Late in the afternoon, I received an invitation from Sa'id Bey to come to the palace. Ascending a broad flight of steps, and crossing a large paved court, I was

ENCAMPMENT ON THE RIVER BELUS.

ushered into an oblong apartment, simply furnished, with the divan at the farther end. I was invited to take the corner seat, among Turks the place of honour. Immediately on my right, was the cadi, or judge, a venerable and self-righteous looking old gentleman, in a rich cashmere cloak, trimmed with fur. On *his* right sat the governor. Around the room were many officers, and there were a number of attendants passing to and fro, bearing pipes and coffee to every new comer. But, what specially attracted my attention, was a magnificent savage, enveloped in a scarlet cloth pelisse, richly embroidered with gold. He was the handsomest, and I soon thought also, the most graceful being I had ever seen. His complexion was of a rich, mellow, indescribable olive tint, and his hair a glossy black; his teeth were regular, and of the whitest ivory; and the glance of his eye was keen at times, but generally soft and lustrous. With the tarbouch upon his head, which he seemed to wear uneasily, he reclined, rather than sat, upon the opposite side of the divan, while his hand played in unconscious familiarity with the hilt of his yataghan. He looked like one who would be

> "Steel amid the din of arms,
> And wax when with the fair."

Just as we were seated, an old marabout entered the room, and, without saluting any one, squatted upon the floor and commenced chanting verses from the Koran. He had a faded brown cloak drawn around him, and a dingy, conical felt hat, such as is worn by the dervishes, upon his head. His whole person and attire were exceedingly filthy, and his countenance unprepossessing in the extreme. The company sat in silence while he continued to chant verse after verse in a louder and yet louder tone. At length the governor asked the cause of the interruption, but received no answer; save, that the

last word of the verse which the madman or impostor was reciting at the moment was sent forth with a yell, and the next verse commenced in a shriller key than the one which had preceded it. The whole council (for such I suppose it may be called) now resigned itself to the infliction; and, with a ludicrous, apologetic air, the cadi whispered to me, "It is a santon!"

At length the marabout paused for want of breath, and the governor repeated his former question. This time there was a reply, and a very intelligible one. He wanted charity. A sum of money was directed to be given to him, and he took his departure. Surely this is a singular country! Such an importunate mode of begging I never saw before, although I have been in Sicily. I relate the circumstance, with no farther comment, exactly as it occurred.

When we were again quiet, the governor stated that since he had parted with me he had received the most alarming intelligence of the hostile spirit of the Arab tribes bordering on the Jordan, and pointed to the savage chief as his authority. He named him 'Akīl Aga el Hasseé, a great border sheikh of the Arabs. The governor proceeded to say that the "most excellent sheikh" had just come in from the Ghor, where the tribes were up in arms, at war among themselves, and pillaging and maltreating all who fell into their hands. He was, therefore, of opinion that we could not proceed in safety with less than a hundred soldiers to guard us; and said that if I would agree to pay twenty thousand piastres (about eight hundred dollars), he would procure means for the transportation of the boats, and guaranty us from molestation.

He could not look me in the face when he made this proposition, and it immediately occurred to me that the Bedawin sheikh had been brought in as a bugbear to in-

AKÎL AGA.

timidate me into terms. This idea strengthened with reflection, until I had reached a state of mind exactly the reverse of what Sa'id Bey anticipated.

The discussion lasted for some time, the governor, the cadi, the sheikh, and others, whose names and rank I did not know, urging me to accept the offer. This I positively declined, stating that I was not authorized, and if I were would scorn to buy protection: that if draught horses could be procured or oxen furnished, I would pay fairly for them and for a few soldiers to act as scouts; but that we were well armed and able to protect ourselves.

Finally, the governor finding that I would not embrace his terms, although he mitigated his demand, urged me to abandon the enterprise. To this I replied that we were ordered to explore the Dead Sea, and were determined to obey.

He then advised me, with much earnestness, to go by the way of Jerusalem. As he was too ignorant to understand the geographical difficulties of that route, I merely answered that we had set our faces towards the Sea of Galilee, and were not disposed to look back.

The sheikh here said that the Bedawin of the Ghor would eat us up. My reply was that they would find us difficult of digestion; but as he might have some influence with the tribes, I added that we would much prefer going peaceably, paying fairly for all services rendered and provisions supplied; but go at all hazards we were resolutely determined. Here the conference ended, it having been prolonged by the necessity of conversing through an interpreter, which had, however, this advantage, that it gave me full time to take notes.

Without the court I overtook the sheikh, who had preceded me, and asked him many questions about the tribes of the Jordan. In the course of the conversation I showed my sword and revolver — the former with pistol

barrels attached near the hilt. He examined them closely, and remarked that they were the "devil's invention." I then told him that we were fifteen in number, and besides several of those swords and revolvers, had one large gun (a blunderbuss), a rifle, fourteen carbines with bayonets, and twelve bowie-knife pistols, and asked him if he did not think we could descend the Jordan. His reply was, "You will, if anybody can." After parting from him, I learned that he was last year at the head of several tribes in rebellion against the Turkish government, and that, unable to subdue him, he had been bought in by a commission, corresponding to that of colonel of the irregular Arabs (very irregular!), and a pelisse of honour. It was the one he wore.

It was now near nightfall and the gates were closed; I therefore accompanied our consul to his house for refreshment and a bed, for I had eaten nothing since early in the morning. It was a great disappointment to me to be separated from the camp; for, apart from the wish to participate in its hardships, I was anxious to consult with Mr. Dale, who had cheered me throughout the day by his zealous co-operation.

On reaching the consul's, I was told that some American travellers from Nazareth had called to see me in my absence, and were to be found at the Franciscan Convent. Thither, I immediately hastened, anxious alike to greet a countryman, and to gather information, for Nazareth was nearly in our contemplated line of route.

They proved to be Major Smith, of the United States' Engineers, an esteemed acquaintance, and Mr. Sargent, of New York, together with an English gentleman. Their account confirmed the rumour of the disturbed state of the country, and they had themselves been attacked two nights previous, at the foot of Mount Tabor.

I can give a very inadequate idea of my feelings. To

turn back, was out of the question; and my soul revolted at the thought of bribing Sa'id Bey, even if I had been authorized to spend money for such a purpose. I felt sure that he had exaggerated in his statement, and yet the attack on our countrymen, so far this side of the Jordan, staggered me. Had my own life been the only one at stake, I should have been comparatively reckless; but those only can realize what I suffered, who have themselves felt responsibility for the lives of others.

From all the information I could procure of the Arab character, I had arrived at the conclusion, that it would tend more to gain their good-will if we threw ourselves among them without an escort, than if we were accompanied by a strong armed force. In my first interview with Sa'id Bey, therefore, I only asked for ten horsemen, to act as videttes, which, under the impression that they would be insufficient, he so long hesitated to grant, that I withdrew the application, and resolved to proceed without them. He afterwards pressed me to take them, and, calling upon me at the consul's, offered to furnish them free of cost; but I was steadfast in refusal.

The attack upon our countrymen, however, indicated danger of collision at the very outset, and I determined to be prepared for it.

On leaving the "Supply," I had placed a sum of money in charge of Lieutenant-Commanding Pennock, with the request, that he would, in person, deliver it to H. B. M. Consul at Jerusalem. Partly for that purpose, and in part to make some simultaneous barometrical observations, he had sailed for Jaffa, which is about thirty miles distant from the Holy City. To him, therefore, I despatched a messenger, asking him to call upon the Pasha, and request a small body of soldiers to be sent to meet us at Tiberias, or on the Jordan. This precaution taken, my mind was at ease, and, indeed, I was half ashamed of

the previous misgivings; for, from the first, I had *felt* that we should succeed.

In the camp, the day passed quietly. At one time, there was a perfect fête around it, — pedlers, fruit-sellers, and a musician with a bagpipe, who seemed to sing extemporaneously, like the Bulgarian, at San Stefano. At length, the crowd becoming troublesome, a space was cleared around the encampment, and lines of demarcation drawn. Crosses were then made at the corners, which, from some superstitious feeling, the people were afraid to pass.

In the evening, at the consul's, we received many visitors, scarce any three of whom were seated, or rather squatted, in the same attitude. There is no part of the world I have ever visited, where the lines of social distinction are more strictly drawn than here. In the present instance, the highest in rank were squatted, à la Turque, with their heels beneath them, upon the divan. The next in grade were a little more upright, in a half kneeling attitude; the third, between a sitting posture and a genuflexion, knelt with one leg, while they sat upon the other; and the fourth, and lowest I saw, knelt obsequiously, as if at their devotions. It was amusing to see the shifting of postures on the entrance of a visitor of a higher rank than any present; — when the squatters, drawing themselves up, assumed a more reverential attitude, and they who had been supported on one knee, found it necessary to rest upon two.

I was particularly struck with these evolutions, on the entrance of a fine old man, an Arab nobleman, called Sherîf Hazzâ of Mecca, the thirty-third lineal descendant of the Prophet. He was about fifty years of age, of a dark Egyptian complexion, small stature, and intelligent features. His father and elder brother had been sherîfs, or governors of Mecca until the latter was deposed by Me-

hemet Ali. He was dressed in a spencer and capacious trousers of fine olive cloth. His appearance was very prepossessing, and he evinced much enlightened curiosity with regard to our country and its institutions. We were told that from his descent he was held in great veneration by the Arabs; and I observed that every Muhammedan who came in, first approached him and kissed his hand with an air of profound respect. He was as communicative about his own affairs as he was inquisitive with respect to us and our country. Finding that he was now doing nothing, but inactively awaiting the decision of a law-suit, I suddenly proposed that he should accompany us. At first he smiled, as if the proposition were an absurd one; but when I explained to him that, instead of a party of private individuals, we were commissioned officers and seamen, sent from a far distant but powerful country to solve a scientific question, he became interested. I further added that, with us, I knew he believed in the writings of Moses; and that, with solutions of scientific questions, we hoped to convince the incredulous that Moses was a true prophet. He listened eagerly, and after some farther conversation, rose abruptly, and saying that he would very soon give me an answer, took his departure. I had, in the mean time, become very anxious; for it seemed as if he had been providentially thrown in our way. But it was necessary to conceal my feelings, for it is the nature of this people to rise in their demands in exact proportion to the anxiety you express; and even if he were to consent to accompany us, he might rate his services at an exorbitant price.

Sooner even than, in my impatience, I had anticipated, he returned and accepted the invitation, shaming my previous fears of imposition by saying that he left the remuneration of his services entirely to my own appraisement. He also brought a message from 'Akīl, the

handsome savage, to the purport that Sa'id Bey was a humbug, and had been endeavouring to frighten me. Sherîf thought it not unlikely that the shiekh might also be induced to accompany us, if the negotiation were conducted with secresy.

This Sa'id Bey is an instance of the vicissitudes of fortune in the Ottoman empire. Holding an office under Ibrahim Pasha, when the Egyptians were in possession of the country, he was detected in malpractices; and at the restoration of Acre to the Turks, was found in chains, condemned to labour for life. He now walks as master through the streets which he formerly swept. When the company had retired, the consul, "on hospitable cares intent," being a bachelor, superintended in person the preparation of my bed. Among other things, he had spread upon it a silk sheet, soft and fine enough to deck the artificial figure of a city belle, and sufficiently large for the ensign of a sloop-of-war.

Although the couch was luxurious, the balm of refreshing sleep was long denied, and for hours I laid awake and restless, for I was not alone—the fleas were multitudinous and remorseless.

There seemed to be no alternative but to take the boats apart and transport them across in sections, unless camels could be made to draw in harness, and I determined to try the experiment. During the night, I suffered dreadfully from the nightmare, and the incubus was a camel.

Sunday, April 2. In the afternoon, when the religious exercises of the day were over, the experiment of substituting camels for draught horses was tried *and proved successful;* and my heart throbbed with gratitude as the huge animals, three to each, marched off with the trucks, the boats upon them, with perfect ease.

The harness, all too short, presented a fit-out more gro-

SHERÎF OF MECCA.

tesque even than that of a diligence in an interior province of France; but, with alterations, it answered the purpose, and we felt independent of Sa'id Bey, for camels, at least, could be had in abundance. Determined, therefore, not again to have recourse to the grasping governor, I contracted with Sa'id Mŭstafa, a resident of the town, for the necessary number of camels and horses.

The first attempt to draw the trucks by camels was a novel sight, witnessed by an eager crowd of people. The successful result taught them the existence of an unknown accomplishment in that patient and powerful animal, which they had before thought fit only to plod along with its heavy load upon its back.

The qualities of the camel, uncouth and clumsy as he is, are scarcely appreciated in the East, or he would be more carefully tended. It is a matter of surprise that the Romans never employed them. Porus used them against Alexander, and the Parthians against Crassus; but, I believe, as far as history tells, the Romans never employed them in warfare, nor in any manner as means of transportation.

Monday, April 3. We were moving betimes, packing up and waiting for the camels to transport our baggage, the boats having gone ahead. After many vexatious delays, made a start at 2.30 P. M., but soon after two of the camels breaking down, we were compelled to camp again. While Mr. Dale was getting the camp in order, I rode out into the plain after the boats and a part of the caravan which had gone ahead with the bedding. About five miles from town I overtook them and turned them back. As the sun sank beneath the Mediterranean, which lay boundless as the view to the west, the mountains and the plain presented a singular appearance.

At times, from the mountains to the sea the land was entirely concealed by mist, which condensing as the heat

decreased, had the effect of a mirage, and seemed to extend the plain as far in one direction as the sea did in another, and made them one illimitable green, except where large spots of the surface were decked with the daisy, the anemone, and the convolvulus, which, intermingling in beautiful contrast, presented a mosaic of emerald, ruby, turquoise and gold.

Here and there, scattered upon the plain, were conical-shaped green tents, with tethered horses feeding near them; some of the last, belonging to the Pasha, were beautiful Arabians, exceedingly quick and graceful in their movements.

Just without the town we met the Bedawin sheikh 'Akīl, who handed me a letter sent by express from our consul at Beïrût. The sheikh, on his way to Abelin, one of his villages, was kind enough to be the bearer of the letter. It contained the required firman from the Pasha of Damascus. 'Akīl was dressed in the same scarlet cloak, flowing white trowsers, and red tarbouch and boots as in the council two days previous. He was mounted on a spirited mare, and long after our parting I could see his scarlet cloak streaming in the wind as he scoured across the plain.

We camped on the same spot we had occupied the two preceding days, and were soothed with the promise of having a sufficient number of camels in the morning. The sherîf paid us a visit and promised to join us on the route, as he feared that Sa'id Bey would detain him if he heard of our engagement. The son of Dr. Anderson had come with us from Beïrût, and proposed remaining at Acre until he heard from his father, and with him I left the following letter for the Doctor, in the event of our not meeting for some time:

"DEAR SIR: — Having at your request associated you in the expedition under my command, with the express

understanding that you are to make no communication, verbal or otherwise, of the labours or results thereof, of yourself or any member pertaining to it, save to myself officially, until relieved from the obligation by the Hon. Secretary of the Navy, I beg leave to name a few points, in the elucidation of which, I believe, as well as hope, that you can materially aid us.

"The geological structure and physical phenomena of the shores of the Dead Sea and the terraces of the Jordan, and if time permit, of the ranges of the Lebanon also, constitute in their investigation one of the most interesting and important objects of the expedition.

"The volcanic phenomena of the Dead Sea require the strictest investigation, that in connexion with a line of soundings by the surveying party, the presumed fault running north and south through it may be verified or disproved.

"It is desirable to obtain mineralogical specimens, to ascertain if the surrounding regions be volcanic, and for the future purpose of comparing them with similar specimens from Vesuvius or some modern active volcano, in order to ascertain whether or not modern volcanic productions differ from more ancient ones.

"The nature of the soil, on the eastern shore especially, as formed by disintegration, and the nature of the vegetation as connected with it, are points of useful enquiry.

"The soil in which grapes of such extraordinary size are said to grow should be collected for analysis, to ascertain if the chemical composition has any influence on the size of the fruit.

"In a minute examination for volcanic characters, parts of the eastern coast may be found to consist of basaltic rocks, with a crystalline structure, perpendicular to the surface, and disintegrating in such a manner as to present perpendicular cliffs. Trap rocks may be found

cropping out through other rocks, more or less homogenous in their appearance, with small disseminated crystals sometimes magnetic. The dark basaltic rock is (said to be) frequent near Tiberias. Rocks containing fossils claim particular attention, and as many varieties of fossils should be collected as possible.

"Specimens of mud from various parts of the sea, river and lake, should be collected and placed in air-tight vessels.

"It is said that the mountains of the west coast consist principally of a bituminous limestone, which inflames, smokes, and is fœtid.* Lumps of sulphur as large as a walnut have been found at Ain el Feshkha. On the west coast small fragments of flint, flesh red and brown, have also been found; and on the banks of the Jordan, nearly opposite Jericho, rolled pebbles of white carbonate of lime with thin veins of quartz.

"Although not immediately within your province, I invite your attention to Cochlæ and Conchæ. Specimens of any species of crustacæa, even the most minute, are very desirable.

"It is most important to ascertain whether birds live on the shores, or fish within the depths, of the Dead Sea; and not less, to note carefully every stream and fissure, their direction and their depth, and to ascertain, if possible, whether the former are perpetual, or only temporary, torrents.

"It is not my intention to limit your inquiries, or to pretend to instruct you, on a subject wherein you are so much better informed than myself; but to give you an idea of the general range of investigation, deemed most advisable to attain a satisfactory result.

"H. J. Anderson, M. D."

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* Robinson and Smith.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM ST. JEAN D'ACRE TO DEPARTURE FROM THE SEA OF GALILEE.

TUESDAY, April 4. The daylight brought disappointment. As Sa'id Mŭstafa was not to be found, I sent the dragoman to our consul, requesting him to call immediately upon the governor, and demand more camels; for I had determined that I would not, under any circumstances, again present myself before him. By 8 o'clock, two additional camels arrived, and, at 9 o'clock, we took up the line of march after the boats,—sixteen horses, eleven loaded camels, and a mule.

As we were starting, Sa'id Bey had the effrontery to send to me for a letter, stating that he had rendered all the services I had required. I sent him word in reply, that he had done nothing to assist us; and that of his gross attempt at extortion, I had apprised our government at home, our minister at Constantinople, and his superior, the Mushir, at Beïrût.

Following the beach to within two hundred yards of the town, we turned off to the east, and skirted a hill, whence, on the left, we saw an aqueduct, and the garden of Abdallah Pasha,—a grove in the midst of a verdant, but treeless plain. Pursuing the same route taken the evening before, we crossed the great plain of Acre, enamelled with flowers, and struck into a rolling country of gentle undulations. Besides the profusion of flowers, a stunted tree was here and there presented.

The evening before, I had promised 'Akīl to visit him in his mountain fortress, if I could, and one of his followers now presenting himself as a guide, we rode ahead of the caravan. The village of Abelin was soon visible on the summit of a high hill, rising abruptly from the southern slope of the plain. To the east and south-east, in the far distance, were two other villages; all else was a nearly level plain, with broken ground in front. Riding over the shoulder of the hill, we opened upon the head of a ravine,—wide at first, but narrowing to a gorge as it descended, and swept around the bases of the hills. Crowning the one opposite, Abelin* looked like an inaccessible lion's hold. I had been cautioned to be upon my guard; knew nothing of 'Akīl, except that he was a daring Arab chief; had never before seen my guide, and was uncertain whether he would prove treacherous or faithful. I had accepted the invitation, for I was anxious to prevail on 'Akīl also to accompany us, and I felt that it would not answer to show distrust. To guard against the worst, however, I gave to a fellah, whom we met, a note for Mr. Dale, directing him, if I should not return, to push on, without delay, and accomplish the objects of the expedition.

The steep rugged path had never before been trodden by any other than an Arab horse; and but that the one upon which I rode was singularly surefooted, he would have often stumbled and dislodged me, for I could not guide him, so much were my senses engrossed by the extraordinary variety, fragrance, and beauty of innumerable plants and flowers.

The village, perched upon the loftiest peak, commands

* Can this village take its name from the district of Abilene, mentioned in the third chapter of St. Luke, and of which Lysanias was the tetrarch? It is generally supposed, that the district was in another direction.

an extensive view from the "Album promontorium" to the Convent of Mount Carmel. But, if the situation be beautiful, the place itself is indescribably poor and filthy. The houses, built of uncemented stones, are mostly one story high, and have flat, mud roofs; and without, and encircling the whole, is a row of small, dome-roofed hovels, made entirely of mud, and used for baking bread; all enveloped in a most offensive atmosphere, tainted by the odour of the fuel,—the dried excrement of camels. There appeared to be as many as one of those little hovels to each dwelling.

After having been detained in an open court until I became impatient, I was ushered into a large room, open in front, with a mud floor and smoke-stained rafters, covered with twigs. A collection of smouldering embers was in the centre, stuck into which, a small and exceedingly dirty brass coffee-pot stood simmering; and, seated at the farther end, a short distance from it, were the Sherîf, 'Akîl, and a number of Arabs, armed to the teeth. I had parted with the first, at a late hour the previous evening, when he started for Haifa, ten miles in another direction; and how he could have come there, puzzled me.

For some moments, scarce a word was said; and, from inability to speak the language, I could not break the awkward silence, having left the interpreter with the train, where his services were necessary.

There were some twelve or fifteen present. Look where I would, their keen black eyes were riveted upon me; and wherever I turned my eyes, theirs immediately followed the same direction. I turned to Sherîf, in the hope that he would say something, which would have been cheering, although I could not understand his language; but, lost in thought, he seemed to be studying the geological structure of the lighted coal upon the bowl of his narghilé. To 'Akîl I made a friendly sign of recognition,

which was returned without rudeness, but without cordiality. My position began to be irksome, rendered not the less so, from the circumstance that the pipe and the cup of coffee, the invariable marks of welcome beneath an Arab roof, were withheld.

I do not know when I have so earnestly longed for a cup of coffee; for, apart from the danger inferred to myself, its not being tendered, seemed an ominous sign for the expedition. The whole business looked like a snare.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, a few words had been exchanged between the leaders and their followers,—mostly brief questions and monosyllabic replies, the last almost invariably the Arabic negative, "Lah!"

Presently one of the questions elicited quite a warm discussion, during which I sat entirely unnoticed, except that occasionally one of the speakers looked towards me, when his example was followed by the whole assembly. There was an evident air of constraint; I had been received with bare civility, and they seemed undecided what measures to pursue. There were evidently conflicting opinions.

Fretted with impatience, and perhaps more nervous than I should have been, without thinking, I looked at my watch. There was an instant pause in the conversation, and while Sherîf asked to see it, they all crowded eagerly round. It was no curiosity to him, but most of those present examined it earnestly, like so many wild Indians for the first time beholding a mirror. I took as much time as possible to exhibit the works, and when they would look no longer, drew my sword, and glad to feel it in my grasp, pointed out to them the peculiar construction of the handle. They examined it as closely as they could, for, unlike the watch, I would not part with it;

when, just as their curiosity was becoming sated, a cheering sound struck upon my ear. A single glance satisfied me that I was not mistaken, and springing to my feet, I stretched out one hand for the watch, while with the other I pointed to the foot of the hill, and cried out "djemmell!" Djemmell! djemmell! (camel! camel!) was echoed by many voices, for the caravan was in sight, and from that moment there was a marked change in their manner towards me.

I cannot venture to say that there was an intention to rob me, for, despite appearances, I could hardly think so. It may be that the omission of the chibouque and coffee made an undue impression on me, and that my ignorance of Arab habits did the rest. Perhaps, too, I was rendered morbidly suspicious by the consciousness of having a large sum of money about me. If a robbery were contemplated, I came upon them, perhaps, before their plans were mature; or the arrival of Sherîf, who could have preceded me but a short time, might have disconcerted them. At all events, I now felt safe; for the gaping mouth of the blunderbuss and the sheen of the carbines borne by my companions proved ample protectors.

Notwithstanding the awkwardness of our recent position towards each other, I felt no hesitation in entering into an agreement with 'Akīl on the same terms as with the Sherîf. Our language was that of signs, fully understood by both parties.

According to the Arab code of morals, 'Akīl would have been perfectly justified in robbing me prior to a contract; but to do so afterwards would be the height of dishonour. From subsequent conversations with him, I was enabled, perhaps, to trace the cause of my cool reception. There was an emissary of Sa'id Bey present, he said, and he wished to mask his intention of joining us.

On leaving Acre, our course was first due east to

E. S. E., then gradually round to south, when, crossing a ridge by Abelin, which shuts in the plain, the train entered a narrow gorge, and thence steering E. by N., came to the Blowing Valley or valley of the winds, with forests of white oak on the flanks of the hills.

I rejoined the caravan as it passed by Abelin, leaving our allies to follow. They were to bring ten spears, and formidable ones they proved to be. The road becoming difficult for the carriages, we moved slowly, and our Arab scouts soon overtook us. They had all assumed the garb of the desert, and each, with a flowing dark āba (cloak) on, and the yellow koofeeyeh upon his head, bound round with a cord of camel's hair, dyed black; and bearing a spear eighteen feet in length, some of them tufted with ostrich feathers, looked the wild and savage warrior.

In the middle of Wady en Nafakh (Blowing Valley), we came to a halt, three miles from Abelin. It was yet early, 3 P. M.; but the great regulator of every thing connected with life and motion in the East is water. We had passed a well about a mile back, and between us and the next one was a narrow defile, presenting great obstructions to the passage of the boats. We therefore pitched our tents upon a gently sloping esplanade, and our Bedawin friends were over-against us.

It was a picturesque spot; on the left of our tents, which faced the south, were the trucks with the two boats, forming a kind of entrenchment; behind these were about thirty camels and all our horses. From the boats, and in front of our white tents, the American flag was flying; and just beyond, an officer and two sailors, with carbines, had mounted guard, with the loaded blunderbuss between them. The tent of our allies was a blue one; and the horses tethered near, and tufted spears in front, together with their striking costume, varied and enlivened the scene.

Towards each end of the valley, about half a mile from the camp, one of the Arab horsemen was stationed, and, cutting sharp against the sky, 'Akīl was upon the crest of the hill in our rear, taking a reconnoissance. They promised to make admirable videttes. We had reason to rejoice at having secured them. One brought us a sheep, which we shared between the camps; and Mr. Dale and myself went over and took a tiny cup of coffee with them. Abelin bore from the camp S. W. by W. ½ W., per compass. We took solar and barometrical observations; and at night, observed Polaris.

We this day passed through the narrow tract on the coast of Syria, which was never subdued by the Israelites, and through the narrowest part of the land of the tribe of Asser into that of Zebulon, where we then were.

At first,

> "Night threw her sable mantle o'er the earth,
> And pinned it with a star;"

but, by degrees, the whole galaxy came forth, and twinkled upon the scene. It was a brilliant night, but we had reason to consider that the place was appropriately named. About midnight, the wind blew with great violence, and we were compelled to turn out, and assist the officer of the watch in securing the instruments.

Wednesday, April 5. We were early on the move; the sun was rising beautifully over the eastern hills; the camels were straying about upon their slopes, and the flags and ostrich feathers were drooping with the mist. Called all hands, breakfasted, struck tents, hitched camels, and started at 8.20 A. M. The carriages, with the boats, were drawn by three camels each, two abreast and one as leader, with twelve spare ones, to relieve every half hour. Our party numbered sixteen in all, including dragoman and cook, with eleven camels, laden with baggage, tents, instruments, &c.; and fifteen Bedawin, all

well mounted, the followers and servants of the Sherîf of Mecca and Sheikh 'Akîl Aga el Hassee.

Our course was at first east for a quarter of a mile, and then by a short turn to S. E., down a narrow gorge. Through this we found it impossible to drag the boats; and therefore, deploying to the left, we drew them to the summit of an overhanging hill, and there, taking the camels out, lowered them down by hand. It was an arduous and, at times, a seemingly impracticable undertaking, but by perseverance we succeeded.

Passing along this ravine, in a south-easterly direction, for three-quarters of a mile, the boats rattling and tumbling along, drawn by the powerful camel trains, we came, at 9.30, upon a branch of the great plain of Buttauf. The metal boats, with the flags flying, mounted on carriages drawn by huge camels, ourselves, the mounted sailors in single file, the loaded camels, the sherîf and the sheikh, with their tufted spears and followers, presented a glorious sight. It looked like a triumphal march.

The sun was curtained, but not screened, from the sight by the ascending vapour, and the soft wind was wooing nature to assume her green and fragrant livery. The young grain, vivified by the heat, sprang up in prolific growth, and carpeted the earth with its refreshing verdure. The green turf of the uncultivated patches of the plain, and the verdant slopes of the hills, were literally enamelled with the white and crimson aster, the pale asphodel, the scarlet anemone, the blue and purple convolvulus, the cyclæmen, with flowers so much resembling the eglantine rose, and many others of brilliant hues and fragrant odours; while, interspersed here and there upon the hill-sides, were clumps of trees, on the branches of which the birds were singing, in the soft light of an early spring morning,—enjoying, like ourselves, the balmy air and smiling landscape. It was an exquisite

CARAVAN OF THE EXPEDITION.

scene, and elevated the mind, while it gratified the love of the beautiful. Surely,

"There lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God."

In front was a level lake of verdure and cultivation, and down the gentle slope, towards its basin, our long cavalcade wended its way,—officers and men in single file, their arms glittering in the sunlight, and the wild Arabs, with their lances pointed at every angle, some of them mounted upon the best blood of Arabia, seeming impatient at the slowness of the march.

Winding around a green hill, tufted with oak, we came, at 10.15, to Khan el Dielil, now in ruins, with an excellent well beside it. A few hundred yards beyond, we came to a shallow pond of water, the collection of winter rains, where we stopped to water the caravan. Here we took chronometer observations,—having to remove some distance, in consequence of the vibration caused by the movement of the animals.

From this ruined khan, across the plain, bearing south, cresting a lofty hill, was the castle of Sefûrieh (Sepphoris), the Dio Cesarea of the Romans. It was, for some time, the successful rival of Tiberias; and, in the 12th century, was the great rendezvous of the Crusaders, before the fatal battle of Hattin. There is a tradition among the Arabs, that Moses married and lived here twenty years. Thence south-east, over a hill, lay *Nazareth*, but three hours distant from us. How we grieved that our duties prevented us from visiting a place which, with Bethlehem and Calvary, the scenes of the birth, the residence, and the death of the Redeemer, are of most intense interest to the Christian! To the left, almost due east, one hour distant, lay Cana of Galilee.

Who has not, in thought, accompanied the Saviour to that marriage-feast, and thanked him from his heart, that

he should have gladdened with his presence the fleeting festivities of sinful man, and that his first miracle should have been, to all succeeding generations, a lesson of filial love!

Each day, some of the sherîf's or the sheikh's followers brought us a sheep or a lamb as a present, for which, however, they expected, and always received, a fair equivalent. In doing so, they placed a quiet trust in Providence with regard to the payment, for which they never asked. Where the value of things is so well ascertained as among this primitive people, how much better is this plan than a higgling bargain!

At 11 o'clock, started again,—our route E. N. E. along the plain; our Arabs caracoling their steeds, and giving us specimens of their beautiful horsemanship;—plunging about and twirling their long spears, and suddenly couching them in full career, as they charged upon each other. It was like the game of the djerid, of which we had all read so often, except that, instead of the short blunted spear of pastime, these were the sharp-pointed instruments of warfare. The old sherîf was mounted upon a splendid grey mare, worth many thousand piastres, and wore himself a rich cloth cloak, embroidered with silver. Beautiful bay mares were ridden by the sheikh and his followers; among the last were two jet-black Nubians,—one of them of Herculean frame, disfigured by several scars.

1, P. M. Coming to a broken and rocky country, we encountered much difficulty with the boats. At first sight it seemed impossible that the ponderous carriages could be drawn over such a rugged road. The word road means, in that country, a mule-track. Wheel-carriages had never crossed it before. In their invasion of Syria, the French transported their guns and gun-carriages (taken apart) on the backs of camels, over the lofty ridges, and mounted them again upon the plain.

At length, making a detour to the right, breaking off a projecting crag here, and filling up a hollow there, we got the boats over the first ridge. It was shortly, however, succeeded by another and another, and the trains were obliged to abandon the road altogether. Winding along the flanks of several hills, we came, at 2.30, upon an elevated plain of cultivated fields. Turning then more to the north, and skirting a ridge of rocky limestone, we gradually ascended a slope covered with olive orchards. Presently we came in sight of Turân, an Arab village.

In our acceptation of the word, a village means a number of scattered peasant dwellings, but here it is a stronghold of the agricultural population. Since leaving Acre, we had not seen a single permanent habitation without these walled villages. Turân is quite a fortification. It is small; the houses are built of uncut and uncemented stone, with flat mud roofs, not exceeding one story in height. Just beyond the village, over the brow of the hill, we pitched our tents upon the outskirts of an olive orchard. In the plain, immediately beneath, was fought a decisive battle between the Syrians and the French. Mount Tabor bore S. S. W. We were in the lands assigned to the tribe of Zebulon. By invitation, I accompanied Sherîf and 'Akîl into the village, and smoked a pipe and drank coffee with its sheikh, who wore the graceful and becoming turban. But for his costume, he would, in our country, pass for a genteel negro, of the cross between the mulatto and the black. In order to economize time and provisions, and to prepare us for the endurance of future privations, I had from the first restricted the whole party to two meals a day — one early in the morning, before starting, the other when we had camped for the night. There was not an objection or a murmur.

While at supper, Dr. Anderson joined us. On his way to Acre, he had, from a height, seen the expedition moving along the plain. He described it as a beautiful sight.

The sheikh of the village punctually returned my visit, and was duly regaled with pipes and coffee. He seemed to prefer our tobacco to his own. In the evening we went down to the tent of our Arabs, pitched a short distance from us, with their horses tethered near and neighing loudly. What a patriarchal scene! Seated upon their mats and cushions within, we looked out upon the fire, around which were gathered groups of this wild people, who continually reminded us of our Indians. Then came their supper, consisting of a whole sheep, entombed in rice, which they pitched into without knives or forks, in the most amusing manner. There was an Arab bard withal, who twanged away upon his instrument, and sung or rather chanted mysterious Arabic poetry. He will never

> "Make a swan-like end,
> Fading in music."

We had ascended upwards of 1500 feet, which, better than any description, will give an idea of the steepness, but not of the ruggedness, of the road since we left the plain of Acre. To-morrow we may reach the Sea of Galilee! Inshallah!

Thursday, April 6. A beautiful morning, wind light and weather very pleasant. As, in consequence of great impediments, the boats moved but slowly, we started with them at an early hour. At 11, the camp followed us. Nothing could be more picturesque than the appearance of our cavaliers of the desert, when they rejoined us, mounted on their spirited steeds, with their long spears and flowing garments of every variety of hue.

At first our course was east, down a long descent, and thence over the undulations of a rolling plain. At 1

P. M., reached a large artificial reservoir, with an area of about three acres, partly filled with rain-water, where we stopped fifteen minutes. Our friends, who had preceded us and Sherîf, with one of his followers, had gone aside to perform their devotions in a field apart.

While at this fountain, wishing to take some bearings, one of our swarthy friends, in the most graceful and polite manner, held my horse, and otherwise assisted me. Thus far these terrible Arabs had conducted themselves like gentlemen. In courtesy, civilization could not improve them.

At 1.45 we passed immediately north of the village of Lubieh, differing only in its less conspicuous position from Turân and Abelin. Our Arabs rode into the village, but I declined the invitation to coffee, and kept on with the cavalcade.

Since leaving the olive groves of Turân we had not seen a tree or a bush, except on the hill-sides of Lubieh; yet the whole surface of the valley was dotted with unenclosed fields of growing grain, and carpeted with green.

We continued rising until, at 2.25, we opened on our right a magnificent crater-like series of slopes, with a bare glimpse of the Sea of Galilee and the mountains of Bashan beyond. These slopes are fields of grain, divided into rectangles of different hues and different stages of growth. Besides these, were patches of flowers scattered about,—here the scarlet anemone, there the blue convolvulus;—but the gentle and luxuriant slopes looked like mosaic, with a prevailing purple tinge, the hue of the thorny shrub merar. On our route thus far the prevailing rock has been limestone, but since leaving Lubieh we have seen several nodules of quartz, and much trap, totally destitute of minerals. The prevailing flower is the convolvulus, from the root of which scammony is

said to be extracted. Ragged peasants were ploughing in the fields; but not a tree, not a house. Mount Tabor now bore due south.

Pursuing the route along the northern ridge of this valley, in half an hour we came to a fountain, on the high road from Jerusalem to Damascus. Some Christian pilgrims, from the latter to the former place, were seated around it; their tired horses, with drooping heads, waiting their turn to drink. Soon after leaving them, a small party passed us; among them, the only pretty female we had seen in Palestine: a young Syrian girl, with smooth bronze skin and regular features.

Unable to restrain my impatience, I now rode ahead with Mŭstafa, and soon saw below, far down the green sloping chasm, the Sea of Galilee, basking in the sunlight! Like a mirror it lay embosomed in its rounded and beautiful, but treeless hills. How dear to the Christian are the memories of that lake! The lake of the New Testament! Blessed beyond the nature of its element, it has borne the Son of God upon its surface. Its cliffs first echoed the glad tidings of salvation, and from its villages the first of the apostles were gathered to the ministry. Its placid water and its shelving beach; the ruined cities once crowded with men, and the everlasting hills, the handiwork of God,—all identify and attest the wonderful miracles that were here performed—miracles, the least of which was a crowning act of mercy of an Incarnate God towards his sinful and erring creatures.

The roadside and the uncultivated slopes of the hills were full of flowers, and abounded with singing birds — and there lay the holy lake, consecrated by the presence of the Redeemer! How could travellers describe the scenery of this lake as tame and uninteresting? It far exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and I could scarce realize that I was there. Near by was the field,

where, according to tradition, the disciples plucked the ears of corn upon the sabbath. Yet nearer was the spot where the Saviour fed the famishing multitude; and to the left the Mount of Beatitudes, where he preached his wonderful compend of wisdom and love. At its foot, as if to show how little man regards the precepts of his Maker, was fought one of the most dreadful battles recorded on the page of history. I neither put implicit faith in, nor yet, in a cavilling spirit, question the localities of these traditions. Unhappy is that man, who, instead of being impressed with awe, or exultant with the thought that he is permitted to look upon such scenes, withholds his homage, and stifles every grateful aspiration with querulous questionings of exact identities. Away with such hard-hearted scepticism — so nearly allied to infidelity! What matters it, whether in this field or an adjoining one — on this mount, or another more or less contiguous to it, the Saviour exhorted, blessed, or fed his followers? The very stones, each a sermon, cry shame upon such a captious spirit — a spirit too often indulged, not in the sincerity of unbelief, but to parade historical or biblical lore.

Not a tree! not a shrub! nothing but green grain, grass and flowers, yet acres of bright verdure. Far up on a mountain-top stands conspicuous the "holy city" of Safed, the ancient Japhet. Nearer is the well into which Joseph was put by his brethren. Beyond the lake and over the mountains, rise majestic in the clear sky the snowy peaks of Mount Hermon. We descended the steep hill towards the lake. How in the world are the boats ever to be got down this rocky and precipitous path, when we are compelled to alight and lead our horses? From Acre to this place, we have dragged the boats along a series of valleys and ridges, but from hence there is a sheer descent. This difficulty overcome, we shall only

have our own familiar element to deal with. We shall, therefore, have to brace ourselves to a desperate effort.

The boats could come no farther than the fountain, where the trains stopped for the night. Along the elevated plain the trap formation made its appearance in scattered fragments, covering the brown soil; large boulders then succeeded, and on the shore enormous masses crop-out in the ravines. Winding down the rugged road, we descended to the city, seated on the margin of the lake. Tiberias (Tūbariyeh) is a walled town of some magnitude, but in ruins, from the earthquake which, in 1837, destroyed so many of its inhabitants. Not a house nor a tree without the walls, yet cultivated fields behind and beside them. On an esplanade, a short distance from the dismantled gateway, were the tents of a small detachment of Turkish soldiers.

Safed and Tiberias, Jerusalem and Hebron, are the four holy cities of the Jews in Palestine. Tiberias is held in peculiar veneration by the Jews, for here they believe that Jacob resided, and it is situated on the shores of the lake whence they hope that the Messiah will arise. In Robinson's elaborate work, is an accurate account of it.

Turning to the south, leaving behind us a beautiful concave slope, consecrated by tradition for the miraculous draught of fishes, we entered the northern half-ruined portal of the town.

We were yet in the land of Zebulon; on the opposite side of the lake are the lands of the tribe of Manasseh.

It being necessary to adjust and fix the rate of our instruments, we rented part of a house in town,—many being proffered for our accommodation,—indicative alike of the hospitality of the people and the unprosperous condition of the place. We had letters to the chief rabbi of the Jews, who came to meet us, and escorted us through labyrinthine streets to the house of Heim Wiseman, a

TOWN OF TIBERIAS.

brother Israelite. It is an hotel sui generis, as well in the mode of entertaining as in the subsequent settlement with its guests. In a book which was shown to us we read the following gentle insinuation:—"I beg the gentlemen arriving at my house that, at their departure, they will have the goodness to give me, in my hands, what they please. Tibaria, April 7, 1845." The above is an exact copy of the notice referred to, in English. It is likewise written in bad Italian and worse Spanish.

Sherîf and 'Akîl turned up as if by magic. Here they were before us, although they stopped at Lubiyeh, and we did not see them pass us on the road. Nothing but their kind feelings towards us could have induced them to enter the house of a Jew. They received three rabbis, who came to see us, with much respect, and greeted their own Muslim visitors with the true oriental embrace. The governor, who was a relative of 'Akîl, was among the first who called.

There was no doubt of the high standing of Sherîf and his nephew, Sherîf Musaid, a much younger and very prepossessing Arab, who had recently joined us. The governor was a small intelligent Arab, with a dark Egyptian complexion. Our friends soon left us to quarter upon him.

Our sailors were delighted with the novelty of having a roof above them, and we all felt relieved in no longer hearing the shrill and vociferous screams of the camel-drivers,—the noisiest of the children of men. *Our saloon* looked out upon the lake. It has mere apertures in its blank walls for doors and windows. A number of swallows, regardless of our presence, flitted in and out, busied in the construction of their nests amid the sustaining rafters of the mud roof. The windows might have been, but, from an error in its construction, the door could not be, closed.

We had fish, delicious fish from the lake, for our supper, which we ate in thankfulness, although we knew that we should pay for it in flesh,—for the king of the fleas, it is said, holds his court in Tiberias.

Our apartment, which was at once our parlour, eating-room, and chamber, was the rendezvous of the curious, and, it seemed to us, also, of all the Arab camel and mule-drivers in the town. We were surrounded by a motley assembly of all classes, standing, sitting, or reclining in democratic disregard of all rank or distinction, and looking with amazement, not unmingled with mirth, at our strange and elaborate mode of eating.

Our instruments were uninjured, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, and we fitted them up in a separate room, preparatory to a series of observations; and then, wearied but gratified, laid down to sleep.

Friday, April 7. The beams of the rising sun, reflected from the lake, were dancing about on the walls of the apartment when we awoke. A light breeze ruffled its surface, which

"Broke into dimples, and laughed in the sun."

There was a silence of some moments, as we looked forth upon it, and the mind of each no doubt recurred to the time when an angry wind swept across, and the Apostle of wavering faith cried, "Lord, save me, or I perish!"

Our first thought was for the boats; but, notwithstanding the utmost exertions, at sunset they were only brought to the brink of the high and precipitous range which overlooked the lake from the west.

In the course of the day, I returned the visit of the governor. He received me in a large room, opening on a small court, with a divan in a recess opposite to the door.

Justice was administered with all the promptitude and simplicity of the East. On my way, I had been exasperated almost to the point of striking him, by a half-grown

boy beating an elderly woman, who proved to be his mother. The latter made her complaint shortly after my entrance. The case was fairly but briefly examined by the governor in person, and in a few words the sentence was pronounced. From the countenance of the culprit, as he was led forth, I felt satisfied that he was on his way to a well-merited punishment.

Another woman complained that her husband had beaten her. In this, as in the previous case, the complainant directly addressed the governor. The husband seemed to be a man of influence, and the trial was somewhat protracted. The evidence was clear against him, however, and he was made publicly to kiss her forehead, where he had struck her.

A trifling circumstance will show in what thraldom the Jews are held. Our landlord, Heim Wiseman, had been kind enough to show me the way to the governor's. On our entrance, he meekly sat down on the floor, some distance from the divan. After the sherbet was handed round to all, including many dirty Arabs, it was tendered to him. It was a rigid fast-day with his tribe, the eve of the feast of the azymes, and he declined it. It was again tendered, and again declined, when the attendant made some exclamation, which reached the ears of the governor, who thereupon turned abruptly round, and sharply called out, "Drink it." The poor Jew, agitated and trembling, carried it to his lips, where he held it for a moment, when, perceiving the attention of the governor to be diverted, he put down the untasted goblet.

On our return, Mr. Wiseman led me to a vaulted chapel dedicated to St. Peter, built on the traditionary spot of one of the miracles of our Lord. Strange that a Jew should point out to a Christian the place where the Messiah, whom the first denies and the last believes in, established his church upon a rock.

The Jews here are divested of that spirit of trade which is everywhere else their peculiar characteristic. Their sole occupation, we were told, is to pray and to read the Talmud. That book, Burckhardt says, declares that creation will return to primitive chaos if prayers are not addressed to the God of Israel at least twice a week in the four holy cities. Hence the Jews all over the world are liberal in their contributions.

Returned the visit of the Rabbis. They have two synagogues, the Sephardim and Askeniazim, but live harmoniously together. There are many Polish Jews, with light complexions, among them. They describe themselves as very poor, and maintained by the charitable contributions of Jews abroad, mostly in Europe. More meek, subdued, and unpretending men than these Rabbis I have never seen. The chief one illustrated the tyranny of the Turks by a recent circumstance. In consequence of the drought of the preceding year there had been a failure of the crops, and the Sultan, whose disposition is humane, ordered a large quantity of grain to be distributed among the fellahin for seed. The latter were accordingly called in;—to him whose portion was twenty okes* was given ten, and to him whose portion was ten, five okes were given,—*after* each had signed a paper acknowledging the receipt of the greater quantity. How admirably the scriptures portray the manners and customs of the east! Here is the verification of the parable of the unjust steward. It is true, that in this instance the decree was issued by the Turks—a comparatively modern people,—but it was carried into effect by the descendants of the ancient Gentile races of the country.

In the evening we visited several of the synagogues. It was impressive yet melancholy to witness the fervid

* An oke is about two and three-quarter pounds.

zeal of the worshippers. In gabardines, with broad and narrow phylacteries, some of them embroidered, the men were reading or rather chanting, or rather screaming and shouting, the lamentations of Jeremias — all the time swaying their bodies to and fro with a regular and monotonous movement. There was an earnest expression of countenance that could not have been feigned. The tones of the men were loud and almost querulous with complaint; while the women, who stood apart, were more hushed in their sorrow, and lowly wailed, moving the heart by their sincerity. In each synagogue was an octagon recess, where the Pentateuch and other sacred works were kept. Whatever they may be in worldly matters, the Jews are no hypocrites in the article of faith.

The females marry very early. There was one in the house, then eleven and a half years of age, who, we were assured, had been married eighteen months. Mr. Wiseman pointed out another, a mere child in appearance, ten years of age, who had been two years married. It seems incredible. The unmarried wear the hair exposed, but the married women studiously conceal it. To make up for it, the heads of the latter were profusely ornamented with coins and gems and any quantity of another's hair, the prohibition only extending to their own. Their dress is a boddice, a short, narrow-skirted gown, and pantalettes gathered at the ankles. Unlike the Turkish and the Arab women, they sometimes wear stockings. The boddice is open in front, and the breasts are held, but not restrained, by loose open pockets of thin white gauze.

There are about three hundred families, or one thousand Jews, in this town. The sanhedrim consists of seventy rabbis, of whom thirty are natives and forty Franks, mostly from Poland, with a few from Spain. The rabbis stated that controversial matters of discipline

among Jews, all over the world, are referred to this sanhedrim.

Besides the Jews, there are in Tiberias from three to four hundred Muslims and two or three Latins, from Nazareth.

P. M. Received an express with letters from Jerusalem. Among them is a firman, or buyuruldi, from the Pasha, which I transcribe as a curiosity.

"Translation of Buyuruldi,
from the Pasha of Jerusalem.
6 April, 1848.

"Observe what is written in this, all ye who stand and see it, by the sheiks and elders of the Arabs and keepers of the highways: let it be known to you openly, according to this buyuruldi, that fifteen of the honourable persons of the government of America desire to depart from this to the Sea of Lot and thereabouts, there to take boats and go down into the above-mentioned sea. And accordingly, as it was necessary, we have drawn this, our buyuruldi, to you; and it is necessary for you, O ye that are spoken to, that to the above persons, at their passing your districts, you do all that you can for their comfort, and let no one annoy them—but care and protection is required for them; and if they are in want of food or other things for price, or animals for hire, you are to supply them And if God please, no more command is wanting; but to the persons that are here mentioned, by all means give comfort; and for this reason we have drawn for you this buyuruldi from the divan of the honorable Jerusalem, Nablus, and Gaza. So by this ye may know, according to what is written, ye are not to do the contrary. Know and beware, and know according to what is herein, and avoid the contrary.

"Translated by Moses Tanoos,
British Consul.
JERUSALEM."

Mr. Pennock wrote me that Mr. Finn, H. B. M. consul, has been very active and friendly, and I feel that we are much indebted to him. Our landlord was with poor Costigan, just prior to his attempt to circumnavigate the Dead Sea. From him, and from an Arab boatman, we received an account of the attack upon the boat of Lieutenant Molyneux, his pursuit by the Arabs, and subsequent death. Poor fellows! If God spare us, we will commemorate their gallantry and their devotion to the cause of science.

The express from Jerusalem was a Janissary, sent by the Pasha, with four soldiers. In the firm belief that we should not need them, I paid them and directed them to return. Our Bedawin friends served as videttes, to apprise us of danger. It was only ambuscades we feared.

Saturday, April 8. A beautiful, calm morning. Quiet as a sleeping infant, the lake lay in the lap of its lofty hills. Received an express from Acre, with letters. They brought intelligence of revolutions in Europe.

"It is the low booming of that mighty ocean, which, wave after wave, is breaking up the dikes and boundaries of ancient power." The spirit of revolution is abroad. It stands upon the grave of the past. As our beautiful institutions took life and vigour from the first breathings of this spirit, we feel deeply interested in its nature and tendency. It engages all our affections, it awakens all our sympathies. It is the cause of the universe — it is the voice of the great family of nations, which is coming up from the four winds to proclaim change and reformation among the sons of the children of men. It is, perhaps, the last of the Sibylline volumes, containing new truths, burthened with the ripening destinies of man.

"Man is one!
And he hath one great heart.

It is thus we feel, with a gigantic throb across the sea,
Each other's rights and wrongs!"

Heaven speed the cause of freedom!

Took all hands up the mountain to bring the boats down. Many times we thought that, like the herd of swine, they would rush precipitately into the sea. Every one did his best, and at length success crowned our efforts. With their flags flying, we carried them triumphantly beyond the walls uninjured, and, amid a crowd of spectators, launched them upon the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee — the Arabs singing, clapping their hands to the time, and crying for backshish — but we neither shouted nor cheered. From Christian lips it would have sounded like profanation. A look upon that consecrated lake ever brought to remembrance the words, "Peace! be still!"—which not only repressed all noisy exhibition, but soothed for a time all worldly care.

Buoyantly floated the two "Fannies," bearing the stars and stripes, the noblest flag of freedom now waving in the world. Since the time of Josephus and the Romans, no vessel of any size has sailed upon this sea, and for many, many years, but a solitary keel has furrowed its surface.

Sunday, April 9. Another glorious morning. Rose early and went to the hot baths southward of the town, near the ruins of Emmaus, fitted up by Ibrahim Pasha when Syria was in possession of the Egyptians. The road runs along the sea-beach, upon which also the baths are situated. On the way we passed some prostrate columns, and broken arches, and vestiges of ruins half concealed beneath mounds of earth and rank vegetation. These are no doubt the ruins of the ancient city of Tiberias, the present site of the town being a more modern one. A short distance back, the rugged face of the brown mountains, with here and there a yawning cavern, over-

looked the narrow plain and pellucid sea. Now and then a splash of the water indicated the gambollings of fish beneath the surface, while above, the fish-hawk sailed slowly along, ready for a swoop, and just out of gun-shot a flock of wild ducks were swimming along in conscious security.

There are two baths — the old one, all in ruins — and the one to the north of it, now in use. In a square vaulted chamber is a circular basin about eighteen feet in diameter and four feet in depth. The temperature of the water is 143°, almost too hot for endurance. It is only by slow degrees that the body can be immersed in it. We procured some of it for analysis. It is salt, bitter, and has the nauseous smell of sulphuretted hydrogen. There are several other springs in their natural condition, which discolour the stones as they flow to the sea. It is said that these baths are much resorted to in the summer months, particularly by rheumatic patients. It is Humboldt, I believe, who remarks that in all climates people show the same predeliction for heat. In Iceland the first Christian converts would be baptized only in the tepid streams of Hecla; and in the torrid zone, the natives flock from all parts to the thermal waters.

In all this luxuriant plain, which might be a perfect garden, there were only some cucumber and melon beds and fields of millet. The melons of this valley, according to Burckhardt, are celebrated all over the east. On the slope of the hill towards the north, some kersenna was growing — a small hard pea resembling a large radish seed—the husk dark brown, the kernel a deep pink colour, the taste sweet. It is raised almost exclusively for the camel. We saw no cattle. Camels, horses, mules and goats were the only four-footed animals to be seen.

P. M. We pulled up the lake, and visited Mejdel, on the plain of Genesareth. It must have been a singular

sight from the shore,—our beautiful boats, the crews, in man-of-war rig, with snow-white awnings spread, and their ensigns flying, the men keeping time with their oars, as we rowed along the green shores of the silent sea of Galilee! Pulling to the shore, we inquired the name of the place, of a fellah who was watering his donkey. His reply was, "Mejdel." This is the ancient Magdala, the birth-place of Mary Magdalen, and was once visited by our Saviour. We were coming in closer, and yet closer, contiguity to sacred scenes. On our way from Beïrût to Haifa, we had passed the ruins of Tyre, where the Saviour yielded to the importunities of the Canaanitish woman, and healed her. Passing between Nazareth and Cana, and approaching this lake, we looked at them from a distance, but here we were upon their threshold. I do not know what was passing in the minds of others, but I felt myself all unworthy to tread upon the consecrated spot. Instead of landing, we pulled a short distance from the shore, and, lying upon the oars, looked in silence upon the scene.

Mejdel is now a poor village of about forty families, all fellahin. The houses, like those of Turân, are of rough stone, with flat mud roofs. Above it are high hills, with rounded faces to the north-east, and perpendicular precipices behind, presenting a stratified appearance. In the face of the precipice are many caverns, whether natural or artificial, from this distance we could not tell.* In these caverns, it was said that a band of robbers once fortified themselves, and were with difficulty expelled. Josephus states that the assailants were lowered down in chests from the summit to the mouths of the caverns. While pulling about the lake, a squall swept down one of

* Burckhardt, who visited them, says that they are natural, but united together by artificial passages. He estimates that they would shelter about 600 men.

the ravines, and gave us a convincing proof how soon the placid sea could assume an angry look.

We had not time to survey the lake,—the advancing season, and the lessening flood in the Jordan, warning us to lose no time. We deferred making the necessary observations, therefore, until our return. The bottom is a concave basin,—the greatest depth, thus far ascertained, twenty-seven and a half fathoms (165 feet); but this inland sea, alternately rising and falling, from copious rains or rapid evaporation, apart from its only outlet, is constantly fluctuating in depth.

The water of the lake is cool and sweet, and the inhabitants say that it possesses medicinal properties. It produces five kinds of fish, all good,—viz. the "Musht," "Abu Bût," "Huffâfah," "Abu Kisher," and "Bŭrbût;" the last, from some superstitious idea, is not eaten by the Jews. The musht, about one foot long and four or five inches wide, resembles the sole. Burckhardt mentions one called Binni, like the carp. All that we tasted, and we tried to procure them all, were delicious.

In the evening, we had a long conversation with the Arab boatman, who was one of the crew of Molyneaux's boat. He gave a disheartening account of the great, and, as he thought, the insuperable impediments to boats as large as ours. He dwelt particularly upon the rapids and cascades, false channels and innumerable rocks, and was inclined to think that there was a cataract in the part of the river along which they transported their boat upon a camel. Among other things, he stated that many rivers empty into the Jordan, which I did not believe.

That we should encounter great obstacles, perhaps seemingly insurmountable ones, I did not doubt; but I had great faith in American sailors, and believed that what men could do, they would achieve. So there was no thought of turning back.

When in Constantinople, my patience was severely tried by a countryman, who, with the best intentions, but in bad taste, gave me a circumstantial account of the death of three British naval officers, of my name, engaged in expeditions to the east. One captain and two lieutenants; the first perishing with his vessel in the Euphrates; one of the others massacred by the Arabs, and the third dying in the desert. Had their names been Jones and mine Jenkins, there would have been no forebodings; but as it was, the supposed astounding information was conveyed in a mysterious whisper, with an ominous shake of the head!

The house we inhabited was owned by a Jew; and if the king of fleas holds his court in Tiberias his throne is surely here. But that the narrow and tortuous lanes of the town (there are no streets, in our acceptation of the word) were crowded with filthy and disgusting objects, I should have given the palm of uncleanness to our host and his family. They were, in person and attire, literally unwashed, uncombed, slouching, shuffling, dirty, and repulsive. Unlike all other places we have seen, the women are not more cleanly than the men; and while the married ones carefully conceal their hair, they all studiously exhibit the formation of their breasts, which renders them anything but attractive.

The men have the abject, down-trodden look which seems peculiar to this people in the east. Many of the children are quite handsome; but filth, poverty, avarice, and tyranny, have changed the old into disgusting libels upon humanity. Compared to them, our wild Arabs are paragons of manly cleanliness.

The pashas and governors, in this country, have an off-hand, arbitrary, and unfeeling mode of transacting business. When our camels broke down at Acre, Sa'id Bey was applied to, by our consul, for additional ones. There

happened, unfortunately, to be a fellah coming from Nazareth with two loaded camels, just then without the walls. He was made to throw his sacks of grain in the road; and without clothes, or communication with his family, sent to assist in the transportation of our effects. By chance, he found a friend to take care of his grain. Of course we knew nothing of this; and would rather not have come at all, than have our progress facilitated by such an act of tyranny. It was not until about to settle with the camel-drivers, that we were told of it. The poor fellah was remunerated for his loss of time, and paid liberally for the use of his camels, the amount being deducted from the sum contracted for with Sa'id Mŭstafa.

We found here an old frame boat, which I purchased for six hundred piastres, about twenty-five dollars, in order to relieve the other boats, lessen the expense of transportation down the Jordan, and carry our tents upon the Dead Sea; for it was fast becoming warm, and we might not be able to work in that deep chasm without them. We repaired and named her "Uncle Sam."

Since we occupied these quarters, as well as along the route from Acre, Mŭstafa had purchased and cooked our provisions. He was inestimable;—a genuine Arab, speaking a little English, and able to boil a kettle, or roast a sheep, in a gale of wind in the open air. But his great recommendation was his unvarying cheerfulness at all times, and under all circumstances. Every morning, before and during breakfast, our room was thronged with Arabs, and Mŭstafa knew exactly what amount of attention to bestow on each. To the governor and the sheikhs, he tendered the tiny cup of coffee, or the chibouque, with his head bowed down, and his left hand upon his breast: to those approaching his own degree, they were handed with cavalier nonchalence.

Monday, April 10. It was necessary to procure other camels here, the owners of those we brought from Acre not being willing to trust them in the desert, for which reason we had been detained, but not in idleness, for we were constantly occupied in making barometrical and thermometrical observations, and taking sights to ascertain the rate of the instruments. It was necessary, also, to purchase and carry our provisions with us. Last night the camels were reported as coming, and this morning their arrival was announced. All, therefore, was the busy note of preparation.

A distinguished guest at our usual extempore levée this morning, was the Emir or Prince of the tribes on the upper banks of the Jordan. This royal personage delights in the euphonius patronymic of Emir Nasser 'Arar el Gŭzzaway. He had heard of our purpose, and came to proffer the hospitalities of his tribes. He was considerably taller and stouter than the generality of the race; his complexion was of the tint of burnt umber, his eye black, lascivious, and glistening like that of a snake; he wore a tangled black beard, and, with his fang-like teeth, smiled à la Carker. His costume was in no manner distinguished from that of his numerous attendants, unless in its superlative uncleanliness, and a pre-eminence in the liberal mode of ventilation adopted by this people.

The dirty barbarian affected a love of nature, and a slight taste for botany. Reclining lazily upon the cushions of the divan, with a kind of oriental voluptuousness, he ever and anon raised a rose-bud to his nostril, and enjoyed its fragrance with the exquisite languor of a city beau. The ogre prince! We accepted the invitation, and he joined the caravan.

In order that, by a division of labour, our work might be well performed, I assigned to each officer and volunteer of this expedition his appropriate duty. With the com-

mand of the caravan, Mr. Dale was to take topographical sketches of the country as he proceeded, and such other notes as circumstances would permit.

Dr. Anderson was directed to make geological observations, and collect specimens where he could; Mr. Bedlow to note the aspect of the country on the land route, and the incidents that occurred on the march; and Mr. Francis Lynch, who was charged with the herbarium, to collect plants and flowers.

In the water party, I assigned to myself, in the "Fanny Mason," the course, rapidity, colour, and depth of the river and its tributaries,—the nature of its banks, and of the country through which it flowed,—the vegetable productions, and the birds and animals we might see, with a journal of events. To Mr. Aulick, who had charge of the "Fanny Skinner," was assigned the topographical sketch of the river and its shores.

It was my anxious desire to avoid taking camels down the Ghor; but, from the best information we could obtain respecting the river, I was obliged to employ them. As the Jordan was represented to run between high banks which form the terraces of another valley yet above them, I felt that our safety and the success of the expedition would depend materially upon the vigilance and alacrity of the land party. I therefore placed it under command of Mr. Dale. It consisted of Dr. Anderson, Mr. Bedlow, Mr. Lynch, Sherîf, 'Akîl, Mŭstafa and ten Bedawin videttes. They were directed to keep as near to the river as the nature of the country would permit, and should they hear two guns fired in quick succession, to leave the camel-drivers to take care of themselves, and hasten with all speed to our assistance. I felt sure that Mr. Dale would not fail me, and in that respect my mind was at ease. The Sherîf, 'Akîl and the Emir all assured me that there was no danger to the caravan, but that the

great fear was an attack upon the boats when entangled among rocks and shoals.

After much delay and vexation, quarrelling of the boatmen, loud talking of the camel-drivers, and a world of other annoyances, we of the water saw our friends of the land party take their departure.

Winding through the narrow streets, over piles of rubbish, filth and garbage, encountering ruin, want, and wretchedness at every turn, they issued from the northern gate of the town to join our Bedawin friends at the "Baths," the appointed place of rendezvous.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM THE SEA OF GALILEE TO THE FALLS OF BŬK'AH.—DEPARTURE OF THE BOATS.

BRIGHT was the day, gay our spirits, verdant the hills, and unruffled the lake, when, pushing off from the shelving beach, we bade adieu to the last outwork of border civilization, and steered direct for the outlet of the Jordan. The "Fanny Mason" led the way, followed closely by the "Fanny Skinner;" and the Arab boatmen of the "Uncle Sam" worked vigorously at the oars to keep their place in the line. With awnings spread and colours flying, we passed comfortably and rapidly onwards.

Our Bedawin friends had many of them exchanged their lances for more serviceable weapons, long-barrelled guns and heavily mounted pistols. 'Akīl alone wore a scimetar. The priestly character of the Sherîf forbade him to carry arms. With the addition of Emir and his followers, they amounted in all to thirty horsemen. Passing along the shore in single file, their line was long and imposing. Eleven camels stalked solemnly ahead, followed by the wild Bedawin on their blooded animals, with their ābas flying in the wind, and their long gun-barrels glittering in the sun; and Lieutenant Dale and his officers in the Frank costume brought up the rear.

Gallantly marched the cavalcade on the land, beautiful must have appeared the boats upon the water. Little did we know what difficulties we might have to encounter! But, placing our trust on high, we hoped and feared not.

We started at 2 P. M., the temperature of the air 82°, of the water 70°. For the first hour we steered S. E., then S. E. by S., and E. S. E., when, at 3.40, we arrived at the outlet. The same feeling prevented us from cheering as when we launched the boats, although before us was the stream which, God willing, would lead us to our wondrous destination.

The lake narrowed as we approached its southern extremity. In its south-west angle are the ruins of ancient Tarrichæa; opposite, on the eastern shore, a lovely plain sweeps down to the lake, and on the centre of the water-line a ravine (wady) comes down. Due west from it, across the foot of the lake, the Jordan debouches shortly to the right. The right or western shore descends in a slope towards the lake; the left is somewhat more depressed, and much washed with rains.

The scenery, as we left the lake and advanced into the Ghor, which is about three-quarters of a mile in breadth, assumed rather a tame than a savage character. The rough and barren mountains, skirting the valley on each hand, stretched far away in the distance, like walls to some gigantic fosse, their southern extremities half hidden or entirely lost in a faint purple mist.

At 3.45, we swept out of the lake; course, W. by N. The village of Semakh on a hill to the south, and Mount Hermon brought into view, bearing N. E. by N.; the snow deep upon its crest, and white parasitic clouds clinging to its sides. On the extreme low point to the right are the ruins, called by the Arabs, Es Sumra, only a stone foundation standing. A number of wild ducks were upon the water, and birds were flitting about on shore. 3.55, our cavalcade again appeared in sight, winding along the shore. The Bedawin looked finely in their dark and white and crimson costumes.

At 4.30, course W. S. W. abruptly round a ledge of

small rocks; current, two knots. Our course varied with the frequent turns of the river, from N. W. by. W. at 4.35, to S. at 4.38. The average breadth about seventy-five feet; the banks rounded and about thirty feet high, luxuriantly clothed with grass and flowers. The scarlet anemone, the yellow marigold, and occasionally a water-lily, and here and there a straggling asphodel, close to the water's edge, but not a tree nor a shrub.

At 4.43, we passed an inlet, or bay, wider than the river, called El Mûh, which extended north a quarter of a mile. We lost sight of the lake in five minutes after leaving it. At 4.45, heard a shot from the shore, and soon after saw one of our scouts: 4.46, passed a low island, ninety yards long, tufted with shrubbery; left bank abrupt, twenty-five feet high; a low, marshy island, off a point on the right, which runs out from the plain at the foot of the mountains. Water clear and ten feet deep. 4.55, saw the shore party dismounted on the right bank. Mount Hermon glittering to the north, over the level tract which sweeps between the mountain, the lake, and the river.

When the current was strong, we only used the oars to keep in the channel, and floated gently down the stream, frightening, in our descent, a number of wild fowl feeding in the marsh grass and on the reedy islands. At 4.56, current increasing, swept round a bend of the shore, and heard the hoarse sound of a rapid. 4.57, came in sight of the partly whole and partly crumbled abutments of "Jisr Semakh," the bridge of Semakh.

The ruins are extremely picturesque; the abutments standing in various stages of decay, and the fallen fragments obstructing the course of the river; save at one point, towards the left bank, where the pent-up water finds an issue, and runs in a sluice among the scattering masses of stone.

From the disheartening account we had received of the river, I had come to the conclusion that it might be necessary to sacrifice one of the boats to preserve the rest. I therefore decided to take the lead in the "Fanny Mason;" for, being made of copper, quite serious damages to her could be more easily repaired; and if dashed to pieces, her fragments would serve to warn the others from the danger.

After reconnoitering the rapid, at 5.05, we shot down the sluice. The following note was made on shore:

"We halted at the ruins of an old bridge, now forming obstructions, over which the foaming river rushed like a mountain torrent. The river was about thirty yards wide. Soon after we halted, the boats hove in sight around a bend of the river. See! the Fanny Mason attempts to shoot between two old piers! she strikes upon a rock! she broaches to! she is in imminent danger! down comes the Uncle Sam upon her! now they are free! the Fanny Skinner follows safely, and all are moored in the cave below!"

As we came through the rapids, 'Akīl stood upon the summit of one of the abutments, in his green cloak, red tarbouch and boots, and flowing white trousers, pointing out the channel with a spear. Over his head and around him, a number of storks were flying disorderly.

What threatened to be its greatest danger, proved the preservation of the leading boat. We had swept upon a rock in mid-channel, when the Arab crew of the Uncle Sam unskilfully brought her within the influence of the current. She was immediately borne down upon us with great velocity; but striking us at a favourable angle, we slided off the ledge of rock, and floated down together. The Fanny Skinner, drawing less water, barely touched in passing.

The boats were securely moored for the night in a little

cave on the right bank, and were almost hidden among the tall grass and weeds which break the force of the eddy current.

From a boat drawing only eight inches water striking in mid-channel at this time of flood, I was inclined to think that the river must be very shallow in the summer months, particularly if much snow has not fallen among the mountains during the preceding winter.

We found the tents pitched on a small knoll, commanding a fine view of the river and the bridge. Over the ruins of the latter were yet hovering a multitude of storks, frightened from their reedy nests, on the tops of the ruined abutments, by the strange sights and sounds. There were two entire and six partial abutments, and the ruins of another, on each shore. The snowy crest of Mount Hermon bore N. E. ½N. The village of Semakh, lying in an E. N. E. direction, was concealed by an intervening ridge.

Our course, since leaving the lake, has varied from south to N. W. by N.,—the general inclination has been west; river, twenty-five to thirty yards wide; current, two and a half knots; water clear and sweet. We passed two islands, one of them very small.

We were upon the edge of the Ghor. A little to the north, the Ardh el Hamma (the land of the bath) swept down from the left. The lake was concealed, although, in a direct line, quite near; and a lofty ridge overlooked us from the west. The soil here is a dark rich loam, luxuriantly clothed three feet deep with flowers,—the purple bloom of the thistle predominates, and the yellow of the marigold and pink oleander are occasionally relieved by the scarlet anemone. The rocks nowhere crop-out, but large boulders of sandstone and trap are scattered over the surface. Some flowers were gathered here, which equal any I have ever seen in delicacy of

form and tint. Among them, besides those I have named, were the Adonis or Pheasant's eye; the Briony, formerly used in medicine; the Scabiosa Stellata, in great luxuriance, and which is cultivated at home; and two kinds of clover,—one with a thorny head, which we have never seen before, and the other small but beautiful, with purple flowers.

From the eminence above, our encampment beside the rapids looked charming. There were two American, one Arab, and one Egyptian (Dr. Anderson's) tents, of different colours,—white and green, and blue and crimson. In the soft and mellow light of the moon, the scene was beautiful.

On this side is the land of Zebulon; that of the tribe of Gad lies upon the other.

The sheikh of Semakh holds a tract of land on a singular tenure. The condition is that he shall entertain all travellers who may call, with a supper, and barley for their horses. Our Bedawin determined to avail themselves of the privilege. Nothing could be more picturesque than their appearance as they forded the stream in single file, and galloped over the hill to Semakh. And what a supper they will have! A whole sheep, and buckets of rice!*

Our friends returned late at night, splashing the water, shouting, and making such a clatter that we sprang to our arms expecting an attack. Repeatedly afterwards during the night we were disturbed by Dr. Anderson's horse, which, since the moment he joined us at Turân, had kept the camp in constant alarm, getting loose at night and rushing franticly over the tent-cords, attacking some slumbering Arab steed, his bitter enemy.

Tuesday, April 11. Very early this morning called for

* Usually, when the sheikh is not wealthy, the tents of the tribe take it in turn to entertain strangers.

RUINED BRIDGE OF SEMATH

our collection two varieties of flowers we had not before seen. At 6 A. M., called all hands, and prepared for starting. To avoid stopping in the middle of the day, we were necessarily delayed for breakfast in the morning.

8.10 A. M., started, the boats down the river, the caravan by land. The current at first about 2½ knots, but increasing as we descended, until at 8.20 we came to where the river, for more than three hundred yards, was one foaming rapid; the fishing-weirs and the ruins of another ancient bridge obstructing the passage. There were cultivated fields on both sides. Took everything out of the boats, sent the men overboard to swim alongside and guide them, and shot them successively down the first rapid. The water was fortunately very deep to the first fall, where it precipitated itself over a ledge of rocks. The river becoming more shallow, we opened a channel by removing large stones, and as the current was now excessively rapid, we pulled well out into the stream, bows up, let go a grapnel and eased each boat down in succession. Below us were yet five successive falls, about eighteen feet in all, with rapids between, — a perfect breakdown in the bed of the river. It was very evident that the boats could not descend them.

On the right of the river, opposite to the point where the weirs and the ruined bridge blocked up the bed of the stream, was a canal or sluice, evidently made for the purpose of feeding a mill, the ruins of which were visible a short distance below. This canal, at its outlet from the river, was sufficiently broad and deep to admit of the boats entering and proceeding for a short distance, when it became too narrow to allow their further progress.

Bringing the boats thus far, we again took everything out of them, and cleared away the stones, bushes and other obstructions between the mill sluice and the river. A breach was then made in the bank of the sluice, and as

the water rushed down the shallow artificial channel, with infinite labour, our men, cheerfully assisted by a number of Arabs, bore them down the rocky slope and launched them in the bed of the river, — but not below all danger, for a sudden descent of six or seven feet was yet to be cleared, and some eighty yards of swift and shallow current to be passed before reaching an unobstructed channel.

1 P. M. We accomplished this difficult passage, after severe labour, up to our waists in the water for upwards of four hours. Hauled to the right bank to rest and wait for our arms, instruments, &c. We were surrounded by many strange Arabs, and had stationed one of our men by the blunderbuss on the bows of the Uncle Sam, and one each by the other boats, while the remainder proceeded to bring down the arms.

We lay just above an abrupt bend from S. to N. E. by E. The left bank, in the bend, is sixty feet high, and precipitous, of a chocolate and cream-coloured earth. The river continues to descend, lessened in rapidity, but still about five knots per hour. It breaks entirely across, just below. There were thick clusters of white and pink oleander in bloom along the banks, and some lily-plants which had passed their season and were fading away. Here we killed an animal having the form of a lobster, the head of a mouse, and the tail of a dog: the Arabs call it kelb el maya, or water-dog.

1.20 P. M., started again. 1.45, descended a cascade at an angle of 30°, at the rate of twelve knots, passing, immediately after, down a shoal rapid, where we struck, and hung, for a few moments, upon a rock. Stopped for the other boats, which were behind. The course of the river had been very circuitous, as reference to the chart will show.

At 2.05, saw some of our caravan on a hill, in the dis-

tance. Wet and weary, I walked along the difficult shore to look for the other boats, when, seeing a cluster of Bedawin spears on the bank above, I went up to see to whom they belonged. It was a party of nine strange Arabs, who were seated upon the grass, their horses tethered near them. They examined my watch-guard and uniform buttons very closely; and eagerly looked over my shoulder, uttering many exclamations, when I wrote in my note-book. They repeatedly asked for something which I could not understand, and as they began to be importunate, I left them. Shortly after, while walking further up, I came upon their low, black, camel's hair tent, almost concealed by a thicket of rank shrubbery.

At 2.40, came to two mills, the buildings entire, but the wheels and machinery gone, with a sluice which had formerly supplied them with water. As in the morning, we turned the water from the upper part of the sluice into the river, carried the boats along, and dragged them safely round these second series of rapids.

The soil is fertile, but the country about here is wholly uncultivated. The surface of the plain is about fifteen feet above the river, thence gradually ascending a short distance to a low range of hills; beyond which, on each side, the prospect is closed in by mountains.

At 4.45, stopped to rest, after descending the eleventh rapid we had encountered. The velocity of the current was so great that one of the seamen, who lost his hold (being obliged to cling on outside), was nearly swept over the fall, and, with very great difficulty, gained the shore. The mountains on the east coast of Lake Tiberias were visible over the left bank. The summit of Mount Hermon (the snowy summit could alone be seen) bore N. E. by N.

At 5 P. M., passed a ravine (wady) on the left, in a bend between high, precipitous banks of earth. We here

saw canes for the first time, growing thickly. On the right are lofty, perpendicular banks of earth and clay. The river winding with many turns, we opened, at 5.04, an extensive uncultivated plain on the right; a small, transverse, cultivated valley, between high banks, on the left;—the wheat beginning to head. The river fifty-five yards wide and two and a half feet deep. Current, four knots; the water becoming muddy. We saw a partridge, an owl, a large hawk, some herons (hedda), and many storks, and caught a trout.

At 5.10, rounded a high, bold bluff, the river becoming wider and deeper, with gravelly bottom. A solitary carob tree, resembling a large apple tree, on the right. At 5.40, the river about sixty yards wide, and current three knots, passed the village of 'Abeidîyeh, a large collection of mud huts, on a commanding eminence on the right;—the people, men, women, and children, with discordant cries, hurrying down the hill towards the river when they saw us. It was too late to stop, for night was approaching, and we had seen nothing of the caravan since we parted with them, at the ruined bridge, this forenoon.

If the inhabitants intended to molest us, we swept by with too much rapidity for them to carry their designs into execution. 5.44, passed a small stream coming in on the right. 5.46, another small stream, same side, 150 yards below the first; some swallows and snipes flying about. 5.48, passed a bank of fullers' earth, twenty feet high, on the left; a beautiful bank on the right, clothed with luxuriant verdure; the rank grass here and there separated by patches of wild oats.

The mountain ranges forming the edges of the upper valley, as seen from time to time through gaps in the foliage of the river banks, were of a light brown colour, surmounted with white.

The water now became clearer,—was eight feet deep;

hard bottom; small trees in thickets under the banks, and advancing into the water—principally Tŭrfa (tamarisk), the willow (Sifsaf), and tangled vines beneath.

We frequently saw fish in the transparent water; while ducks, storks, and a multitude of other birds, rose from the reeds and osiers, or plunged into the thickets of oleander and tamarisk which fringe the banks,—beyond them are frequent groves of the wild pistachio.

Half a mile below 'Abeidîyeh the river became deeper, with a gentle descent,—current, three and a half knots. 6.15, passed a small island covered with grass: started up a flock of ducks and some storks; a small bay on the left, a path leading down to it from over the hills; canes and coarse tufted grass on the shores. 6.19, another inlet on the left; 6.21, one on the right. The left shore quite marshy,—high land back; the water again became clear, and of a light green colour, as when it left the lake; many birds flying about, particularly swallows.

At 8 P. M., reached the head of the falls and whirlpool of Bŭk'ah; and finding it too dark to proceed, hauled the boats to the right bank, and clambered up the steep hill to search for the camp. About one-third up, encountered a deep dyke, cut in the flank of the hill, which had evidently been used for purposes of irrigation. After following it for some distance, succeeded in fording it, and going to the top of the hill, had to climb in the dark, through briars and over stone walls, the ruins of the village of Delhemîyeh. A short distance beyond, met a Bedawin with a horse, who had been sent to look for us. Learned from him that the camp was half a mile below the whirlpool, and abreast of the lower rapids. Sent word to Mr. Aulick to secure the boats, and bring the men up as soon as they were relieved, and hastened on myself to procure the necessary guards, for our men were excessively fatigued, having been in the water without food since

breakfast. A few moments after, I met 'Akīl, also looking for us. At my request, he sent some of his men to relieve ours, in charge of the boats.

The village of Delhemîyeh, as well as that of Bŭk'ah opposite, were destroyed, it is said, by the Bedawin, the wandering Arabs. Many of the villages on and near the river are inhabited by Egyptians, placed there by Ibrahim Pasha, to repress the incursions of the Bedawin — somewhat on our plan of the military occupation of Florida. Now that the strong arm of the Egyptian "bull-dog," as Stephens aptly terms him, is withdrawn, the fate of these villages is not surprising. The Bedawin in their incursions rob the fellahin of their produce and their crops. Miserable and unarmed, the latter abandon their villages and seek a more secure position, or trust to chance to supply themselves with food (for of raiment they seem to have no need,) until the summer brings the harvest and the robber. Once abandoned, their huts fall into as much ruin as they are susceptible of, which is nothing more than the washing away of the roofs by the winter rains.

Although I knew it to be important to note everything we passed, and every aspect of the country, yet such was the acute responsibility I felt for the lives placed in my charge, that nearly all my faculties were absorbed in the management of the boats—hence the meagreness of these observations. As some amends, I quote from the notes of the land party.

"Our route lay through an extensive plain, luxuriant in vegetation, and presenting to view in uncultivated spots, a richness of alluvial soil, the produce of which, with proper agriculture, might nourish a vast population. On our route as we advanced, and within half an hour (distance is measured by time in this country) from the last halting-place, were four or five black tents, belonging to those tribes of Arabs called fellahin, or agriculturists,

as distinguished from the wandering warrior Arab, who considers such labour as ignoble and unmanly.

"Enclosing these huts was a low fence of brush, which served to confine the gambols of eight or ten young naked barbarians, who, together with a few sheep and a calf, were enjoying a romp in the sunshine, disregarding the heat. We declined the invitation to alight, but accepted a bowl of camel's milk, which proved extremely refreshing.

"A miserable collection of mud huts upon a most commanding site, called 'Abeidîyeh, attracted our attention as we passed it. The wild and savage looking inhabitants rushed from their hovels and clambered up their dirt-heaps to see the gallant sight—the swarthy Bedawin, the pale Franks, and the laden camels. Still further on, we passed the ruins of two Arab villages, one on each side of the Jordan, and upon elevations of corresponding height, 'Delhemîyeh' and 'Bŭk'ah.'

"Below these villages, and close upon the Jordan's bank, where the river in places foamed over its rocky bed with the fury of a cataract, we pitched the camp. Here we were to await the arrival of the boats. At 2.30 we encamped, and at 5 they had not yet arrived. The sun set and night closed upon us, and yet no signs of them. We became uneasy, and were about mounting to go in search of them, when the captain made his appearance."

About 9 P. M., Emir Nasser, with his suite, came to the tent. After the customary cup of coffee he said that he would go with us to Băhr Lŭt (Dead Sea), or wherever else I wished, from pure affection, but that his followers would expect to be paid, and requested to know how many I required; how far they were to go, and what remuneration to receive. I replied that I was then too weary to discuss the matter, but would tell him in the

morning, and he retired. Either from exposure, or fatigue, or the effect of the water, one of the seamen was attacked with dysentery. I anxiously hoped that he would be better in the morning, for each one was now worth a host.

Our encampment was a romantic one. Above was the whirlpool; abreast, and winding below, glancing in the moonlight, was the silvery sheen of the river; and high up, on each side, were the ruined villages, whence the peaceful fellahin had been driven by the predatory robber. The whooping of the owl above, the song of the bulbul below, were drowned in the onward rush and deafening roar of the tumultuous waters.

We were now approaching the part of our route considered the most perilous, from the warlike character of the nomadic tribes it was probable we should encounter. It therefore behoved us to be vigilant;—and notwithstanding the land party had been nearly all day on horseback, and the boats' crews for a longer period in the water, the watches could not be dispensed with; and one officer and two men, for two hours at a time, kept guard around the camp, with the blunderbuss mounted for immediate use in front.

Every one lay down with his cartridge-belt on, and his arms beside him. It was the dearest wish of my heart to carry through this enterprise without bloodshed, or the loss of life; but we had to be prepared for the worst. Average width of river to-day, forty yards; depth from two and a half to six feet; descended nine rapids, three of them terrific ones. General course, E. S. E.; passed one island.

It was a bright moonlight night; the dew fell heavily, and the air was chilly. But neither the beauty of the night, the wild scene around, the bold hills, between which the river rushed and foamed, a cataract, nor moon-

light upon the ruined villages, nor tents pitched upon the shore, watch-fires blazing, and the Arab bard singing sadly to the sound of his rebabeh,* could, with all the spirit of romance, keep us long awake. With our hands upon our firelocks, we slept soundly; the crackle of the dry wood of the camp-fires, and the low sound of the Arab's song, mingling with our dreams; dreams, perchance, as pleasant as those of Jacob at Bethel; for, although our pillows were hard, and our beds the native earth, we were upon the brink of the sacred Jordan!

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*The rebabeh is shaped like a miniature spade, with a short handle; the lowest and widest part, covered with sheepskin on both sides, is about one inch thick and five wide. The ghoss (bow) is simply a bent stick, with horse-hair for strings. This instrument is, perhaps, a coarser specimen of the nokhara khana, which is played before the gateways of palaces in Persia.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM THE FALLS OF BŬK'AH TO FOURTH CAMPING PLACE ON THE JORDAN.

WEDNESDAY, April 12. Went out at daybreak this morning to look at the whirlpool and rapids, above and below the camp. My ankle feeling sore, from a sprain yesterday, I returned for a horse, and rode nearly down to where the Yermâk (ancient Hieromax) falls into the Jordan from the east, when I saw Sherîf coming rapidly towards me, on his spirited mare, and calling out, in an angry tone, to some Arabs, who, I now perceived, were approaching under cover of the bank. They turned back, and when he joined me he said nothing about them, but kept close by me the remainder of the ride. He ordered these people about as if he were a sovereign. During the ride, he was of great service in assisting me to gather flowers, of which there was a profusion; among them were the "bisbas," a yellow, and the bughûk, a crimson flower. The last like the mullen, except that each flower grows on a separate stem, branching out at the top, some distance from the main stalk. It was seven feet high, a miniature tree in blossom. The banks were fringed with the laurestinus, the oleander, the willow, and the tamarisk; and farther inland, on the slope of the second terrace, grew a small species of oak and the cedar. The arbutus (strawberry tree) was mingled with the flowers of the plain. From the banks to the elevated ridges, on either side, the grass and the flowers presented a surface of luxuriance and beauty.

Picked up some specimens of quartz and trap. The chain of transverse hills through which the Jordan forces its way, is most probably that which separates the Ardh el Hamma from the vale of Jezrael.

The tribes through whose territories we had passed thus far, as given to me by 'Akîl, were the Beshâtewa, one hour above and below the bridge of Semâkh, numbering two hundred fighting men; next, the 'Obeidîyeh, on both sides, one hour back from the river, mustering five hundred; and the Es Sŭkr, in whose territories we were now encamped, numbering three hundred warriors.

About three hours from this, on an eminence, at the foot of which flows the Yermâk, was Um Keis (the mother of ruins), the ancient Gadara. This place, restored by Pompey the Great, is said to contain magnificent ruins, in an extraordinary state of preservation. In its wonderful tombs, it is believed that the demoniac of the Gospel dwelt, when our Lord performed a miracle; and in its hot baths is laid the strange scene of incantation in the life of Iamblicus, where he is said to have called up the spirits of Eros and Anteros.*

As the hot baths indicated the existence of volcanic characters, which might throw light upon the geological structure of that region, I gave Dr. Anderson an escort, and directed him to diverge from the line of march, visit Um Keis, and rejoin us at the appointed place of rendezvous at night.

The trap continued on both sides, with occasional interruptions of limestone, sandstone, and conglomerate.

Lake Tiberias was but four hours distant, in a direct line; although we had been a day and a half on the river, so tortuous is its course, and so interrupted is its channel.

Before starting this morning, I sent for the elder sherîf

* Quarterly Review.

and 'Akīl, and told them, and desired them to repeat to the Emir, that we did not ask for, and would neither buy nor receive, protection:—that we were willing to pay for guides and provisions, and for all services rendered in descending the river, as well as for all damage we might occasion to weirs or mill-dams,—but for nothing more; and that the Emir and his guides would not be required beyond the limits of their territory. They said that we were perfectly right; but as the Emir had travelled to Tŭbarīyeh to welcome us, and, with his people, had since been very useful, suggested that a present should be made to him. This was reasonable; and the Emir received an āba and a kōofeeyah. Among other things, we had provided ourselves in Acre with articles of Arab wearing apparel for occasions like the present. In this country, it is usual to pay the followers of a sheikh for services in money; but to the sheikh himself, a present is made. With much other judicious advice, the Rev. Mr. Smith had in Beïrût cautioned me not to employ the Arabs of one tribe as guides through the territories of another.

The "Uncle Sam" foundered, notwithstanding all our exertions to keep her afloat. Built of wood, she was less elastic than our metallic boats, and the thumps upon the rocks which only indented the last, shattered her. Thus ended all our hopes of transporting the tents from place to place along the Dead Sea, and thereby protect the party from the dews of night. In every evil, however, there is an antidote, and we now had conclusive proof of the superior qualities of metallic boats for such service. Frame boats, constructed even in the strongest manner, would sooner or later have shared the fate of the "Uncle Sam."

Having reconnoitred in the morning from where the boats lay to the Yermâk, we went immediately after

breakfast to endeavour to bring the former down. With a lofty hill, the terminus of a lateral range on each side, there was no possibility of conveying them round the falls, and we had, therefore, to shoot them. The current was too strong to use the grapnel.

At 10.15 A. M., cast off and shot down the first rapid, and stopped to examine more closely a desperate-looking cascade of eleven feet. In the middle of the channel was a shoot at an angle of about sixty degrees, with a bold, bluff, threatening rock at its foot, exactly in the passage. It would therefore be necessary to turn almost at a sharp angle in descending, to avoid being dashed to pieces. This rock was on the outer edge of the whirlpool, which, a caldron of foam, swept round and round in circling eddies. Yet below were two fierce rapids, each about 150 yards in length, with the points of black rocks peering above the white and agitated surface. Below them again, within a mile, were two other rapids — longer, but more shelving and less difficult.

Fortunately a large bush was growing upon the left bank, about five feet up, where the wash of the water from above had formed a kind of promontory. By swimming across some distance up the stream, one of the men carried over the end of a rope and made it fast around the roots of the bush. The great doubt was whether the hold of the roots would be sufficient to withstand the strain, but there was no alternative. In order not to risk the men, I employed some of the most vigorous Arabs in the camp to swim by the side of the boats, and guide them, if possible, clear of danger. Landing the men, therefore, and tracking the Fanny Mason up stream, we shot her across, and gathering in the slack of the rope, let her drop to the brink of the cascade, where she fairly trembled and bent in the fierce strength of the sweeping current. It was a moment of intense anxiety.

The sailors had now clambered along the banks and stood at intervals below, ready to assist us if thrown from the boat and swept towards them. One man, with me in the boat, stood by the line; a number of naked Arabs were upon the rocks and in the foaming water gesticulating wildly, their shouts mingling with the noise of the boisterous rapids, and their dusky forms contrasting strangely with the effervescing flood, and four on each side, in the water, were clinging to the boat, ready to guide her clear of the threatening rock if possible.

The Fanny Mason, in the meanwhile, swayed from side to side of the mad torrent, like a frightened steed, straining the line which held her. Watching the moment when her bows were brought in the right direction, I gave the signal to let go the rope. There was a rush, a plunge, an upward leap, and the rock was cleared, the pool was passed, and, half full of water, with breathless velocity, we were swept safely down the rapid. Such screaming and shouting! the Arabs seemed to exult more than ourselves. It was in seeming only, they were glad; but we were grateful. Two of the Arabs lost their hold and were carried far below us, but were rescued with a slight injury to one of them.

It was exactly twelve o'clock when we cleared the cascade. Mr. Aulick soon followed in the "Fanny Skinner," and by his skill and coolness passed down in perfect safety.

Stopping sufficiently long to give the men and the Arabs who had assisted us some warm coffee, we started again at .45 P. M., and at one o'clock had completed the descent of the third rapid to-day. Hard work for all hands.

At 1.45, passed down the fourth fall and a shelving rapid of one third of a mile. Hauled over to the right bank, just above a shelving rapid, with a yet more ugly

sheer at an abrupt angle, and waited for the "Fanny Skinner." Sent for the arms, and gave directions for the caravan to proceed to Jîsr el Mejâmiá (bridge of place of meeting), about three miles distant by land, but much farther, and far more difficult, by the river. It was represented by our friends as the only place where the caravan and boats could meet that night, and where, in the opinion of Sherîf, yet greater difficulties awaited us.

Gathered some geological specimens, and afterwards, as our awnings, sails, &c., had been left in the camp to lighten the boats, and the sun was beginning to warm up, I took shelter under an oleander bush in full bloom. But its fragrance above (for the oleander is here fragrant) scarce compensated for the annoyance of the insects beneath it. Soon, from sheer fatigue, I fell asleep, and was awakened by the sun shining full upon me. We here saw some wire-grass for the first time. The water had a sweet taste.

At 2.30, the caravan passed about a mile off, a camel being detached towards us with our arms. When it came up, as all the arms had been packed away, I imprudently consented to let them be carried back to the caravan, taking out only a few weapons that were convenient. At 3.15, saw the caravan again, creeping along the crest of the high hills to the southward, in an extended and picturesque line. There is no road;—in other words, no camel or mule track.

At 3.50, the "Fanny Skinner" came down, and we descended the fourth rapid, rounding back from W. S. W. to S. E. by S. in a distance of ninety yards. 4 P. M., shot the equally circuitous but less difficult rapid below.

At 4.20, passed the mouth of the Yermâk (Hieromax), forty yards wide, with moderate current, its centre bearing E. ½ S. 4.22, passed an island twelve feet high, covered with grass and weeds. 4.48, a small island—

river very rapid—abreast of this island was the most perilous part of our passage, owing to great velocity of current, about twelve miles an hour, and some sunken rocks, one of which we escaped by about two inches.

At 4.32, stopped to examine a bend of the river. 4.45, rounded the bend, a bold, precipitous cliff on the left, a flat peninsula on the right, covered with luxuriant grass and weeds—some resembling the cheat, and others the timothy. At 4.55, a very steep and tumultuous rapid. On hands and knees I climbed an almost perpendicular hill-side to examine for a passage. The hill-side and summit were thickly clothed with grass and flowers, which rendered it very slippery to climb.

The hill was about three hundred feet high, and the view from the summit wild and peculiar. The high alluvial terraces on each side were everywhere shaped by the action of the winter rains into a number of conical hills, some of them pyramidal and cuniform, presenting the appearance of a giant encampment, so perfectly tent-like were their shapes. This singular configuration extends southward as far as the eye can reach. At intervals I caught a glimpse of the river in its graceful meanderings, sometimes glittering like a spear-head through an opening in the foliage of its banks, and again, clasping some little island with its shining arms, or, far away, snapping with the fierceness and white foam of a torrent by some projecting point.

Fortunately there were some bushes on the right bank, which determined me to attempt the descent. Bearing the boats as far down as we could hold them against the current, we fastened the end of a rope to a bush and lowered them down to near its end; then sheering in shore, fastened the rope to another bush, lowered away, and dropped through one of the most frightful rapids we had yet encountered. It was near sunset when both

boats had accomplished the passage, and it became necessary in so wild a country to make every exertion to reach our friends, for we had but one carbine and three pistols with us.

After shooting two more slight rapids, we came, at 6.15, in sight of Jîsr Mejâmiá (bridge of the place of meeting), above which we landed on the right shore, and ascended the cliff to examine the fall and rapid immediately below.

A ruined khan crowned the crest of the hill, at the foot of which large masses of volcanic rock or tufa were lying about, as if shaken from the solid mass by the spasm of an earthquake. The khan had evidently been a solid structure and destroyed by some convulsion, so scattered were the thick and ponderous masses of masonry. The bridge gracefully spans the river at this point. It has one large and three smaller Saracenic arches below, and six smaller ones above them, four on the east and two on the west side. The river, deep, narrow, and impetuous, flows through the larger arch and immediately branches,—the left arm rushing down a nearly perpendicular fall of about eight feet, and scarce a boat's length ahead encounters the bold rock of the eastern bank, which deflects it sharply to the right. The right branch, winding by an island in the centre, and spreading over a great space, is shallow and breaks over a number of rocks.

Above and below the bridge and in the bed of the river are huge blocks of trap and conglomerate; and almost immediately opposite is a great fissure exposing perpendicular layers of basalt, the structure distinct, black, and porous. Upon the left bank, which is about sixty feet above the river, a short distance up, were twenty or thirty black Bedawin tents, with a number of camels grazing around,—the men seated in groups—the women, the drudges of each tribe, passing to and fro, busied appa-

rently in culinary preparations, and near them some children playing. We decided to try the right branch, for we dreaded these ugly leaps.

In some instances during the day the rapids had been perfect cataracts, down which the boats plunged with such velocity as to drive them over the rocks below, upon which they would otherwise have rested, from the shallowness of the water.

At 6.24, resumed the oars, shot through the main arch and down about two hundred yards of the descent to the right, when it becoming too dark, hauled to the bank and made fast for the night. Took everything out of the boats and proceeded with the crews to the camp, about a quarter of a mile below. Our main course had been S. S. W., but the river was very serpentine. We descended three very threatening and four less difficult rapids. The only tributary passed was the Yermâk, coming in from the east, as wide and as deep nearly as the Jordan. The current was very rapid, averaging eight miles per hour.

Our tents were pitched upon a small promontory, commanding a fine view of the ruined khan and the bridge, with the river dashing and foaming through its arch. Directly in front, the river, filled with fragmentary rocks, is quite wide, and, separating into several channels, forms some small sedgy islands, where snipe were flitting about, and discordant frogs were croaking.

The bridge is on the road from Nabulus, through Beísàn, to Damascus. The second place, now in ruins, was the Bethsean of the Bible and Scythopolis of the Greeks. Saul and his three sons, after the defeat of Mount Gilboa, threw themselves upon their swords, and their bodies were exposed from the walls of this town.

"Mejâmiá" means "place of meeting." Can this be the place called by Jacob, "Mahanaim" (place of meeting), where the angels of God met him?

At noon to-day the thermometer stood at 90° in the shade. The elder sherîf (who by way of distinction we call *the* sherîf) and 'Akîl frequently visited us in our tent. The former was our counsellor, sagacious and prudent; the latter was the bold warrior and the admirable scout. On the march, it was said that he contrived to get a sight of the boats when no one else could. We never tired of the company of this graceful savage. Altogether, he was the most perfect specimen of manhood we had seen. Looking at his fine face, almost effeminate in its regularity of feature, who would imagine that he had been the stern leader of revolt, and that his laughing, careless eye had ever glanced from his stronghold on the hill upon the Pasha's troops in the plain, meditating slaughter in their ranks and booty from the routed Turk; or searched the ravines and the hill-sides, the wady and the valley, for the lurking fellahin and their herds? That arm which, in its easy and graceful position, seemed almost nerveless, had wielded the scimitar with fatal strength; and *he*, seemingly so mild, had successfully led a small but desperate band against the authority of the sultan, and forced the governor of Acre to treat with him, and purchase the security of the district with a high office and the crimson pelisse of honour.

'Akîl did not excel in physical qualities alone; his intelligence was far above mediocrity; and although a barbarian, he had much of the manners and feelings of a gentleman. Indeed, we had never seen manners more courtly, or an address more winning, than his. Sherîf was the Nestor, and 'Akîl the Achilles, of our camp.

When 'Akîl was this evening asked why he did not settle down on some of the fertile lands in his district, and no longer live on pillage, his reply was, "Would you have me disgrace myself, and till the ground like one of the fellahin?"

When I told him that many of our most eminent men were tillers of the ground, his smile was more of a contemptuous one than we had ever seen upon his handsome features. This genuine barbarian owned a small pistol, which he has been known to give loaded to his children for a plaything.

We were all fatigued, and retired early to our hard but welcome beds. The moon was almost at her full, and the same wild scene of Arabs' tents, tethered horses, and watch-fires, with the strange, monotonous, song of the Bedawin bard, formed a repetition of last night's romance. Early in the evening, Dr. Anderson returned.* In the

* The following is an extract from Dr. Anderson's notes of his visit to the ruins of Gadara:—

"At 9.15 A. M., left to visit Um Keis. Trap exposed at the banks of the Jordan. Ascended the plain on the east side, in a south-easterly direction at first. Crossed the Sheriat el Mandur, by a bridge in good preservation, called Jisr el Ahmar. The sides of the stream rocky and water-worn —trap, with basaltic fissures. Water running with rapid current. Occasionally cascades.

" 10.15. Apparently in the middle of the great plain. The view down the Ghor is uninterrupted. Atmosphere very clear. Hermon seen on right of the north end of the Ghor.

" 10.50. Had crossed the great plain (terrace?). The southern extremity of the Ghor bears S. 30° W. The shores of the Dead Sea faintly visible. The surface of the plain a brown, loamy soil. Vegetation very rank.

" 11.02. Half-way up the bluff, on the east side of the Jordan, limestone and trap.

" 11.15. On the plain, near the summit. View of Lake Tiberias and town.

" 11.19. Saw on right of road two fallen columns, formed of a conglo merate rock.

" 11.30. On right of Wâdy el 'Arab, many *Bŭtm* trees (Pistacia terebinthus).

"The guides brought me here, frequent specimens of esculent roots, having, the most of them, a not unpleasant taste. One of these is the root of a plant resembling the burdock, which they called rejâteh. It tastes something like a young and very tender radish, without its pungency.

forenoon, the weather was warm; towards noon it clouded up and looked like rain, but in the evening, cleared away and was pleasant.

We are in the land of Issachar, that of Gad still opposite.

There is another, resembling this, called the harfîsh, tasting a little like the green stalks of young celery, but more juicy and less aromatic.

"11.53. Fairly on the summit-plain, which extends horizontally for miles around. The rock is trap, the soil good. Our course was here, E. 15° N. Cultivated fields of barley.

"11.56. Um Keis in sight, east of us, a mile or more distant.

"12.10. The road runs east; then, 12.12, E. S. E. for seven minutes; then east again.

"12.20. A number of broken and fallen columns on the right of the road. Some of conglomerate, some of trap.

"Before us, a descent of no great depth, and the ruins on the slope east of it.

"12.26. Um Keis. No inhabitants—no habitable buildings.

"The remains of Gadara occupy an eminence, with an inconsiderable valley on the west side, and a steeper and deeper one on the north. The ground southwardly inclines, with some undulations, towards the Wâdy el 'Arab.

"The descent on the north is determined by the Wâdy el Yarmâk. The ruins comprise a spacious area, covered with many broken columns, &c., a large theatre, a smaller inclosure, and a necropolis.

"The walls may be traced very distinctly on the west side of the great area, and less obviously on the east. The main part of the miscellaneous ruins lies north of the theatre. With some difficulty, I could refer the fragments to distinct buildings, and distinguish passages, which may have been determined by lanes or streets.

"The columns are principally of Haurân basalt, rudely sculptured, a few still standing on their original pedestals; some are of a calcareous conglomerate, brought from the neighbouring hills. Towards the N. E., I observed a few sarcophagi. The ruins here are so buried in weeds and brambles, that it is not easy to make them out.

"The theatre has the form of a half-oval, the longer semi-axis running nearly east and west,—opening on the west. The short diameter, or breadth of the edifice, measured inside of the inclosure, is about eighty feet; including the inclosure, about 120 feet.

"The long semi-diameter, reckoning from the rear of the seats to the

Thursday, April 13. Hearing that Muhammed Pasha, military governor of the district of Nabulus, was encamped in the Valley of Esdraelon (Jezrael?), a short distance from Beîsan, I sent Lieutenant Dale, this morning, to call upon him. I considered this a becoming mark of respect;

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middle of the open part, is little short of the interior breadth. Fifteen steps, or seats, separated at the fifth by one much higher than the others, ascend from the arena to the platform of the inclosing walls.

"At the upper edge of each step is a cornice of several inches in breadth. Every part of this building appears to have been constructed of the Haurân basalt, which, though porous, is of a very firm texture. The seats are interrupted by five passages, converging towards the centre of the open space below. Beside these adits are the remains of two others, corresponding with the western base.

"Exterior to the seats are three concentric walls, furnishing a covered corridor of eighteen or twenty feet width within, and an outer opening occupied by staircases ascending to the upper gallery on a level with the hinder seats. The lower lobbies are arched, where necessary, with circular arches formed of large blocks. On the walls of these passages I observed frequently single letters of the Roman alphabet, with several stones marked with Arabic numerals, and not unfrequently stars, crosses, and other symbolic characters of different creeds and times.

"I was told that the warm springs were about an hour and a half distant, towards the N. E. The necessity of returning before night obliged me reluctantly to give up the idea of going to them. They have been described by Irby and Mangles, Seetzen and Buckingham.

"From the brow of the hill there is a fine view of nearly the entire lake of Tiberias, including the valley of the Hieromax in the foreground, and Mount Hermon in the distance.

"4.40 P. M. We descended into the Ghor by the path we had taken in going up; but, in crossing the plain, struck a course south of the morning track, towards a point where we expected to find the camp. The trap was again traceable in fragments, gradually diminishing in size until within a half hour's ride of the Jordan. On the eastern cliff, south, if I remember, of the Wâdy el'Arab, I was shown the village of Sidum'âd, where a few fellahîn, by the payment of an annual tribute, still maintained themselves against the encroachments of the nomad tribes. Along the higher hills, far inwardly, might be seen two or three clusters of black tents, belonging to the Bedawin of Es Serû. Down the Ghor, as far as the eye could reach, a forest of weeds and thistles draw from the teeming soil a sustenance that

for, except Sa'id Bey, the Turkish officers have been very civil to us.

Although it threatened rain yesterday, this morning's sky was cloudless. After much labour we succeeded in getting the boats down the rapids uninjured, except a few indentations in the bilge, and got on board the arms and instruments. At 9.30, started at the same time with the caravan. As we would to-day reach the utmost limits of cultivation, and approach the lower Ghor — a perfect desert, traversed by warlike tribes, — Sherîf warned me to be prepared. I therefore mounted the blunderbuss on the bows of the Fanny Mason. Formidable it must have looked, with its gaping mouth, pointed down stream, and threatening slugs and bullets to all opponents.

At 10.40, came to an ugly rapid, a long, thatched hut on the right bank. Notwithstanding all our efforts, the Fanny Mason struck and broached-to, broadside on, against the rocks beneath the surface, and was thrown upon her bilge, taking in a quantity of water. For some moments, I feared that she would go to pieces; but, all hands jumping overboard, her combined strength and buoyancy carried her safely over. On the first heights of the Ghor, to the eastward, is the village Sidum'âd; and the village Jum'ah, on the western bank. At 9.40, passed the village of Kaukab el Hauma, visible to the west, on a lofty height, which presents trap-rock with

might have fed the half of Palestine. It was too plain that we had reached a land where property was a crime.

"6. The descent from the upper terrace of the Ghor to the present valley of the Jordan is here a gradual one. Very near the stream a more sudden change of level is apparent, but there was nothing to prevent our coming down to the bridge El Mejâmi'ah at a gallop. On both sides of the river the polygonal structure of the rock is very remarkable, and we passed for several hundred yards over the uncovered heads of enormous vertical prisms of columnar basalt. The upper surface was excessively rough and uneven."

fissures. 10.12, a rapid. At 11.02, we heard a small tributary falling in, from S. E. by E., but, owing to the thicket, could not see it. A village in sight on a hill far to S. E.

There are evidently two terraces to the Jordan, and through the lowest one, the river runs its labyrinthine course. From the stream, above the immediate banks, there is, on each side, a singular terrace of low hills, like truncated cones; the upper terrace of which I have spoken; which is but the bluff terminus of an extended table-land, reaching quite to the base of the mountains of Hauran on the east, and the high hills on the western side. Their peculiarity of form is attributable, perhaps, to the washing of rain through a long series of years. The hill-sides presented the appearance of chalk, without the slightest vestige of vegetation, and were absolutely blinding, from the reverberated sunlight.

At times we would be perfectly becalmed, the trees and bushes which lined the banks intercepting the light air that came down from the mountains;—when, even at this early season, the heat would be intense; and the birds, ceasing to sing, hid themselves among the foliage, from which even the noise we made could not startle them.

There is nothing more vivid than the impression made by such scenes—the stillness of an untrodden wilderness, when "the slightest sound makes an onslaught upon silence,"—a silence rarely broken, except by the noise of the far-distant rapid, which comes upon the ear like the wind when it sweeps the dry leaves of autumn before it.

On one of these occasions, when the stream was shadowed by the graceful oleander, the low, drooping willow and the fern-like tamarisk, and a stillness audible prevailed, we were swept sharply round the base of a high barren bluff, towards the opposite shore, when it became

necessary to pull out again into the channel. In so doing, the water-worn banks distinctly echoed the steady beat of the oars in the rullocks; but it was soon after lost in the hoarse murmur of the rapid we were approaching, which went surging over the shallows in its burly, blustering course.

At 11.20, passed an island about a quarter of a mile long, with many trees upon it. A singular gap in the mountains to the southward.

Heretofore the course of the river had varied to every quarter of the compass, but to-day it preserved a more southerly direction. The prevailing growth upon the banks were the ghurrah (like the aspen), the tûrfa (tamarisk), sifsaf (willow), and difleh (oleander). The principal flowers had been the bisbâs (yellow), and the baghûk (a crimson one).

At 11.25, Castle Kaukab (star), the Belvoir of the crusaders, bore W. by N. Soon after reached Zor el Basha, the territories of the tribe el Gaurîneh (Emir Nassir's), occupying two hours on the banks of the river, and numbering three hundred fighting men. 11.40, stopped to take observations for the latitude.

There were many wild pigeons flying about, some of them very large. At 12.09, started again; passed two successive but slight rapids, with many trees in the stream. 12.30, stopped to rest in a grove of tamarisk; the weather becoming warmer every day. We were changing our climate in a twofold manner, by descent and by progress southward. We found here the "derukma," a pleasant tasted vegetable, with flat seeds growing at the extremities of the branches. The seeds are the parts eaten. We also found the ghŭmsilân, a root resembling a parsnep, of a pale-brown colour; it is not edible; and sûfân, a dry, brown fungus, adhering to a tree.

2 P. M. Started again, the river becoming serpentine--

course, all round the compass. A great many Arabs on the shore, who ran after us, shouting loudly. They were the subjects of the Emir. Some Arab women on a high hill to the left. The river thirty-five yards wide, six feet deep, gravelly bottom; current, five knots. 2.18, four Arabs in sight; current strong but unobstructed. 2.39, remarkably smooth but rapid descent. 2.41, river very serpentine, five feet deep; a beautiful strip of variegated sands and marls; passed a wady, or dry ravine, on the right. 2.46, course S. W. to W. by N., thick canes and thistles; water appeared to have fallen two feet within the last day or two; steady descent. 2.58, the land ahead worn into small mounds; we saw a beautiful land-bird—brown body, white wings tipped with black, and a white ring round the neck, and at root of tail. Large rolled stones on the banks, alternating with clay and sand.

For the last hour, we had seen no rocks. At 3.15, a small rapid, the river running from left to right, across the valley. On the right, a round point with an Arab encampment upon it, the population in an uproar; men, women, and children shouting, and running down to the landing-place; passed a small island just below.

At 3.15, a long reach in the river; the first straight line we have seen in its entire course, thus far. Passed the territory of the tribe Es Sŭkr el Ghor, 500 fighting men. There were large ghurrah trees on each side. They are like the aspen, and are said to bear a juicy, sweet-flavoured fruit. There were many birds on shore, and several fish-hawk (hedda) flying about. At 6.10, a cluster of small islands; and at 6.30, a number of short turns in the river. Saw 'Akīl, our tutelary genius, on the summit of a high bank. Brought-to for the night, and secured the boats. The banks were high and precipitous, but guarded in some measure from the erosive

action of the swift current by the gnarled roots of the trees and the thicket growth along the bluff. Just above and below this spot, which was selected for our camping-ground, the river describes a series of frantic curvilinears, and returns in a contrary direction to its main course, thus forming a peninsula; and the isthmus, now rapidly wearing away on both sides, bids fair speedily to become an island. The boats were secured to the right bank, thirty feet below the summit. We have descended to-day three large and seven small rapids; general course, S. by E. We passed one small stream coming in from south-east, and four small islands. The river averaged forty-five yards width, four feet deep, and five knots current.

We were yet in Galilee, in the land of Issachar; opposite was Gilead, the land of Gad. The caravan started with us this morning, 'Akīl and his scouts acting as guides. As far as the eye could reach, the plain extended before them; the course of the river distinctly distinguishable in some of its mazes and graceful sinuosities, and again hidden by some bold bluff or conical hill, at the base of which it turned abruptly, and left them in doubt whether it flowed north, east, south, or west.

They first passed some cultivated patches of wheat and barley, even at this early season looking ripe, and nearly ready for the harvest. Who would reap them? Not a human being was in the scope of vision; nor tent, nor hut, nor sight of human dwelling. There was no sound, save the rush of the river and the noise of the wind, as it swept over the nodding grain—a yellow sea! where light seemed chasing shadows as the breeze passed over. And yet, the hands that planted would come to reap them in the season,—if not anticipated by the spoiler. The wheat and the barley would fall before the sickle, and the hands of the gleaner be busy in the steps of the reaper; the

tents would be spread by the river-side, and the young and the old, the strong and the feeble, the youth and the young girl, would be abroad in those silent fields. And when the sheaves are bound with the withes, and the unmuzzled ox has trodden out the golden grain, or the threshing sledge has been trailed round the slippery croft, and the light wind has winnowed the uptossed wheat,—then, all their wealth close reaped and gleaned, once more, upon their waste, unsheltered fields, will settle silence and the desert heat.

The first hour of their journey, which was through a most beautiful tract of alluvial, the country was entirely destitute of cultivation; nothing but a rank luxuriance of thistles and wild grass indicating the natural productiveness of the soil. The variety of thorns and thistles was remarkable.

Along the banks of the river ran a singular terrace of low hills, in shape like truncated cones, which extended quite to the base of the mountains.

From thistles and wild grass, they advanced into utter barrenness and desolation; the soil presenting the appearance of chalk, without the slightest vegetation. Around, and quite near, were large flocks of storks, walking with exceeding vanity, and in no manner alarmed or disconcerted; some even stood on one leg, in quiet contemplation of the unusual spectacle which the caravan presented.

At one time, they stopped to rest; and, seated in the wilderness, the fierce sun beat upon their heads, and glittered on the barrels of their guns, until they became painful to sight and touch. Not a tree, nor a shelter from the heat, in that vast plain! but up from the parched and blasted earth went streaming, like visible air, the waving, heated atmosphere; and the whole extent of land, to the deep-rooted hills in the purple distance, was quivering with the heat.

Starting afresh, a short ride brought them once more near the banks of the river, down to which they turned their horses. It was almost impossible to restrain the thirsty brutes. At the sight and sound of the flowing river, they dashed down the slope, plunged through the thicket, and, standing mid-leg in the stream, thrust in their heads to the very eyes, and drank till their whole frame shook with the action.

The day was considerably advanced when they came in sight of an encampment of black tents. Diverging from their line of march, they ascended the steep bank to an elevated plain, upon which the encampment stood. Several of the tribe came to meet them, bearing the tufted spear, which indicates the sheikh himself or some of his sons. Dismounting, they entered the tent pointed out to them, where mats were spread, and coffee and pipes in readiness, indicating an expectation of their arrival.

"Pottle-bellied children," with hair unkempt and streaming in a scalp-lock (the rest of the head close-shaven), naked as cherubim in a church picture, were rolling on the grass and performing other gambols peculiar to that tender age. Soon after, the old men and the Badawîyeh (female Bedawin), their palms and finger-nails tinged with henna, and their cheeks and lips tattooed purple by the kholl powder, came forth to look upon and wonder at the Franks. Some of the young girls would have been pretty, were it not for the disfiguring tattoo, which gave the lips an appearance almost revolting, from its resemblance to the livid hue of death. Some of the young men of the tribe were cast in as soft and delicate a mould as manhood is susceptible of, without leaning to effeminacy. The brother of the Emir was a perfect Antinöus, with Hyperian locks and Apollonian limbs, who, however, thought more of his personal beauty than became a brave, and the brother of a warlike sheikh.

The encampment consisted of some thirty or forty of those peculiarly constructed tents, made of coarse cloth of goats' hair. They were supported by a row of poles in the centre (for they are not shaped like the ordinary tent), the sides slightly inclined and hauled out by ropes which are pinned to the ground. In shape they resemble somewhat an oblong shed, and are, generally speaking, miserable substitutes for a shelter or dwelling.

The little cup (for they had but one, apparently) having been artistically cleansed by the thumb of the attendant Ganymede, and presented to each in turn (the Franks, as guests, having the precedence), the coffee it contained being a concentrated essence of that luxury, pipes were offered, and then having, as usual, submitted to be stared at, and their arms handled about and inspected as if they were at muster, water was brought and poured upon their hands from a very equivocal water-jar, after which followed the repast. A large wooden bowl of pilau (boiled rice, liberally larded with rancid butter) constituted this pastoral banquet; the enjoyment of which could not be attained through the medium of fork or spoon, but demanded a kind of scientific conversion of the hands and fingers into these civilized conveniences.

An hour's ride thence brought them to the end of the plain, or tabular summit of the low range of sand-hills upon which the encampment they had visited was situated. Here descending the precipitous hill to the plain or terrace below, they came once more upon the banks of the Jordan. Numerous black tents occupied the green and richly cultivated plain, or were scattered here and there, close to the river bluff, half hidden by the pale green willow and the deeper shadow of the tamarisk. Here they pitched the tents and waited for the boats — the whole population crowding round them in speechless admiration of all that transpired.

Camp E. by N. from Beîsan, which was two hours distant.

With the interpreter, Mr. Ameuny, and the Arab escort, Mr. Dale had started at an early hour to call upon Muhammed Pasha. The banks of the Jordan, he reports, are divided into two regular steps or terraces, one on each side, before reaching the mountains: 1st, a flat through which the river winds, and 2d, an elevated plain. After passing a deep ravine, he came upon the Emir's wheat fields, which covered the sloping plain to Beîsan; the soil a rich marl.

Following the wady (ravine) towards Beîsan, he came to quite a large stream, issuing directly from the base of a hill, with a solitary palm-tree near it; the first tree of any kind he saw on the elevated plain. The flat, however, was covered with trees. This spring forms an oasis, and is called Ain és Sauda, the black spring.

Instead of passing through the ruins of Beîsan, he went north, about a mile distant from them. He then came in sight of a magnificent valley, filled with the Pasha's tents, and a thousand horses, all picketed out to graze.

Muhammed Pasha, a fat Osmanlie, received him frankly and kindly. He said he was about to move his command (one thousand Turkish cavalry), for the purpose of chastising a band of bad Arabs to the southward, but had delayed his march on our account, for fear of exasperating them to some attack upon us. He gave him coffee, pipes, and oranges, and insisted upon sending ten horsemen to accompany the expedition through the dangerous territory.

It was a magnificent sight, the camp and war-horses spread over this beautiful plain of Jezrael, a branch of Esdraelon.

After a long talk about European affairs, in which the

interpreter endeavoured, quite in vain, to explain to him the beauties of republicanism, Mr. Dale took his departure, and rode through the ancient city of Scythopolis, or Beîsan. There were acres of building-stone, old walls, a theatre, &c., in good preservation. A few columns still stood in the valleys. Most of the present buildings appeared to be Saracenic, mills and khans. On the summit was a large fortress-looking building, the court now converted into a cow-yard by the Arabs, who have formed a village round it. He then descended to the plains, passing through two or three collections of black tents, the possessions of the Emir Nassir.

I regretted that the Pasha had sent the horsemen, for their presence would tend more, perhaps, to endanger than to aid us; but, as it was meant in kindness, it would have seemed rude to send them immediately back, particularly as the march of the Turkish detachment had been delayed on our account. But the presence of the horsemen increased my anxiety: the sight of them might exasperate the Arabs, and I had no faith in their courage or fidelity.

The Emir insisted upon our dining with him this evening, and would take no denial. It was decided that a part should go, and a part remain to guard the camp. At 5, the former set out to partake of the wild Arab's hospitality in his black tent. These tents, as I have said, are nothing but strips of black cloth, made of goats' hair, put up hut-fashion, and opening in front. This cloth is coarse and porous, but is said to swell when wet, and thus become impervious to the rain.

When we arrived at their encampment, an Arab woman screamed out and wept bitterly at the sight of 'Akīl. In him she recognised the murderer of her husband, in a foray the previous year. If 'Akīl felt remorse, as he certainly must have done, he possessed too much

of the stoicism of the savage to let it become apparent.

Great was the Emir's delight at our visit, and more particularly at the honour of receiving a lineal descendant of the Prophet in his tent. He exhibited his flocks of sheep, his cows (the first we had seen on the Jordan), his goats, his camels, and little dirty objects which he called his children. There was the children's pet, a beautiful young camel, three months old, white as drifted snow, with hair soft and fleece-like as wool.

At sunset, a young man wearing a white turban, probably a mŭllah (or teacher), spread his sheep-skin jacket upon the ground, and stood up and called the faithful to prayer. The Sherîf and four others formed a line behind the mŭllah, who led the recitations. While going through their prostrations, like a file of soldiers, the others were talking as usual.

To add to the scene, the file of horsemen sent by the Pasha, on their way to our camp, arrived in time to partake of our dinner, just then brought in. It consisted of an enormous wooden bowl, filled with a stew of mutton and rice for the Arabs, and a smaller one for ourselves. The sheep had been killed and dressed immediately in front of the tent. All ate with their hands,—the Arabs gathering up small balls of unctuous rice, and fairly cramming it into their mouths. The ogre prince was the most voracious of all, and, instead of Guzzawy, should be called Guzzle-away. Hungry as we were, it was impossible to eat; for, although a separate bowl was placed before us, we had seen the poor sheep killed, and had misgivings of the cleanliness of the cook. The most we could do, was to affect to eat.

It was a wild sight after dark, to see groups of these ragged Ghuarîneh seated, in front of the encampment, around a blazing fire.

It was a soft, clear night, and the dew fell heavily in the mid-watch; and the bulbul sang a low, plaintive song in the myrtle thicket, and the sentinels walked to and fro upon the bank, which was wearing away beneath them.

"Hark! their heedless feet from under,
Drop the crumbling banks for ever;
Like echoes to a distant thunder,
They fall into the gushing river."

"Some gentle thing has heard their tread," for there was the sound of wings, and a quick, shrill cry, growing fainter and fainter in the distance. This sweet hour of romance was broken in upon by the most appalling sounds:— "To arms! to arms!" What is it? Dr. Anderson's horse has made a foray upon his unsuspicious enemies.

CHAPTER X.

FROM FOURTH CAMP ON THE JORDAN TO THE FORD OF SEK'Â.

FRIDAY, April 14. A beautiful morning; but several of us quite sick. Took leave of the caravan for the day, and, with Sherîf and the Emir, descended to the boats by the aid of the gnarled and tangled roots which protruded from the face of the bank; and, with a "push off," "let fall," and "give way," we shot into the current, and swept away before the eyes of the wondering Ghaurîneh. Their astonishment at beholding our boats, and our strange appearance, had in it something extremely ludicrous. On rising at an early hour this morning (for we were generally up and stirring long before the lagging sun), we found the whole bank lined with these wondering barbarians, who were lying at full length upon the bluff, with their heads projecting over the bank, and looking upon the floating wonders beneath; turning, from time to time, to regard the race to whom belonged such rare inventions, such famous mechanism, as boats and six-barrel revolvers.

The boats had little need of the oars to propel them, for the current carried us along at the rate of from four to six knots an hour, the river, from its eccentric course, scarcely permitting a correct sketch of its topography to be taken. It curved and twisted north, south, east, and west, turning, in the short space of half an hour, to every quarter of the compass,—seeming as if desirous to prolong its luxuriant meanderings in the calm and silent valley, and

reluctant to pour its sweet and sacred waters into the accursed bosom of the bitter sea.

For hours in their swift descent the boats floated down in silence, the silence of the wilderness. Here and there were spots of solemn beauty. The numerous birds sang with a music strange and manifold; the willow branches were spread upon the stream like tresses, and creeping mosses and clambering weeds, with a multitude of white and silvery little flowers, looked out from among them; and the cliff swallow wheeled over the falls, or went at his own wild will darting through the arched vistas, shadowed and shaped by the meeting foliage on the banks; and, above all, yet attuned to all, was the music of the river, gushing with a sound like that of shawms and cymbals.

There was little variety in the scenery of the river to-day. The stream sometimes washed the bases of the sandy hills, and at other times meandered between low banks, generally fringed with trees and fragrant with blossoms. Some points presented views exceedingly picturesque — the mad rushing of a mountain torrent, the song and sight of birds, the overhanging foliage and glimpses of the mountains far over the plain, and here and there a gurgling rivulet pouring its tribute of crystal water into the now muddy Jordan. The western shore was peculiar, from the high calcareous limestone hills, which form a barrier to the stream when swollen by the efflux of the sea of Galilee during the winter and early spring; while the left or eastern bank was low, and fringed with tamarisk and willow, and occasionally a thicket of lofty cane, and tangled masses of shrubs and creeping plants, giving it the character of a jungle. At one place, we saw the fresh track of a tiger on the low clayey margin, where he had come to drink. At another time, as we passed his lair, a wild boar started with a

savage grunt and dashed into the thicket; but, for some moments, we traced his pathway by the shaking cane and the crashing sound of broken branches.

The birds were numerous, and at times, when we issued from the shadow and silence of a narrow and verdure-tented part of the stream into an open bend, where the rapids rattled and the light burst in, and the birds sang their wildwood song, it was, to use a simile of Mr. Bedlow, like a sudden transition from the cold, dull-lighted hall where gentlemen hang their hats, into the white and golden saloon, where the music rings and the dance goes on.

The hawk, upon the topmost branch of a blighted tree, moved not at our approach, but

> "Stood with the down on his beak,
> And stared with his foot on the prey;"

and the veritable nightingale ceased not *her* song, for she made day night in her covert among the leaves; and the bulbul, whose sacred haunts we disturbed when the current swept us among the overhanging boughs, but chirrupped her surprise, calmly winged her flight to another sprig, and continued her interrupted melodies.

Unable to obtain one alive, we startled the solitude of the wilderness with a gun-shot, and secured the body of a brown-breasted, scarlet-headed and crimson-winged bird, the eastern bulbul. The Arabs call a pretty bird a bulbul, but Sherîf, who was with me in the boat, insisted upon it that it was the specific name of the bird we had killed. We were less successful with others of the feathered race, for although the sharp crack of the rifle and the louder report of the carbine awoke the echoes of the Jordan wilds, no other trophy than this unhappy bulbul could be produced when we met at night. The gentle creatures seemed each to bear a charmed life, for

when we fired at them, they would spread their wings unhurt, and dart into the thick and tangled brushwood, and burst forth again in song from a more hidden covert; or sometimes just rise into the air and wheel above the broken sprig, or torn leaf, to settle once more as calmly as if the noise which had startled them were but the familiar sound of the breaking of a dried branch, or the plunge of a fragment of the soil from the water-worn banks into the current below.

Our course down the stream was with varied rapidity. At times we were going at the rate of from three to four knots the hour, and again we would be swept and hurried away, dashing and whirling onward with the furious speed of a torrent. At such moments there was excitement, for we knew not but that the next turn of the stream would plunge us down some fearful cataract, or dash us on the sharp rocks which might lurk unseen beneath the surface.

For the reasons I have before stated, the Fanny Mason always took the lead, and warned the Fanny Skinner when danger was to be shunned or encountered. When the sound of a rapid was distinct and near, the compass and the note-book were abandoned, and, motioning to the Fanny Skinner to check her speed, our oars began to move like the antennæ of some giant insect, to sweep us into the swiftest, which is ever the deepest, part of the current; when it caught us, the boat's crew and our Arab friend Jŭmâh (Friday) leaped into the angry stream, accoutred as they were, and, clinging to her sides, assisted in guiding the graceful Fanny down the perilous descent. In this manner she was whirled on, driving between rocks and shallows with a force that made her bend and quiver like a rush in a running stream;—then, shooting her through the foam and the turmoil of the basin below, where, in the seething and effervescing

water, she spun and twirled, the men leaped in, and, with oars and rudder, she was brought to an eddying cove, from whence, by word and gesture, she directed her sister Fanny through the channel.

Beyond these interruptions, the river flowed broad and deep, yet maintaining much of the features of a torrent.

Many islands, some fairy-like, and covered with a luxuriant vegetation, others mere sand-bars and sedimentary deposits, intercepted the course of the river, but were beautiful features in the general monotony of the shores. The regular and almost unvaried scene of high banks of alluvial deposit and sand-hills on the one hand, and the low swamp-like shore, covered to the water's edge with the tamarisk, the willow, and the thick, high cane, would have been fatiguing without the frequent occurrence of sand-banks and verdant islands. High up in the sand-bluffs, the cliff-swallow ('asfûr) chattered from his nest in the hollow, or darted about in the bright sunshine, in pursuit of the gnat and the water-fly.

A little before twelve o'clock we stopped to take a meridian observation. This requiring but a short time, we were soon on our way again, to encounter more trials in this difficult navigation. As the evening shadows lengthened more and more upon the stream, we repeatedly stopped to look out for the caravan. The Sherîf was evidently very uneasy. On each occasion the faithful Jŭmâh was our scout, but he never landed without putting on a belt with a brace of pistols. He returned, at last, with the intelligence that he had seen the caravan pursuing its march in the distance, and we continued on our way.

The loud report of a carbine presently echoed among the cliffs, and a flock of storks rose from the margin of the river, and flew past us. The Sherîf had wounded one

poor fellow, and his leg hung shattered and dangling, as he strove to keep up with his frightened companions. His efforts were unavailing; the movement of his wings was but a spasm of his agony, and he fell in the water before us. The stream carrying him down, threw him on a low marshy bank, where the poor creature was making desperate efforts to drag himself from the water, as we dashed by on the rapid out of sight. I could not refrain from telling Sherîf that it was a pity to shoot a bird unfit to eat, and not required as a specimen, and which, by the Muhammedan law, was regarded as a sacred one.

For an hour or more we swept silently down the river, and the last tints of sunset were resting on the summits of the eastern mountains; wet and weary, without a change of clothes, and with neither tents nor provisions, we began to anticipate a night upon the river, separated from our friends, when, at a turn, we beheld a horseman on the crest of a high hill, his long āba and his koofeeyeh streaming in the wind. To our great delight we recognised him to be our gallant 'Akīl. He descended rapidly the almost perpendicular hill-side! None but an Arab steed and rider could have done it!

The brief remainder of our day's journey was rendered more perilous even than the commencement, from the frequency of rapids and the difficulty of navigation in the fast-fading light. The swift current, as we sometimes turned a point of land, would seize us and send us off at a salient angle from our course, as if it had been lurking behind that point like an evil thing, to start out and clutch us suddenly and dash us upon the opposite bank, or run us under the low hanging boughs, as if for the purpose of *rubbing us all out*, or injuring us against the gnarled and projecting roots, where skulked the long clammy earth-worm and the green lizard.

JU'K'AH, OF THE TRIBE EL HASSEE.

The scenery became also more wild as we advanced; and as night, like a gloomy Rembrandt, came throwing her dark shadows through the mountain gorges, sobering down the bright tints upon their summits, the whole scene assumed a strange and savage aspect, as if to harmonise with the dreary sea it held within its midst, madly towards which the river now hurried on.

But, altogether, the descent to-day was much less difficult than those which had preceded it. The course of the river formed a never-ending series of serpentine curves, sometimes dashing along in rapids by the base of a mountain, sometimes flowing between low banks, generally lined with trees and fragrant with blossoms. Some places presented views extremely picturesque, the rapid rushing of a torrent, the song and sight of birds, the overhanging trees, and glimpses of the mountains far over the plain. Here and there a gurgling rivulet poured its tribute of pure water into the now discoloured Jordan. The river was falling rapidly; the banks showed a daily fall of about two feet, and frequently we saw sedge and drift wood lodged high up on the branches of overhanging trees — above the surface of the banks — which conclusively proves that the Jordan in its "swellings" still overflows the lower plain, and drives the lion from his lair, as it did in the ancient time.

In some places the substratum of clay along the banks presented the semi-indurated appearance of stone. For the first time we saw to-day sand, gravel, and pebbles, along the shores, and the cane had become more luxuriant, all indicating the approach to the lower Ghor. The elevated plain or terrace, on each side, could be seen at intervals, and the high mountains of Ajlûn were visible in the distance.

At 6.40 P. M., hauled up just above an ugly rapid, which runs by Wady Yâbes (dry ravine).

It looking too hazardous to "shoot" without lightening the boats of the arms, instruments, &c., and there being no near place of rendezvous below, we pitched our tents immediately against the falls and opposite to the ravine.

We have, to-day, passed through the territories of the Emir Nassir el Ghûzzawy, which are two hours in extent, but more than twice the distance along the tortuous course of the river. The tribe musters 300 fighting men. His territory, in size and fertility, surpasses some of the petty kingdoms of Europe.

The Emir and some of his people have wiry hair and very dark complexions, but no other feature of the African. His brother and some of the tribe are bright, but less so than 'Akīl and his followers. The darker colour of the skin may, perhaps, be attributed to the climate of the Ghor.

The hills, forming the banks of the upper terrace, have, to-day, assumed a conical form, with scarped and angular faces, marked with dark bands, and furrowed by erosions. These hills, and the high banks of alluvial deposit, with abrupt and perpendicular faces, indicate that the whole valley has once been covered with water. The prevailing rock seen has been siliceous limestone and conglomerate,—much of the last lying in fragments in the river, covered with a black deposit of oxide of iron and manganese. Towards the latter part of the day, rock was less abundant, alluvion began to prevail, and pebbles, gravel, and sand, were seen beneath the superincumbent layers of dark earth and clay. Just above where we had secured the boats, were large blocks of conglomerate in the stream.

The prevailing trees on the banks have been the willow, the ghurrah, and the tamarisk; the last now beginning to blossom. There were many flowers, of which

the oleander was the most abundant, contrasting finely with the white fringe blossom of the asphodel. Where the banks were low, the cane was ever at the water's edge. The lower plain was covered with a luxuriant growth of wild oats and patches of wild mustard in full flower.

In our course, to-day, we have passed twelve islands, all, but three, of diminutive size, and noted fourteen tributary streams, ten on the right and four on the left bank. With the exception of four, they were but trickling rivulets.

We saw many fish, and a number of hawks, herons, pigeons, ducks, storks, bulbuls, swallows, and many other birds we could not identify—some of them of beautiful plumage. At one time, there were a number of moths flitting over the surface of the stream, and we caught one of them. Its body was about the size of a goose-quill, was an inch in length, and of a cream colour, widest at the head, and its wings, like silver tissue, were as long as the body. After frightening the wee thing by our close inspection, we let it go. Just before coming in sight of camp, we observed several tracks of wild boars.

The surface of the hill behind us was thickly covered with boulders of quartz and conglomerate. Dr. Anderson found the remains of walls at the summit; and one large stone, dressed to a face, and marked . He distinguished two separate formations, one an early and the other a late conglomerate. The bank opposite was high and rocky, and consisted of the same puddingstone, with layers of indurated marl.

In our route of upwards of twenty miles to-day, we saw the scouts but twice; and, in consequence of the nature of the country, the caravan was compelled to diverge

so far from the river, that the guns we fired from time to time at the wild-fowl were unheard.

As we were now approaching the territories of the bad Arabs, and were not far from the place where the boat of poor Molyneux was attacked, every precaution was taken. Our tent was pitched beside a brawling rapid, while all around were lances and tethered horses, betraying the position of the Arabs for the night. On the crest of the hill behind us, the Sherîf was looking out upon the vast plain to the southward, although I had just seen the old man asleep on the ground near our tent. He was the counsellor, and 'Akîl the warrior.

It was a strange sight: collected near us lay all the camels, for security against a sudden surprise; while, in every direction, but ever in close proximity, were scattered, lances and smouldering fires, and bundles of garments, beneath each of which was a slumbering Arab, with his long gun by his side. The preparations for defence reminded one of Indian warfare.

At night, Sherîf and 'Akîl came to our tent to consult about to-morrow's journey. They stated their suspicions of the tribes through whose territories we were about to pass, and how necessary it would be for the land and the river parties to keep close together. They gave it as their opinion, that it would be impossible for the caravan to proceed on the western shore to-morrow, and advised that early in the morning it should cross over to the eastern side. This course was adopted; and it was agreed that 'Akîl and his scouts should keep along the western, while the caravan took the eastern side,—thus having the boats between, so that one or other of the land parties might be within hearing, and hasten to their rescue, if attacked. It was further agreed, that whenever, by the intervention of the mountains, the land parties were long out of sight

of the boats, scouts should be sent to the summits to look out for them, and that two gun-shots, in quick succession, should be the signal, if attacked. They both said that there was not the slightest danger to the land parties, but expressed great solicitude for the boats. Sherîf thought it best for him to be with the caravan to-morrow, as his influence might be of service with the sheikhs of tribes, should they be inclined to hostilities. From the tortuous course of the river, it was supposed that the caravan on the eastern side would be ever in advance of, while the scouts on the western shore would keep pace with, the boats.

Stationing the sentries, we then retired,—some of us quite exhausted, from frequent vomiting throughout the day. I thought that our Bedawin magnified the danger, to enhance their own importance. But it was well to be prepared.

The course of the river varied to-day from N. E. by N. and N. N. W. to S.,—the true course, from the place of departure this morning to our present camp, S. S. W. The width of the river was as much as seventy yards, with two knots current, and narrowed again to thirty yards, with six knots current:—the depth ranging from two to ten feet. The trees and flowers the same as yesterday.

We struck three times upon sunken rocks during the day, and the last time nearly lost the leading boat: with everything wet, we were at length extricated, in time to direct the channel-way to the Fanny Skinner. The water was slightly discoloured. When we left the camp, the thermometer stood at 76°; but in a few hours the weather was oppressive.

About five miles nearly due west from the camp, were the supposed ruins of Succoth. To get to this place, Jacob must have made a retrograde movement after

meeting Esau, and crossed the Jordan, or recrossed the Jabok.

Saturday, April 15. We were up and off at an early hour this morning, with less than the usual disturbance between the camel-drivers and their insufferable beasts. Of all the burden-bearing beasts, from the Siam elephant to the Himmaleh goat, this "ship of the desert," as he has been poetically termed,—this clumsy-jointed, splay-footed, wry-necked, vicious camel, with its look of injured innocence, and harsh, complaining voice, is incomparably the most disagreeable.

Loud have been the praises of its submissive and self-sacrificing spirit, all gentleness and sagacity; its power of enduring hunger and thirst for an indefinite period, and its unwearied tramp day after day through the smiting sun and over the burning sands of the desert; but this animal is anything but patient or uncomplaining. As to the enormous weight it can carry, we have heard it growl in expostulation at a load which the common "kadish" (Syrian pack-horse) would be mortified to have allotted to him as suited to his thews and sinews.

The steady little donkey, with preposterous ears and no perceptible hair on his hide, that leads the trudging caravan, and eats his peck of barley (if he be a lucky donkey), and travels stoutly all day long, is a model for him in endurance; and the most unhappy mule that ever bore pack, or, blindfold, turns the crank of Persian water-wheel, is an example to him of patient meekness and long-suffering. While on the road, *they* do not loiter by the way, dropping their loads and committing trespasses upon the fields of grain, and rarely need to be urged on by the unceasing cry of "yellah," "hem-she," and the application of the belabouring cudgel of the mukris. While the "djemmel" (camel), with his hypo-

critical, meek look, his drunken eye, and sunken nether lip, begins to expostulate in a voice discordant with mingled hatred and complaint, from the moment he is forced upon his callous knees, until he clumsily rises with his burden and goes stalking lazily on his road.

The meek enduring look of the camel is a deception; we have seen it refusing the load, or, shaking it off, rise with a roar, and dash furiously at its master, even while its lip was reeking with the fresh and juicy herb he had just gathered for it.

It is a pity to contradict the pleasing accounts given of this friend of the wandering Bedawin, but our opinions have been formed after close observation of its manners and habits in the desert. Much of the ill-nature and obduracy of the camel is doubtless attributable to the almost entire neglect of its owner in providing food and cleansing its hide, so subject to cutaneous diseases.

In the neighbourhood of towns, where it cannot graze, straw is given to it; but in the desert it must crop the thistle or the parched herbage as it passes, straying from side to side in its march, like the yawing of a stately ship before the wind. At night, if it be necessary to keep the camels within the encampment for security, the mukris gather thistles, herbage, and dwarf bushes for them, but otherwise turn them loose to graze. There is no question that if the camel were well fed and gently treated, it would sustain the character ascribed to it by partial writers.

The soft, spongy, india-rubber-looking foot of the camel is eaten by the Arabs, and considered a great luxury. Perhaps it is the same dish to which "rare Ben Jonson" alludes, when he describes our ancestors of the sixteenth century as eating—

> "The tongues of carps, dormice, and *camel's heels*,
> Boiled in the spirit of sol."

Leaving the place of encampment for the ford Wacabes, the caravan wound round the base of a low conical sand-hill, and traversed a small grove of oak and arbutus and a thick and matted undergrowth of brush and briers, with long, keen, penetrating thorns. Here, as had been arranged, 'Akīl and his Bedawin scouts separated from the caravan and proceeded down the western shore; while the latter crossed over to the eastern side.

A little barren island divided the stream at the ford, and the current swept by with such rapidity as to render it doubtful whether the passage could be effected. Mr. Bedlow, however, made the attempt, and succeeded in reaching the island with no greater inconvenience than dripping extremities and a moist saddle. The rest were soon in the stream, clumsy camels and all, breasting and struggling, with various success, against the foaming current. There was a singular mixture of the serious and the grotesque in this scene, and the sounds that triumphed above the "tapage" of the boisterous ford, were the yells of the camel-drivers and the cries of the Arabs, mingled with shouts of unrestrained laughter as some impatient horse reeled and plunged with his rider in the stream, and the water was scattered about in froth and spray like a geyser.

The depth and impetuosity of the river caused us some apprehensions for the safety of our cook, Mŭstafa, who, being mounted on an ill-favoured, scrubby little beast, already laden to the ears with the implements and raw materials of his art, was in danger, donkey and all, of being snatched from us, like another Ganymede, by the Epicurean river-gods, or borne away by some deified Apicius, disguised as a donkey, for the little brute looked at times as if he were swimming away, not fording the stream. The tiny animal, as soon as it had achieved the passage, clambered, dripping, up the sloping bank, and

convulsively shaking his eminently miscalculated ears, signalised his triumphant exploit by one prolonged, hysterical bray, which startled the wilderness, and seemed to be a happy imitation of a locomotive whistle, and the sound of sawing boards, declining gradually to a sob.

From the river, the banks sloped gradually to the terrace above; presenting a broad and undulating surface of sparse wild oats and weeds, and a few fields of grass, intermingled with low bushes, and a slender brown fringe of such light and frail structure, as to bend low with the faintest breath of air.

Among this scanty herbage, and yet hidden by it in the distance, the earth was covered with a luxuriant growth of crimson flowers (the anemone), so thickly matted together, that, to the eye, the ground at times seemed covered with a crimson snow. Here and there, among this sea of scarlet bloom, were patches of yellow daisy, looking like little golden islands in the incarnadined and floral ocean; while the bases of the hills were fringed with a light purple blossom, which not inaptly represented the foam of this preternatural sea.

When the wind, sweeping down the gorges of the hills, passed over the plain, a broad band of crimson marked its course; for the wild grain, light and elastic, bent low, and revealed the flowers beneath it,—presenting the appearance of a phantom river of blood, suddenly issuing from the earth, and again lost to sight, to reappear elsewhere, at the magic breath of the breeze.

This plain was bounded towards the south by a deep ravine, and on its eastern and western sides it rose, in slight and irregular undulations, to a higher terrace or plateau, which blended with the hills in the distance, and seemed like the slopes of mountains, instead of the elevated plain which we knew it to be. Except upon the banks of the river, there was not a tree to be seen;

the sun poured down upon hill, and valley, and stream, a flood of heat and splendour, though as yet it was but early day.

Shortly after passing the rapid, immediately below our place of encampment, the boats were whirled along with great velocity, and barely escaped a rock near the water's edge, and directly in the channel. The stream was fringed with trees of the same variety as have been heretofore noticed, and we began to meet with many false channels, which rendered our navigation more tedious and difficult.

In order that no feature of the river might be omitted, I noted every turn in the course, the depth, the velocity, and temperature of the river; the islands and tributary streams; the nature of its banks; the adjacent scenery, when visible; the trees, flowers, weeds, birds, and tracks of wild beasts. As all this would be tedious in perusal, however necessary for the construction of a chart and an accurate knowledge of the river, I have deemed it best to embody it in an Appendix to the official report.

At 8.34, started from below the rapid. Air, 75°; water, 71°. At 9.28 A. M., we passed Wady el Hammâm (ravine of the bath), with a small stream coming down on the right or western side. It is a slender thread of water finding its way down a chasm, a world too wide for its little stream; but, joined here and there in its meandering descent by tiny tributaries, it comes rattling down its pebbly bed, with the brawling joyousness of a mountain stream. At 9.34, came to a rather ugly rapid, by Wady el Malakh (ravine of salt), with a small stream of clear but brackish water running down from W. N. W. Beheld 'Akīl and some of the scouts upon a hill beyond it. Stopped to examine the rapid for a passage. Saw tracks of a tiger upon the shore, and found some plants of the ghurrah, its leaves triangular-shaped, of a light green

colour, their inner surfaces coated with a saline efflorescence: the other parts of the stem purple, the new growth a light green: the taste of the stem and leaves salt and bitter. The fennel was also quite abundant, the stalks of which, Jŭmâh, our Arab friend, ate greedily. There were some large blocks of fossil rock on the right bank, and in the bed of the river, of which we collected specimens. The temperature of the brackish stream was 70°.

At 11.30 A. M., we stopped to take a meridian observation of the sun. Temperature of the air, 82°; that of the river, at twelve inches below the surface, at which depth it is always taken, 74°. The heat was exceedingly oppressive for the thermometrical range; for, the wind being excluded by the lofty hills and overhanging trees, it was ever a perfect calm; except when, at times, it came in squalls down the yawning ravines.

The plain above the ravine was much broken, presenting abrupt mounds and sand-hillocks, covered with varieties of the thistle, some of which were peculiar from the sabre shape of their thorns, and the rough and hairy coating of the leaves; the latter emitting a milky fluid when broken. The thorn-bushes were so large and so abundant as to look like apple-orchards. The sides of the ravine exposed conglomerate rocks.

Before starting again, we gathered some flowers for preservation, and a plant with which we were unacquainted. It bears clusters of seeds, eight or ten together, on the extremity of the stamen, resembling in appearance those of the melon; the main stem is five feet high, with thirty-five stamens, each ten inches long. It grows like the castor bean, and is called, by the Arabs, kelakh.

The hills preserved their conical shapes, with bald faces, and the water was becoming of a light mud, approaching a milk colour.

Except during the heat of mid-day, when every living thing but ourselves had sought refuge in the thicket or in the crevices of the banks, there were birds flying about in all directions.

At 12.42, we saw the mountains of Salt and Belka ahead, from a turn of the river.

At 1.32 P. M., we stopped to take a sketch of the extraordinary appearance of the terraces of the Jordan. At 2.23, Wady Ajlûn in sight on the left. The land of Fârià begins here. The tribe El Fârià numbers 100 fighting men. Their territory was on both sides of the river, for one hour in extent. We have, to-day, passed through the territory of Es Sŭkr el Ghor, the tribe numbering 200 warriors.

The mountains towards the east assumed a gloomy aspect to-day, and stood out like rough and verdureless crags of limestone. Yet, when the eye could withstand the bright glare of the illuminated cliffs and jagged ridges, it detected many portions which seemed susceptible of cultivation; and when breaks in the calcined rocks caught the intense brilliancy, and reflected it into the deep gorges, patches of verdure relieved the arid monotony; but the scene, from the blinding light, permitted no minute investigation.

At 2.34, saw the caravan halted on the bank. Came to and pitched our tents at the ford of Sek'â, on the left or eastern bank, abreast of two small islands. The plain extended six or eight miles on the eastern, and about three-fourths of a mile on the western side. The place of encampment takes its name from a village of the Sŭkrs, two miles distant.

'Akīl was on friendly terms with this tribe, and some of them, who had just come in, stated that their village was last night attacked by about two hundred Bedawin,

who killed several of their men, and carried off nearly all their horses, cattle, and sheep.

About eighteen miles E. by N. are the ruins of Jerash, supposed to be the ancient Pella, to which, Eusebius states, the Christians were divinely admonished to fly, just before the siege of Jerusalem by Titus. With Gadara (Um Keis), it was one of the cities of the Decapolis. It has magnificent ruins, many of them churches, and we deeply regretted our inability to visit them. Its situation is said to be the most beautiful, and its ruins the most interesting, in all Syria. What a field the Hauran presents for exploration!

This was a most solitary day's travel. We had not seen the caravan from the time of starting until now, and 'Akīl and his party were visible but once. With the last exception, we did not see a human being. The caravan was a little more fortunate. Shortly after crossing the wady El Malakh (salt ravine), they discovered a solitary plane tree (dilbeh), gnarled and twisted by the action of the winds, its only companions the crimson poppy and the golden daisy, which clustered round its protruding roots like parasites. Their attention was instantly drawn to this solitary tree, for beneath its scanty shade, they saw the glitter of a spear-head, and soon after, two Bedawin horsemen, who came forth, and, hastening in another direction, were soon lost in the thick copse-wood which lined the ravine. For an instant, our Arabs drew the rein and consulted among themselves, when four or five started off at headlong speed in pursuit. Making a long detour to intercept the strange horsemen, they plunged into the ravine, and, like those they pursued, were soon lost to sight in the thick foliage that skirted its sides.

This incident created more excitement than one so trifling would seem to justify; but we were wanderers in an unknown and inhospitable wilderness, among bar-

barous tribes of warlike Arabs, where the only security against rapine and murder is strength of numbers and efficiency of weapons, and where the sight of a stranger to the party prompts each one instinctively to feel for his carbine, or grasp unconsciously the handle of his sword.

The strange horsemen proved to be friendly Benì Sŭkrs on their way to Beîsan.

Crossing the ravine of Ajlun, with a considerable stream running down, they met some agricultural Arabs, one of whom kissed Sherîf's hand. From the southern side of the ravine, they saw an immense plain stretching towards the Dead Sea. Far off was also visible the village of Abu Abeidah, containing the tomb of a general of Muhammed, some say of a great sultan of Yemen, who died on his way from Arabia Felix to Damascus. While crossing an extensive plain before halting, they saw many very large thistles in full bloom, the flowers various and beautiful; and a prevailing yellow flower, called "murur" by the Arabs. Just before camping, they passed large fields of wheat and barley, fast ripening.

Although the day was some hours past its meridian, the weather was exceedingly sultry, and the eye ached from the reverberated glare of light it had encountered since morning.

There was something in this solitude—in these spots, forsaken and alone in their hopeless sterility and weird silence—that begat reflection, even in the most thoughtless. In all this dreary waste there was no sound; for every living thing had retired, exhausted, from the withering heat and blinding glare. Silence, the fit companion of desolation, was profound. The song of a bird, the chirrup of a grasshopper, the drone of a fly, would have been out of harmony. The wind, without which even solitude is incomplete, sounded mournfully as it went sweeping over the barren plain, and sighed, even in the broad and garish

day, like the blast of autumn among the marshy sedge, where the cold toad croaks, and the withered leaf is spotted like a leprosy.

Here, the eye looked in vain for the soft and tender sky, so often beheld in utter listlessness in our own far-distant land, and yet, dull and ungrateful that we were, we remained untouched with the beauty of its transparent and penetrable blue—pure azote and oxygen—into the immeasurable depths of which the eye pierced and wandered, but to return to earth again, dazzled and unfixed, as though it had caught a glimpse of infinity, and, wearied and overpowered, sought the finite and the tangible,—the comprehensible reality of laminated hills, broad plains, deep valleys, and the mountains, broad of girth and firmly rooted. The heavens of more favoured climes,—climes as yet uncursed of God; skies, tender, deep, and crystalline, so profound in their unfathomableness, and, with their lightning and black thunder-cloud, so terrific in their wrath,—such skies are never seen here.

Here, there is no shifting of the scenes of natural beauty; no ever-varying change of glory upon glory; no varied development of the laws of harmony and truth, which characterise her workings elsewhere; no morning film of mist, or low, hanging cloud of unshed dew; no clouds of feathery cirrus, or white and wool-like pinnacles of cumuli; or light or gorgeous tints, dazzling the eye with their splendours; no arrowy shafts of sunlight streaming through the rifts of drifting clouds; no silvery spikes of morning shooting up in the east, or soft suffusion of evening in the west: but, from the gleam of dawn, that deepens at once into intensity of noon, one withering glare scorches the eye, from which, blood-shot and with contracted pupil, it gladly turns away.

Here, night but conceals and smoulders the flame which

seems to be consuming earth and heaven. Day after day, there is no change. Nature, which elsewhere makes a shifting kaleidescope with clouds, and sunshine, and pure azure, has here the curse of sameness upon her, and wearies with her monotony.

Beneath a sky hollowed above us like a brazen buckler, and refracting the shafts of smiting sunlight, we journeyed on, heeding neither light nor heat, hunger nor thirst, danger nor fatigue; but each day looked cheerfully forward to the time when we should be gathered on the margin of the river,—the tents all spread, the boats fastened to the shore, the watch-fires blazing, and the sound of human voices breaking the tyrannous silence, and giving a home-like aspect to the wilderness.

The character of the whole scene of this dreary waste was singularly wild and impressive. Looking out upon the desert, bright with reverberated light and heat, was like beholding a conflagration from a window at twilight. Each detail of the strange and solemn scene could be examined as through a lens.

The mountains towards the west rose up like islands from the sea, with the billows heaving at their bases. The rough peaks caught the slanting sunlight, while sharp black shadows marked the sides turned from the rays. Deep-rooted in the plain, the bases of the mountains heaved the garment of the earth away, and rose abruptly in naked, pyramidal crags, each scar and fissure as palpably distinct as though within reach,—and yet we were hours away; the laminations of their strata resembling the leaves of some gigantic volume, wherein is written, by the hand of God, the history of the changes he has wrought.

Towards the south, the ridges and higher masses of the range, as they swept away in the distance, were aerial

and faint, and softened into dimness by a pale transparent mist.

The plain that sloped away from the bases of the hills was broken into ridges and multitudinous cone-like mounds, resembling tumultuous water at "the meeting of two adverse tides;" and presented a wild and chequered tract of land, with spots of vegetation flourishing upon the frontiers of irreclaimable sterility.

A low, pale, yellow ridge of conical hills marked the termination of the higher terrace, beneath which swept gently this lower plain, with a similar undulating surface, half redeemed from barrenness by sparse verdure and thistle-covered hillocks.

Still lower was the valley of the Jordan! The sacred river! Its banks fringed with perpetual verdure; winding in a thousand graceful mazes; its pathway cheered with songs of birds and its own clear voice of gushing minstrelsy; its course a bright line in this cheerless waste. Yet beautiful as it is, it is only rendered so by contrast with the harsh, dry, calcined earth around. The salt-sown desert!

There is no verdure here that can vie, in intensity or richness, with that which June bestows upon vegetation in our own more favoured but less consecrated land; where the margins of the most unnoticed woodland stream are decked with varieties of tree and shrub in almost boundless profusion.

Here are no plumy elms, red-berried ash, or dark green hazel; no linden, beach or aspen; no laurel, pine, or birch; and yet, unstirred by the wind, the willow and the tamarisk droop over the glittering waters, with their sad and plume-like tresses; the lily bending low, moistens its cup in the crystal stream, and the oleander blooms and flowers on the banks. Amid the intricate foliage cluster the anemone and the asphodel, and the tangled

copse is the haunt of the bulbul and the nightingale. There is a pleasure in these green and fertile banks, seen far along the sloping valley; a tracery of life, amid the death and dust that hem it in;—

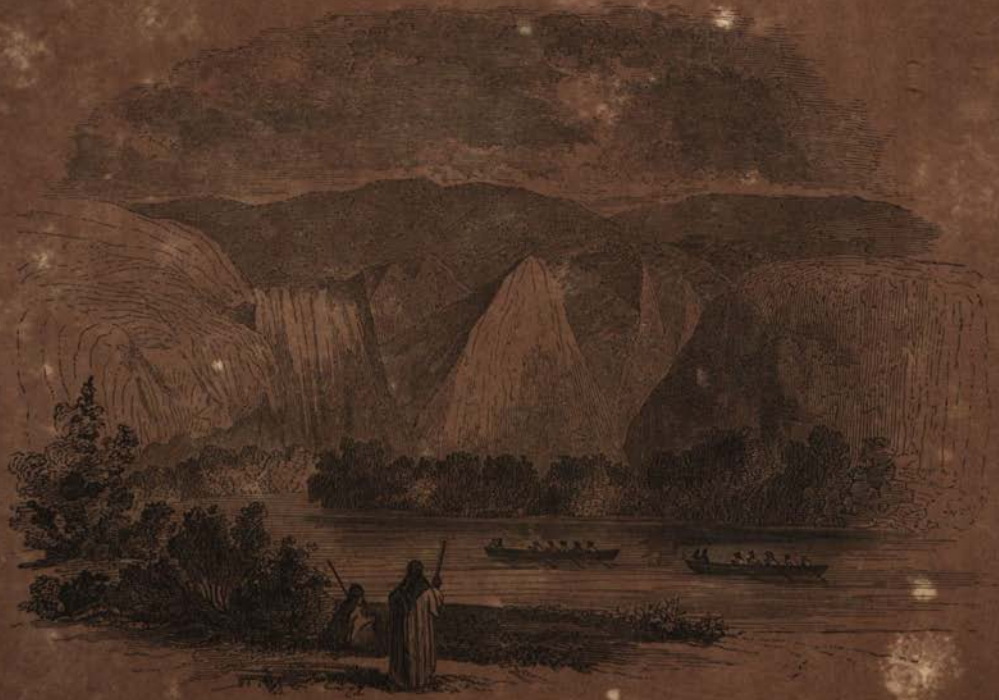
"A thing of beauty and a joy for ever,"

so like some trait of gentleness in a corrupt and wicked heart.

Soon after camping, Sherîf brought to me a fruit or nut which was described by the land party as growing upon a small thorny tree. The fruit is somewhat like a small date, but of an olive-green colour, the bark of the tree smooth, the leaves thin, long, and oval, and of a brighter green than the bark or fruit. It is bitter and acrid to the taste, and is called by our Arabs the "zukkûm," which is declared by the Koran to be the food of infidels in hell. Dr. Robinson, quoting Maundrell and Pococke, describes it as the "balsam tree," from the nut of which the oil of Jericho is extracted — called by the pilgrims Zaccheus' oil, from the belief that the tree which bears it was the one climbed by Zaccheus. Scripture, as Dr. Robinson states, renders it, with more probability, the sycamore or plane tree. The "zukkûm"* is little more than a shrub in height, and its branches are covered with thorns.

One of the land party brought in a leaf of the osher plant, which bears the Dead Sea fruit. It is oval, thick,

* Zukkûm, or zaccoun of the Arabs, has various English names, as Jericho plum, Jerusalem willow, oleaster, wild olive, &c. It is the elæg-nus angustifolius of botanists. This tree much resembles the olive, and has been mistaken by many writers for the wild variety of that useful tree. The resemblance is close, not only in the leaves, but also in the fruit; the last, however, is larger and more oblong. The oil extracted from the nut or kernel has been long celebrated in Syria as very efficacious in the treatment of wounds and bruises, and is said to be preferred to the balsam of Mecca for that purpose. It is also supposed by some to be the Myrobalanus of Pliny; and Belen says that near the Jordan he found "les



SCENE ON THE JORDAN.

and of a deep green colour, very much resembling that of the caoutchouc or India-rubber plant; the flower a delicate purple, growing in pyramidal clusters. The fruit was not yet formed. The centre of the stalk is pithy, like the alder, and discharges a viscous milky fluid when cut or broken.

The lahd party also saw the nŭbk or sidr tree, bearing a fruit about the size of a cherry, but its colour more yellow than red. It looks very much like a withered crab-apple, has a large kernel or stone, and is slightly acid, but not juicy. The Arabs are fond of the fruit in its present state, and frequently pulverize the meat for flour. The nŭbk is the "spina Christi" of Hasselquist, from the pliant, thorny branches of which, it is supposed, was made the mock crown of the Redeemer.

At sunset, bathed in the refreshing waters of the Jordan. Sherîf says that the Muhammedans are divided into two sects, the Shiahs, believing in the Koran only, and the Sunnites, in both the Koran and tradition. In the strict sense of the term they are all Unitarians, and hold Christians as idolaters, for their belief in and worship of the divinity of the Saviour and the Paraclete. They believe in the interposition of angels in human

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arbres qui portent les Myrobalans citrins du noyau desquels les habitans font d' l'huile." Dr. Boyle seems inclined to believe that this oil is the tzeie (translated balm in our version) mentioned in Genesis, as it is there noticed as a product of Gilead, and which could not have been what is now called balm or balsam of Gilead, as the tree producing it is a native of Arabia or Abyssinia and not of Palestine; being only cultivated in one or two places in the latter country, and not until a period long after that of Jacob. From this and the evidence afforded in many other parts of the Bible, it appears certain that the balsam alluded to was a production of Gilead, and also that it was used as a medicine; and there is a strong probability that it was the oil from the zukkûm. The oil is extracted first by pressing the crushed nuts, and a further portion is obtained by boiling them.—*Griffith.*

affairs, and in the resurrection and final judgment. They are divided in opinion with regard to purgatory, or an intermediate state after death, and hold Moses, the Saviour, and Muhammed, to have been prophets of God, the last the greatest. And yet in his absurd night journey to heaven, Muhammed makes Moses and the other prophets desire his prayers, but asks himself for those of the Saviour. They believe that another, in the semblance of the Redeemer, was crucified in his stead. When I asked Sherîf if he did not think that a good Christian might get to heaven, he answered,

"How can you hope it, when you insult the God you believe in, by supposing that He died the ignominious death of a criminal?"

This people, sensually imaginative, are incapable of a refined, spiritual idea; and the arch-impostor, Muhammed, well understood the nature of his countrymen.

Heretofore, we have been lulled to sleep by the hoarse sound of a rapid; all, except those who, having to encounter it, felt naturally solicitous for the result. The noise of a rapid is much louder by night; and one a mile off, sounds as if it were madly rushing through the camp. We were now, however, comparatively quiet.

As the attack upon the neighbouring village, last night, showed that bad Arabs were about, and there had been many strangers in the camp during the evening; after all but the sentries had retired to rest, I went round to see that each one had his ammunition-belt on and his weapons beside him; and repeated the injunction to rally round the blunderbuss in the event of an alarm. But the night passed away quietly.

Late in the first watch, an interesting conversation was overheard between 'Akīl and the Nassir.

Last year, while in rebellion against the government, Akīl, at the head of his Bedawin followers, had swept

these plains, and carried off a great many horses, cattle, and sheep; among them the droves and herds of the Nassir. There had, in consequence, been little cordiality between them since they met at Tiberias; but, to-night, Nassir asked 'Akīl if he did not think that he had acted very badly in carrying off his property. The latter answered no; that Nassir was then his enemy, and that he, 'Akīl, had acted according to the usages of war among the tribes. The Nassir then asked about the disposition made of various animals, and especially of a favourite mare. 'Akīl said that he had killed so many of the sheep, given so many away, and sold the rest; the same with the cattle and horses. As to the mare, he said he had taken a fancy to her, and that it was the one he now rode. This the Emir knew full well.

After some further conversation, Nassir proposed that they should bury all wrongs and become brothers. To this 'Akīl assented. The former, thereupon, plucked some grass and earth, and lifting up the corner of 'Akīl's āba, placed them beneath it; and then the two Arabs embracing, with clasped hands, swore eternal brotherhood.

When questioned, immediately after, upon the subject, 'Akīl stated that so obligatory was the oath of fraternity, that should he hereafter carry off any thing from a hostile tribe, which had once, no matter how far back, been taken from the Emir, he would be bound to restore it.

As an instance, he mentioned that when he was in the service of Ibrahim Pasha, there were nine other tribes besides his own; and that in one of their expeditions they carried off a number of sheep, forty of which were assigned as his portion: that shortly after, an Arab came forward and claimed some of them on the ground of fraternization. 'Akīl told him that he did not know and had never seen him before; but the man asserted and

proved that their fathers had exchanged vows, and the sheep claimed were consequently restored.

These Bedawin are pretty much in the same state as the barons of England and the robber knights of Germany were, some centuries back.

We have, to-day, descended ten moderate and six ugly rapids, and passed three tributaries to the Jordan, two quite small, and one of respectable size. Also four large and seventeen small islands. We have now reached a part of the river not visited by Franks, at least since the time of the crusades, except by three English sailors, who were robbed, and fled from it, a short distance below. The streams have all names given them by the Arabs, but the islands are nameless and unknown.

The course of the river, to-day, has varied from north-west to south, and from thence to east; but the prevailing direction has been to the southward and westward. The velocity of the current has ranged from two to eight knots per hour; the average about three and a half knots. The depth has been in proportion to the width and velocity of the stream. At one place the river was eighty yards wide and only two feet deep. The average width has been fifty-six yards, and the average depth a little more than four feet.

Where the river was narrow, the bottom was usually rock or hard sand, and in the wider parts soft mud. In the narrowest parts, also, the river flowed between high banks; either bald-faced alluvial hills, or conglomerate,—in one place, fossil rock. Where the stream was wide the banks were low alluvion; towards the latter part of the day, resting upon sand or gravel. Where the stream was wide and sluggish, running between alluvial banks, the water was discoloured; in some places of a milky hue. Where narrow, and flowing between and over rocks, it was comparatively clear. At starting, in the

morning, the temperature of the air was 78°, and of the water, twelve inches below the surface, 71°. In the course of the day, the former rose eight and the latter three degrees. Excepting once, early in the afternoon, when a light air from the eastward swept through an opening, it was a perfect calm, and the heat felt oppressive; yet less so, than the dazzling glare of light. We have twice, to-day, struck on rocks, but suffered no material damage.

Our encampment was close to the river's edge, where the banks were thickly wooded and the soil sandy. In front, the stream was divided by a small island, below which was the ford of Sckâ.

The scene of camping for the night is ever a busy one. The uprearing of tents, the driving of the tent-pins, the wearied camels standing by, waiting to be disburdened, all remind one forcibly of the graphic descriptions of the Bible. There are other features, too, illustrative of our brotherhood with the children of the desert—Sherîf, seated beneath a tree, or under the shadow of a rock, issuing commands to his immediate followers, and 'Akîl reconnoitering from the summit of a hill, or scouring about the plain, stationing the outposts.

With us, too, everything bore the aspect of a military expedition through a hostile territory. The boats, when practicable, were securely moored in front, and covered by the blunderbuss; the baggage was piled between the tents, and the sentries paced to and fro in front and rear.

Among the trees which bordered the river-bank, the horses of our Arab friends were this evening tethered, while our own luxuriously enjoyed a clandestine supper in the wheat-field near at hand.

At this time, our benign and ever-smiling Mŭstafa, with his bilious turban and marvellous pants, wide and draperied, but not hiding his parenthetical legs, seemed

almost ubiquitous. At one time, he was tearing something madly from his laden donkey; and the next, he was filling pipes, and, hand on breast, presenting them with low salaams; or, like a fiend, darting off after the Doctor's horse, which, having evaded the watchful Hassan, was charging upon the others, and frightening "the souls of his fearful adversaries" with the thunder of his nostrils.

The day had been one of intense heat, and the physical relaxation, caused by fatigue and exposure, made us extremely sensitive to the chilly atmosphere of evening.

The pale light of the rising moon, and the red flush of sunset, made the twilight linger, and gave to the east and the west the appearance of an auroral ice-light. The dew fell early and heavily, and the firm white sand of the river-bank was cold to the feet.

As night advanced, the blaze of our watch-fires dispelled, to a great extent, the chill of the air around us. Our Arab scouts were posted on the hills which overlooked the camp, and our own guards, with glittering carbines and long, keen bayonets, were pacing in front and rear of the baggage and the tents. The scene was wild and picturesque.

Around the blazing fires, which shot long, flickering tongues of flame into the night, and seemed to devour darkness, were gathered in circles, groups of Franks and wild Bedawin, solemnly smoking the chibouque, drinking coffee, or listening eagerly, as, with wild gesticulations, one related an adventure of the day, or personal incident of times gone by. Who, in the desert or the wilderness, would not listen to the veriest idle legend that ever beldame croaked over the blaze of "Yule," on Christmas eve?

The camels were lying here and there about the camp, silent and motionless, utterly unconscious of their merit as objects in the picturesque.

The tents were pitched upon a sandy bank, in a small opening, flanked by groves of willow and tamarisk, with an inner edging of acacia. The ford ran diagonally from bank to bank, across the most impetuous, but shallow part of the stream. The bright watch-fires threw bars of red and trembling light over the shadowed waters, and illuminated the sombre willow groves beyond, among which, as if entangled in their boughs, hung motionless, as clouds hang in the chasms of mountains, a long and silvery film of unfallen dew; while the purple shadows of the distant hills mingled with the cold grey of the evening, rendering all beyond dim and mysterious; and the peaked and jagged outlines of the lofty range, cut sharp and black against the sky, now faint and pale, yet relieved by the beautiful swell and regular waving curvature of the lower hills.

Before the blue tent of Sherîf were gathered our Arab friends, a large circle of swart faces, illuminated by the light of a crackling fire, listening to 'Akîl's bard, who sang Arabic love-songs, to the accompaniment of his rebabeh, or viol of one string.

As we drew near to enjoy this wild romantic concert, the Sherîf and 'Akîl, stepping forth from the circle, invited us among them, with an urbanity and kindness of manner, unsurpassed by the courtesy of highest civilization. Mats were spread for us at the opening of the tent, and the Tourgiman having interpreted their many expressions of welcome, the bard was requested to continue the music, which had been interrupted by our approach.

Without affecting a slight cough, or making vain excuses, he immediately complied. With his semicircular bow he began a prelude, "fashioning the way in which his voice should go," and then burst forth in song. The melody was as rude as the instrument which produced it, a music, not such as Keats describes—

"Yearning like a God in pain;"

but a low, long-drawn, mournful wail, like the cry of the jackal set to music. He sang of love, but had it been a dirge, the wail of the living over the dead, it could not have been more heart-rending and lugubrious. There was no passion, no mirthfulness, no expression of hope or fear; but a species of despairing, chromatic anguish; and we could not refrain from regarding the instrument as an enchanted sexton's spade, singing of the graves it had dug, and the bodies it had covered with mould.

And yet, these children of the desert enjoyed the performance, and from under the dark brows, made darker by the low, slouching koofeeyeh, their eyes glistened, and the red light gleamed on glittering teeth displayed in smiles of approbation.

These demonstrations of enjoyment appeared strange to us; for the song, to our ears, told only of mattocks and shrouds and the grave-digger's song in Hamlet;—

"A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,
For ——, and a winding-sheet."

The bard was not a true Bedawin, but of Egyptian parentage, and resembled more our ideas of a ghoul than a human being. Low of stature and lightly built, he was thin, even to attenuation; and his complexion of a pale, waxy, cadaverous hue. His eyes were small, black, and piercing, shadowed by thick pent-house brows, which, like his straggling beard, was nearly red; his lips livid, his teeth white and pointed, and the nails of his skinny hands as long as talons. His whole appearance assisted materially in sustaining the ideas of coffins and palls, mildew and worms, and other grave-yard garniture.

The costume of the minstrel was not materially different from that of his Bedawin companions. His head, like theirs, was closely shaven above the temples, and

covered with a small red skull-cap or tarbouch, over which was thrown the koofeeyeh, a coarse cotton shawl or kerchief, triangularly folded, with broad stripes of white and yellow, the ends ornamented with a plaited fringe, hung on each side of the face down to the shoulders, and was confined over the tarbouch by two bands of the akal, a roughly twisted, black cord of camel's hair. An āba, or narrow cloak made of camel's hair, of extremely coarse texture, broadly striped white and brown, and fashioned like the Syrian burnoose, or horseman's cloak, hung negligently about his person.

Beneath the āba he wore a long, loose cotton shirt, of very equivocal white, confined at the waist by a narrow leathern belt; a pair of faded red buskins,

"A world too wide for his shrunk shanks,"

and fearfully acute at the toes, where they curved like a sleigh-runner, completed his costume.

While the bard and his rebabeh discoursed most melancholy music for our entertainment, the black and aromatic kahweh* (coffee) was handed round by an attendant of 'Akīl Aga, — a tall, wiry-framed Nubian, with keen white teeth, and a complexion as black as Orcus, — black even to the surface of the heavy lips, and with a skin drawn with extreme tension over the angular facial bones, giving it the dry and embalmed appearance of a Memphian mummy.

Each of us having drunk his little cup of coffee and smoked a pipe, the stem of which had run the gauntlet of every pair of lips in that patriarchal group, we were about to retire, when the Emir Nassir, the wild old blackguard, seizing (he never took anything) the "sexton's

* Kahweh is an old Arabic term for *wine*; Turkish, *kahveh*; Italian, *caffè*; English, coffee. Can it be that the Muslims, in their affection, preserved the name of the beverage interdicted by their prophet?

spade (the rebabeh), to our unfeigned astonishment commenced a song as if he too were a ghoul and could give us in character some church-yard stave in honour of his ghostly trade.

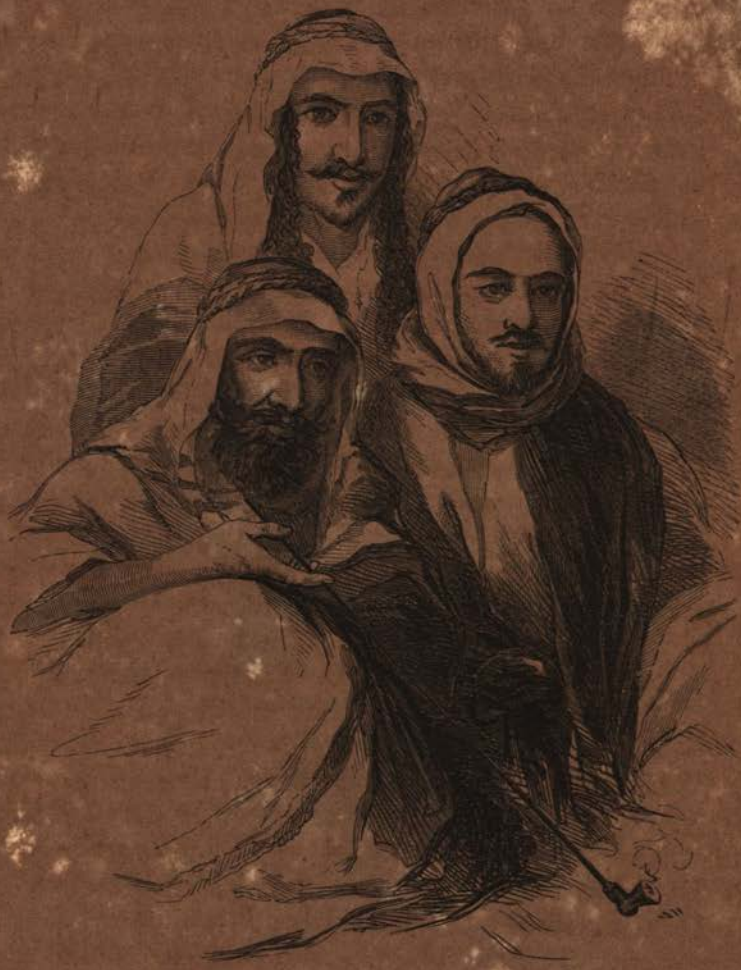
Translated by the Tourgiman, and versified by Mr. Bedlow, his song ran thus:

"At her window, from afar,
I saw my love, my Bedawîyeh,
Her eyes shone through her white kinăa,
It made me feel quite faint to see her."

While singing, the Ogre Prince looked with grotesque devotedness and an inimitable languishing air upon Sherîf Musaid, sitting near him, who for the nonce he had idealized into his "love," his "Bedawîyeh." The song was evidently a foreign one, perhaps derived from Persia. An Arab poet would have placed his love at the opening of the tent, or beside the fountain. A Bedawîyeh, the fawn of the desert, and a window, the loop-hole of what they consider a prison, accord but ill together.

The amateur musician surpassed the professional one, and the prince transcended the bard, as well in execution as in the quality of his voice. The music, although more varied in character and modulation, was essentially the same in its prevailing sadness. Truly "all the merry-hearted do sigh" in this strange land; a land from which "gladness is taken away," and mirth, where it doth exist, hath a dash of grief and a tone of desperate sorrow. The sound of tabret and harp, of sackbut and psaltery, the lute, the viol, and the instrument of two strings, are heard no more in the land; and the "rebabeh," with its sighing one string, befits the wilderness and the wandering people who dwell therein.

Not even the Emir, although he threw all the mirth he could command into his voice, and touched the string with quick, elastic fingers, striking out notes and half-



SHERÎF MASA'AD—EMIR NASSIR—BENI SUK'R SHEIKH.

notes with musical precision;—although his dark eyes flashed and his white teeth glistened, as he smiled seductively upon Musaid, and swayed his body to and fro, and nodded his head to the measure of his minstrelsy, and triumphed over the bard, and won applause with every verse, he *could not* change the tone,—there was the same sad minor running through the song.

Those low, complaining tones lingered in our ears long after the sound had ceased, and the Arabs were gathered in sleep around the smouldering watch-fires.

Towards morning, the wind swept down upon us from the mountain gorges, and caused some of us to dream of snow-drifts and icicles, and unseasonable baths in cold streams.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM FORD OF SEK'Â TO PILGRIM'S FORD.

SUNDAY, April 16. A pleasant day—wind light from north-east. We were on the move early this morning. Sherîf was very uneasy about the boats; and yet thought it advisable for him to be with the caravan. He was urgent that the Emir should accompany us on the river. The latter excused himself on the plea of headache.

After a cup of coffee, taken standing, started off with the boats, leaving the caravan to cross over again, and proceed down the right bank.

I found that our Arabs were utterly ignorant of the course of the river, or the nature of its current and its shores. Heretofore, we had been enabled to see the cara-

van at least once in a day's journey; but yesterday, from the impossibility of penetrating along the left bank and the high precipitous character of the hills on the right, we saw nothing of them, and our meeting even at night, was, for a long time, very doubtful.

The country presented the same appearance as yesterday, except that conglomerate or any kind of rock was rarely seen; but in their stead, banks of semi-indurated clay. The lower plain was evidently narrower and the river often swept alternately against the hills, mostly conical in their shape, and with bold faces, which flank the lower and mark the elevation of the upper plain.

These various ramifications of mountain ranges and intervening platforms and valleys afford, according to Humboldt, evidences of ancient volcanic eruptions undergone by the crust of the globe, these having been elevated by matter thrust up in the line of enormous cracks and fissures.

The vegetation was nearly the same in character, save that it was more luxuriant and of brighter tint on the borders of the stream; more parched and dull on either side beyond it. The oleander increased; there was less of the asphodel, and the acacia was rarely seen, as heretofore, a short distance inland. The tamarisk was more dense and lofty, and the canes were frequently thick and impenetrable. There were many drift-trees in the stream, and bushes and branches were lodged high up in the trees which lined the banks; and much above the latter, conclusive marks of a recent freshet. There were many trees on each side, charred and blackened by fire—caused, doubtless, by the Arabs having burned the dried-up grass to renew their pastures. The ghurrah was also becoming abundant; and we noticed that whenever the soil was dry, the leaves of this tree were most silvery.

About an hour after starting, we came to the place

where Molyneux's boat was attacked while he was journeying down by land. Stopped to examine. It is just above a very rapid part of the river, where the boat could not have been stopped if the crew had kept her in the stream, unless most of them had been killed by gunshots from the shore. As they all escaped, I concluded that they were surprised when asleep, or loitering on their way. We here saw tracks of a tiger, and of other wild beasts which we could not identify.

In many places the trees were drooping to the water's edge, and the channel sometimes swept us under the branches, thereby preventing us from carrying our awnings; in consequence of which, we suffered more than heretofore from exposure to the sun.

At 8.30, there were Arabs in sight on a high hill, and we heard others in the swamp; apprehending a stratagem, we laid on the oars and stood by our arms; but we were not molested.

At 9.30, saw again tracks of wild animals on shore. At 10.38, we struck upon a snag, the current very strong. At 11.20, saw some of our scouts on a hill. 11.40, stopped to take meridian observations. Temperature of the air, 92°; of the water, 72°.

At 12.05, started again. At 12.28, Arabs hailed from a high hill on the right, asking whether the horsemen who had passed were friends or enemies. We supposed that they referred to our scouts. At 1 P. M., again saw tracks of wild animals upon the shore; also a great many wild pigeons, some of them very large. The banks, hereabouts, were of red clay, resting on white; the last, semi-indurated, and appearing like stone. There were many fissures in the hills and much debris fallen into the stream. At a sudden turn, started up a flock of partridges.

At 1.54, we saw a castor-bean plant growing upon the shore; and, shortly after, passed under an overhanging

tree, with a bush fifteen feet up in its branches, lodged there by a recent freshet; for it was deciduous, and the green leaves of the early season were upon it. The river must this year have overflowed to the foundations of the second terrace. We saw some drooping lily-plants, long past their flowering.

At 2.04, the river running between high triangular hills, we struck in descending a rapid; clothes, note-book, and papers, thoroughly wet, but the boats uninjured.

At 2.27, came in sight of the encampment, the tents, as heretofore, already pitched;—the camping-place, Mukutta Damieh (Ford of Damieh), where the road from Nabulus to Salt crosses the river.

We made but a short day's journey, in consequence of there not being another place where the boats and caravan could meet between this and the bathing-place of the Christian pilgrims.

Soon after our arrival, both Sherîf and Akîl, calling me aside, expressed their belief that the Emir feigned a headache in the morning from fear of going in the boats. The same idea had occurred to me before, but was dismissed as an ungenerous one. They, however, cited circumstantial but conclusive proof that their suspicion was not unfounded.

In the early part of their march to-day, the caravan anticipated a skirmish. A strange Arab, supposed to belong to a marauding party, was seen in the distance. The line was closed and the scouts came in, all but a few that were sent to reconnoitre a deep ravine in front. Although but one man was seen, it was suspected that many were concealed in the ravine; for directly opposite was a large encampment of black tents.

Our Bedawin felt or feigned a conviction that an engagement would take place, and all due preparations were immediately made. The camels were halted, and the

horsemen, collecting in front, waited for the reconnoitering scouts to return. In the mean time, our Arabs went through their feats of horsemanship, singing their war-song, and seemed to be endeavouring to work themselves into a state of phrensy. At their solicitation, Mr. Dale laid aside his hat and put on a tarbouch and koofeeyeh. Guns were unslung and freshly capped, and swords were loosened in their scabbards.

At a signal from one of the returning scouts, the word was given to advance. With the rest, Mr. Bedlow spurred his horse to urge him forward; but, less valorous or more discreet than his rider, the more he was spurred the farther he backed from the scene of anticipated conflict.

The other party kept aloof, proving neither hostile nor friendly, and 'Akīl, as he passed, contemptuously blew his nose at them. They were believed to belong to the tribe El Bely or El Mikhâil Meshakâh, whose territories were hereabouts. Doubtless, they were the same who hailed us, to know whether the horsemen who had passed were friends or enemies.

After dinner, some of the party crossed the river to examine the ruins of a bridge, seen by the land party from the upper terrace, just before descending to the river. They had to force their way through a tangled thicket, and found a Roman bridge spanning a dry bed, once, perhaps, the main channel of the Jordan, now diverted in its course.

The bridge was of Roman construction, with one arch entire, except a longitudinal fissure on the top, and the ruins of two others, one of them at right angles with the main arch, probably for a mill-sluice. The span of the main arch was fifteen feet; the height, from the bed of the stream to the keystone, twenty feet. From an elevation, the party could see, towards the east, three or four

miles distant from them, a line of verdure indicating a water-course. The Arabs say that it is the Zerka (Jabok), which, on the maps, flows into the Jordan very near this place. It approaches quite close, and then pursues a parallel course with the Jordan. To-morrow, we shall probably determine the exact point of junction. To the best of our knowledge, this bridge has never before been described by travellers.

We were amused this evening at witnessing an Arab kitchen in full operation. The burning embers of a watch-fire were scraped aside, and the heated ground scooped in a hollow to the depth of six or eight inches, and about two feet in diameter. Within this hole was laid, with scrupulous exactness of fit and accommodation to its concave surface, a mass of half-kneaded dough, made of flour and water. The coals were again raked over it, and the fire replenished. A huge pot of rice was then placed upon the fire, into which, from time to time, a quantity of liquid butter was poured, and the compound stirred with a stout branch of a tree, not entirely denuded of its leaves. When the mess was sufficiently cooked, the pot was removed from the fire, the coals again withdrawn, and the bread taken from its primitive oven. Besmeared with dirt and ashes, and dotted with cinders, it bore few evidences of being an article of food. In consistency, as well as in outward appearance, it resembled a long-used blacksmith's apron, rounded off at the corners. The dirtiest ash-pone of the southern negro would have been a delicacy, compared to it.

The whole party gathered round the pot in the open air, and each one tearing off a portion of the leather-bread, worked it into a scoop or spoon, and, dipping pell-mell into the pilau, made a voracious meal, treating the spoons as the Argonauts served their tables, eating them for dessert. With a wash in the Jordan, they were imme-

diately after ready for sleep, and in half an hour were as motionless as the heaps of baggage around them.

Monday, April 17. At an early hour, Mŭstafa, shivering and yawning, was moving about in preparation of the morning meal. Long before the sun had risen over the mountains of Gilead, the whole encampment was astir, and all was haste, for there was a long day's work before us.

Although the air was damp and chilly, we knew, from past experience, that before noon the sun would blaze upon us with a power sufficient to carbonize those who should be unprotected from its fierceness. Moreover, from the plateau behind our camp, we could see nothing towards the south but rough and barren cliffs, sweeping into the purple haze of the lower Ghor. And the rolling sand-hills, which form the surface of the upper plain, stretched far along the bases of the mountains without a mark of cultivation, or the shelter of a tree. Heretofore, we had seen patches of grain, but there were none now visible, and all before us was the bleakness of desolation.

The banks of the river, too, were less verdant, except immediately upon the margin, and the vegetation was mostly confined to the ghurrah, the tamarisk, and the cane; the oleander and the asphodel no longer fringed the margin, and the acacia was nowhere seen upon the bordering fields.

As soon as we were up, I sent for the Emir, the Sherîf, and 'Akīl, and, in presence of the two last, told the first that, as we were not now in his territory, we no longer required his presence. I then paid him for the services of the guides he had furnished, and for the extra assistance they had rendered in getting the boats down the rapids. As he had declined going in the boats yesterday, when his presence might have been important, I refused to give him anything more than the āba and koofeeyeh he had before received. 'Akīl accompanied him to the

top of the hill, where they both alighted, and, in the sight of the camp, embraced each other.

With a bite and a sop from Mŭstafa's frying-pan, we were off at 6.25 A. M. The river, forty yards wide and seven feet deep, was flowing at the rate of six knots down a rapid descent, with much drift-wood in the stream.

We soon passed two large islands, and at 6.57, saw tracks of wild beasts on the shore.

Many large trees were floating down, and a number were lodged against the banks, some of them recently uprooted, for they had their green leaves upon them, and, as on yesterday, there were some small ones lodged high up in the branches of the overhanging trees. The banks were all alluvion, and we began to see the cane in blossom. Altogether, the vegetation was more tropical than heretofore.

At 9 A. M., quite warm. Many birds were singing about the banks and under cover of the foliage, but we saw few of them; now and then some pigeons, doves, and cranes, and occasionally a bulbul. At 10.04, stopped to examine a hill, and collected specimens of semi-indurated clay, coated with efflorescence of lime. The bases of the ridges on each side presented little evidences of vegetation or fertility of soil, notwithstanding their proximity to the river. A few scrubby bushes were scattered here and there, exhibiting the utter sterility of the country through which we were journeying.

Fields of thistles and briars occasionally varied the scene; and their sharp projecting thorns bore the motto of the Gael, "Nemo me impune lacessit."

The hills which bounded the valley were immense masses of silicious conglomerate, which, with occasional limestone, extended as far as the eye could reach, showing the geological formation of the Ghor from Lake Tiberias to the Dead Sea, where the limestone is said to preponderate.

High up in the faces of these hills were immense caverns and excavations, whether natural or artificial we could not tell. The mouths of these caves were blackened, as if by smoke. They may be the haunts of predatory robbers. At 11.40, stopped for meridian observation, near a huge conglomerate rock.

At 1.20, came to the River Jabok (Zerka), flowing in from E. N. E., a small stream trickling down a deep and wide torrent bed. Stopped to examine it. The water was sweet, but the stones upon the bare exposed bank were coated with salt. There was another bed, then dry, showing that in times of freshet there were two outlets to this tributary, which is incorrectly placed upon the maps.

There was much of the ghurrah, which seems to delight in a dry soil and a saline atmosphere. The efflorescence on the stones, and on the leaves of the ghurrah, must be a deposition of the atmosphere, when the wind blows from the Dead Sea, about twenty miles distant, in a direct line.

It was here that Jacob wrestled with the angel, at whose touch the sinew of his thigh shrunk up. In commemoration of that event, the Jews, to this day, carefully exclude that sinew from animals they kill for food.

This river, too, marks the northern boundary of the land of the Ammonites.

At 1.30, started again, and soon after saw a wild boar swimming across the river. Gave chase, but he escaped us.

At 4.32, passed a dry torrent-bed on the right, probably the Wady el Hammâm, which separated the lands of the tribe of Manasses from those of the tribe of Ephraim. Still opposite to us was the land of the tribe of Gad. On that side, about twenty miles distant, was Amman, Rabbath Ammon, the capital of the Ammonites. The

country of Ammon derived its name from Ben-ammi, the son of Lot.

At 4.52, we passed down wild and dangerous rapids, sweeping along the base of a lofty, perpendicular hill.

At 5.14, a small stream on the left: stopped to examine it; found the water clear and sweet; temperature, 76°.

At 5.40, heard and soon after caught glimpses of an Arab in the bushes on the left; at the same time a number of Arabs were calling loudly to us from a hill on the right. Stopped for the other boat to close in, and prepared for a skirmish; at this moment there was a shot from above, and concluding that the other boat had been fired upon, I directed the men to shoot the first objects they saw in the bushes. Fortunately the man we had first seen had now become alarmed and concealed himself; and immediately after, the Fanny Skinner hove in sight, having stopped a moment to fire at a bird. The man in the bushes proved to be a messenger sent by the Arabs on the hill to show us the place of rendezvous for the night. They had been spoken by the caravan as it passed; and their messenger, instead of selecting a conspicuous place on the right bank, had crossed over, and was floundering through the thicket when we came upon him.

This Arab was sent by the sheikh of Huteim, a tribe near Jericho, and brought from him a present of oranges, and a thin, paste-like cake made in Damascus, of debs (a syrup from grapes), starch, and an aromatic seed, I think the sesame. The oranges were peculiarly grateful after the heat and fatigue of the day. The cake was very good if you were very hungry, and, like the marchioness's lemonade, excellent, if you made-believe very hard.

The sun went down and night gradually closed in upon us, and the rush of the river seemed more impetuous as the light decreased. We twice passed down rapids,

taking care each time to hug the boldest shore. Besides the transition from light to darkness, we had exchanged a heated and stifling for a chilly atmosphere; and while the men, more fortunate, kept their blood in circulation by pulling gently with the oars, the sitters in the stern-sheets fairly shivered with the cold.

There had been such a break-down in the bed of the stream since we passed the Jabok, and such evident indications of volcanic formation, that we became exceedingly anxious. In the obscure gloom we seemed to be stationary and the shores to be flitting by us. With its tumultuous rush the river hurried us onward, and we knew not what the next moment would bring forth—whether it would dash us upon a rock or plunge us down a cataract. The friendly Arab, although he knew the fords and best camping-places on the river, in his own district, was, like all the rest we had met, wholly unacquainted with the stream at all other points.

Under other circumstances it doubtless would have been prudent to lie by until morning; but we were all wet, had neither food nor change of clothing, and apart from danger of attack in a neighbourhood represented as peculiarly bad, sickness would have been the inevitable consequence of a night spent in hunger, cold and watchfulness.

At 9.30 P. M. we arrived at "El Meshra," the bathing-place of the Christian pilgrims, after having been fifteen hours in the boats. This ford is consecrated by tradition as the place where the Israelites passed over with the ark of the covenant; and where our blessed Saviour was baptized by John. Feeling that it would be desecration to moor the boats at a place so sacred, we passed it, and with some difficulty found a landing below.

My first act was to bathe in the consecrated stream, thanking God, first, for the precious favour of being per-

mitted to visit such a spot; and secondly for his protecting care throughout our perilous passage. For a long time after, I sat upon the bank, my mind oppressed with awe, as I mused upon the great and wondrous events which had here occurred. Perhaps directly before me, for this is near Jericho, "the waters stood and rose up upon an heap," and the multitudinous host of the Israelites passed over, — and in the bed of the stream, a few yards distant, may be the twelve stones, marking "the place where the feet of the priests which bare the ark of the covenant stood."

Tradition, sustained by the geographical features of the country, makes this also the scene of the baptism of the Redeemer. The mind of man, trammelled by sin, cannot soar in contemplation of so sublime an event. On that wondrous day, when the Deity veiled in flesh descended the bank, all nature, hushed in awe, looked on,—and the impetuous river, in grateful homage, must have stayed its course, and gently laved the body of its Lord.

In such a place, it seemed almost desecration to permit the mind to be diverted by the cares which pressed upon it—but it was wrong—for next to faith, surely the highest Christian obligation is the performance of duty.

Over against this was no doubt the Bethabara of the New Testament, whither the Saviour retired when the Jews sought to take him at the feast of the dedication. The interpretation of Bethabara, is "a place of passage over." Our Lord repaired to Bethabara, where John was baptizing; and as the ford probably derived its name from the passage of the Israelites with the ark of the covenant, the inference is not unreasonable that this spot has been doubly hallowed.

In ten minutes after leaving the camping-ground this morning, the caravan struck upon the plain and crossed the wady Fariâ, pursuing a S. by W. course. Across the

ravine, they saw a young camel browsing among the brown fringe and stunted bushes, which, in these plains, serve to protect the scanty vegetation from the intense heat of the sun. This creature had evidently strayed from some fellahin encampment, or had been abandoned by its owners when pursued by the Bedawin, many of whom they had seen the day previous on the eastern side of the Jordan. The camel being quite wild, racked off at full speed on their approach, and the scouts immediately started in pursuit. Its motion in running, although awkward, was exceedingly rapid; dashing ahead at a long and stretching pace, and outstripping most of the horses in pursuit. Its whole body swayed regularly with its peculiar racking motion, as before remarked, exactly like the yawing of a ship before the wind. Whether it walks or runs, the camel ever throws forward its hind and fore leg on the same side and at the same time, as a horse does in pacing. The fugitive was soon caught, and, true to its early teaching, knelt down the moment a hand was placed upon its neck. 'Akīl, abandoning his mare, mounted the prize, and, without bridle or halter, dashed off at full speed over the plain to increase the number of our beasts of burden. The high peak of "Kurn Sûrtabeh," "horn of the rhinoceros," bore W. ¼ N. from this point of their progress.

Thence, keeping along the chalky plain at the base of the western hills, they crossed a low ridge of sand, running E. by S., upon which they discovered two upright stones, marking a burial-place, called by the Arabs "Gubboor."

At 9.30, they crossed Wady el Aujeh, and pursued a southerly course; the faces of the mountains broken here and there with dark precipices, which gradually assumed a dark brown and reddish hue, with occasional strata resembling red sandstone.

Beyond Wady el Aujeh, the soil bore a scanty crop of grass, now much parched; and to the right, where the mountains receded from the plain, there were extensive fields of low, scrubby bushes, powdered with the clay-dust of the soil; on the left, was a blank desert, with one or two oases, and a waving line of green, where the Jordan betrayed itself, at times, by a glitter like the sheen from bright metal.

It was now mid-day, and the heat and blinding light of the sun were almost insupportable: they were obliged to stop to rest the wearied caravan, the Arabs making a tent of their ābas, supported on spears.

At 1 P. M., they were again in motion, and, passing through a field of wild mustard, came to an open space, nothing but sand and rocks—a perfect desert—where were traces of a broad-paved road, which they believed to be Roman. At 3 P. M., for the first time, they saw some gazelles, and gave chase to them. At a low, whistling noise made by one of the Arabs, the affrighted creatures stopped, and looked earnestly towards them; but, owing to an incautious movement, they took to flight, and went bounding over the hills beyond the possibility of pursuit.

Crossing Wady el Abyad, they passed through a grove of nûbk and wild olive, and came upon a ruined village. Shortly after, they stopped to water in the Wady Na-wa-'imeh, with a shallow stream of clear, sweet water. Thence leaving the Quarantania (reported to be the mountain of our Saviour's fasting and temptation) on the right, and passing east of the fountain healed by Elisha, and of Jericho, they came to Ain el Hadj (Pilgrim's fountain), in the plain of Gilgal. Here they were joined by a few Riha (Jericho) Arabs, all having long-barrelled guns, with extraordinary crooked ram's-horn powder-flasks, perhaps modelled after the horns employed by the Israelites in toppling down the walls of Jericho. Of this city, the first

conquest of the Israelites west of the Jordan, and where Herod the Great died, but a solitary tower remains (if, indeed, it be the true site). How truly has the curse of Joshua respecting it been fulfilled! Here the wilderness blossomed as the rose. A broad tract was covered with the olive, the nûbk, and many shrubs and flowers. From it they had the first view of the Dead Sea, and the grim mountains of Moab to the south-east. There were few evidences of volcanic agency visible, but the calcined and desolate aspect indicated the theatre of a fierce conflagration;—the cliffs, of the hue of ashes, looking as if they had been riven by thunderbolts, and scathed by lightning.

Pursuing a south-easterly course, they passed a broad tract of argillaceous soil, rising in fantastic hills, among which they started a coney from its form. At 5 P. M., they came upon the banks of the river, excessively wearied, having been eleven hours in the saddle.

The tents had been pitched by the land-party before we arrived, directly on the bank down which the pilgrims would, early in the morning, descend to the river. Mr. Dale had objected to pitching them on this spot, but our Arabs assured him that the pilgrims would not arrive until late to-morrow. The night was already far advanced, and the men were so weary, that I thought it best to postpone moving the tents until the morning.

After a slight and hurried supper, we stationed sentries, and threw ourselves, exhausted, upon the lap of mother earth, with the tent our covering, and whatever we could find for pillows.

During the night there was an alarm.—We sprang from the tents at the report of a gun, and found our Arab scouts on the right hailing some one on the opposite bank; upon whom, contrary to all military usage, they

had previously fired. It proved to be a fellah, attempting to cross the ford, which was too deep.

The alarm, although a false one, had the good effect of showing that all were upon the alert. At this time, it is said, there are always a great many Arabs prowling about, to cut off pilgrims straying from the strong military escort which accompanies them from Jerusalem, under the command of the Pasha, or an officer of high rank.

We have, to-day, according to 'Akīl, passed through the territory of the Beni Adwans and Beni Sŭkr's, and into those of the wandering tribes of the lower Ghor. On the opposite side is "the valley over against Beth-peor," where the Israelites dwelt before they crossed the Jordan.

In the descent of the Jordan, we have, at every encampment, determined its astronomical position, and its relative level with the Mediterranean; and have, throughout, sketched the topography of the river and the valley. The many windings of the river, and its numerous rapids, will account for the difference of level between lake Tiberias and the Dead Sea.

Tuesday, April 18. At 3 A. M., we were aroused by the intelligence that the pilgrims were coming. Rising in haste, we beheld thousands of torchlights, with a dark mass beneath, moving rapidly over the hills. Striking our tents with precipitation, we hurriedly removed them and all our effects a short distance to the left. We had scarce finished, when they were upon us:—men, women, and children, mounted on camels, horses, mules, and donkeys, rushed impetuously by toward the bank. They presented the appearance of fugitives from a routed army.

Our Bedawin friends here stood us in good stead;—sticking their tufted spears before our tents, they mounted their steeds and formed a military cordon round us. But for them we should have been run down, and most of our

effects trampled upon, scattered and lost. Strange that we should have been shielded from a Christian throng by wild children of the desert — Muslims in name, but pagans in reality. Nothing but the spears and swarthy faces of the Arabs saved us.

I had, in the mean time, sent the boats to the opposite shore, a little below the bathing-place, as well to be out of the way as to be in readiness to render assistance, should any of the crowd be swept down by the current, and in danger of drowning.

While the boats were taking their position, one of the earlier bathers cried out that it was a sacred place; but when the purpose was explained to him, he warmly thanked us. Moored to the opposite shore, with their crews in them, they presented an unusual spectacle.

The party which had disturbed us was the advanced guard of the great body of the pilgrims. At 5, just at the dawn of day, the last made its appearance, coming over the crest of a high ridge, in one tumultuous and eager throng.

In all the wild haste of a disorderly rout, Copts and Russians, Poles, Armenians, Greeks and Syrians, from all parts of Asia, from Europe, from Africa and from far-distant America, on they came; men, women and children, of every age and hue, and in every variety of costume; talking, screaming, shouting, in almost every known language under the sun. Mounted as variously as those who had preceded them, many of the women and children were suspended in baskets or confined in cages; and, with their eyes strained towards the river, heedless of all intervening obstacles, they hurried eagerly forward, and dismounting in haste, and disrobing with precipitation, rushed down the bank and threw themselves into the stream.

They seemed to be absorbed by one impulsive feeling,

and perfectly regardless of the observations of others. Each one plunged himself, or was dipped by another, three times, below the surface, in honour of the Trinity; and then filled a bottle, or some other utensil, from the river. The bathing-dress of many of the pilgrims was a white gown with a black cross upon it. Most of them, as soon as they dressed, cut branches either of the agnus castus, or willow; and, dipping them in the consecrated stream, bore them away as memorials of their visit.

In an hour, they began to disappear; and in less than three hours the trodden surface of the lately crowded bank reflected no human shadow. The pageant disappeared as rapidly as it had approached, and left to us once more the silence and the solitude of the wilderness. It was like a dream. An immense crowd of human beings, said to be 8000, but I thought not so many, had passed and repassed before our tents and left not a vestige behind them.

Every one bathed, a few Franks excepted; the greater number, in a quiet and reverential manner; but some, I am sorry to say, displayed an ill-timed levity.

Besides a party of English, a lady among them, and three French naval officers, we were gladdened by meeting two of our countrymen, who were gratified in their turn at seeing the stars and stripes floating above the consecrated river, and the boats which bore them ready to rescue, if necessary, a drowning pilgrim.

We were in the land of Benjamin; opposite was that of Reuben, which was in the country of the Ammonites, and on the plain of Moab.

A short distance from us was Jericho, the walls of which fell at the sound of trumpets; and fourteen miles on the other side was "Heshbon, where Sihon the king of the Amorites dwelt."

Upon this bank are a few plane trees and many willow

PILGRIMS BATHING IN THE JORDAN.

and tamarisk, with some of the agnus castus. Within the bank and about the plain are scattered the acacia, the nŭbk (spina Christi), and the mala insana, or mad apple. On the opposite side are acacia, tamarisk, willow, and a thicket of canes lower down.

The pilgrims descended to the river where the bank gradually slopes. Above and below it is precipitous. The banks must have been always high in places, and the water deep; or the axe-head would not have fallen into the water, and Elisha's miracle been unnecessary to recover it.

Shortly after the departure of the pilgrims, a heavy cloud settled above the western hills, and we had sharp lightning and loud thunder, followed by a refreshing shower of rain.

We were all much wearied, and in consequence of living upon salt food since we left Tiberias, were much in need of refreshment. Disappointed in procuring fresh provisions from Jericho, we determined to proceed at once to the Dead Sea, only a few hours distant.

Dr. Anderson volunteered to go to Jerusalem to superintend the transportation of the bread I had sent there; and I gladly accepted his services, instructing him to make a geological reconnoissance of his route. Before starting, I made the following report to the Secretary of the Navy:

"*Meshra'a, on the Jordan, near Jericho,*
April 18, 1848.

"SIR:—I have the honour to report our safe arrival at this place, within a few miles of the Dead Sea. While at Tiberias, I purchased for 500 piastres ($21.25), a frame boat to assist in conveying our things and save expense of transportation. With a large and beautiful lake before them, filled with fish and abounding with wild fowl, the misgoverned and listless inhabitants had but the solitary

boat I purchased, used only to bring wood across from the opposite side. On the 10th, at 2 P. M., we started, and, proceeding to the foot of the lake, commenced our descent of the Jordan. Notwithstanding the most diligent inquiry, I could procure no information to be relied on, respecting the river, in Tiberias.

"To my consternation, I soon found that the Jordan was interrupted in its course by frequent and most fearful rapids. Determined, however, to persevere, I was cordially supported by every one under my command. We had to clear out old channels, to make new ones, and sometimes, placing our sole trust in Providence, plunged with headlong velocity down appalling descents. So great were the difficulties, that on the second evening we were in a direct line but twelve miles distant from Tiberias. On the third morning I was obliged to abandon the frame boat from her shattered condition. No other kind of boats in the world than such as we have, combining great strength with buoyancy, could have sustained the shocks they encountered. As the passage by the river was considered the most perilous, alike from the dangers of its channel and the liability to an attack, I felt it my duty, as I have before advised you, to undertake it in person. With the 'Fanny Mason' I took the lead, and Passed Midshipman Aulick followed in the 'Fanny Skinner.' This young officer has throughout evinced so much coolness and discretion, in the most trying situations, as to win my warmest approbation, and I soon felt sure that I had one behind me who would follow whithersoever I might lead. I am happy to say that the boats, although severely bruised, are not materially injured, and in a few hours hope to repair all damages.

"We reached here last night after dark, having made about fifty miles since sunrise; and I have stopped here, in part, for the purpose mentioned above, and partly to

rescue any of the pilgrims who might be in danger of drowning — accidents, it is said, occurring every year. This morning, before daylight, they began to arrive, and by five o'clock, there were several thousands on the bank. The boats were moored on the opposite side, where they were out of the way, and yet convenient to render assistance, should it unfortunately be required. I am happy to say that nothing occurred, and the pilgrims have all departed.

"The great secret of the depression between Lake Tiberias and the Dead Sea, is solved by the tortuous course of the Jordan. In a space of sixty miles of latitude and four or five miles of longitude, the Jordan traverses at least 200 miles. The river is in the latter stage of a freshet — a few weeks earlier or later, and passage would have been impracticable. As it is, we have plunged down twenty-seven threatening rapids, besides a great many of lesser magnitude.

"As soon as leisure permits, I will send you a topographical sketch of the river, when you will perceive that its course is more sinuous even than that of the Mississippi.

"Although the party has been very much exposed, those in the boats especially, from being constantly wet, we are perfectly well. Until I hear from you on the subject, however, I deem it my duty to retain Dr. Anderson, whose medical or surgical assistance may at any moment be required.

"We have met with no interruption from the Arabs, although we were twice called upon to stand to our arms. Our Bedawin allies have proved efficient and faithful.

"I am, very respectfully, &c.,

"W. F. LYNCH, LT. U. S. N.

"HON. J. Y. MASON,

"*Secretary of the Navy.*

CHAPTER XII.

FROM PILGRIM'S FORD TO AIN EL FESHKAH.

At 1.45, started with the boats, the caravan making a direct line for Ain el Feshkah, on the north-west shore of the Dead Sea, the appointed place of rendezvous.

The course of the river was at first S. W. In about half an hour, we were hailed from the right bank, when we stopped and took in sheikh Helu, of the tribe Huteim, his name the same as that of the ford.

From 1.50 to 1.57, course varying from N. W. to S. S. W. Stopped to fill the India-rubber water-bags, having passed a small island thickly wooded. Weather close and sultry. At 2.22, started again, course from N. N. E. to S. by W.; the right bank red clay, twenty-five feet high; left bank low, with high canes and willows. 2.25, a quantity of drift-wood; and 2.36, a camel in the river, washed down by the current in attempting to cross the ford last night. Weather cloudy at intervals, river forty yards wide, twelve feet deep, bottom blue mud. The banks alternating high and low—highest at the bends and lowest at the opposite points.

At 2.41, passed another camel in the river, the poor beast leaning exhausted against the bank, and his owner seated despondingly above him. We could not help him!

From 2.42 to 2.54, course from S. to S. E. and back; many pigeons flying about. At this time, there was a nauseous smell on the left or eastern shore—traced it to a small stream running down the Wady Hesbôn; the banks

very low, and covered with cane and tamarisk. The river here fifty yards wide, eleven feet deep, muddy bottom, current four knots. 2.59, sand and clay banks, with some pebbles on the right; everything indicating the vicinity of the Dead Sea.

At 3, course S. E. by S., water very smooth, discoloured but sweet. Saw a heron, a bulbul, and a snipe. 3.04, a fœtid smell, proceeding from a small stream on the right or western shore. At 3.07, low and sedgy banks, high mountains of the Dead Sea in sight to the southward and westward; saw many wild ducks. 3.09, both banks, about twelve feet high, bore marks of recent overflow. 3.10, a small round red clay hill on the right, bearing S. W. by S. 3.11, passed a bare channel, left by the freshet. 3.12, course south a long stretch, river seventy yards wide, left bank very low, covered with tamarisk, willow, and cane; right bank fifteen to eighteen feet high, red clay, with weeds and shrubs — the mala insana, spina Christi, and some of the agnus castus—a few tamarisk at the water's edge.

At 3.13, the mountains to the S. E. over the Dead Sea presented a very rugged, iron-like appearance. Water of the river sweet. 3.15, the left bank low, running out to a flat cape. Right bank low with thick canes, some of them resembling the sugar-cane; twenty feet back the bank twelve feet high, red clay. 3.16, water brackish, but no unpleasant smell; banks red clay and mud, gradually becoming lower and lower; river eighty yards wide, and fast increasing in breadth, seven feet deep, muddy bottom, current three knots. Saw the Dead Sea over the flat, bearing south — mountains beyond. The surface of the water became ruffled. 3.22, a snipe flew by — fresh wind from north-west — one large and two small islands at the mouth of the river; the islands of mud six to eight feet high, evidently subject to overflow; started a heron and a white gull.

At 3.25, passed by the extreme western point, where the river is 180 yards wide and three feet deep, and entered upon the Dead Sea; the water, a nauseous compound of bitters and salts.

The river, where it enters the sea, is inclined towards the eastern shore, very much as is represented on the map of Messrs. Robinson and Smith, which is the most exact of any we have seen. There is a considerable bay between the river and the mountains of Belka, in Ammon, on the eastern shore of the sea.

A fresh north-west wind was blowing as we rounded the point. We endeavoured to steer a little to the north of west, to make a true west course, and threw the patent log overboard to measure the distance; but the wind rose so rapidly that the boats could not keep head to wind, and we were obliged to haul the log in. The sea continued to rise with the increasing wind, which gradually freshened to a gale, and presented an agitated surface of foaming brine; the spray, evaporating as it fell, left incrustations of salt upon our clothes, our hands and faces; and while it conveyed a prickly sensation wherever it touched the skin, was, above all, exceedingly painful to the eyes. The boats, heavily laden, struggled sluggishly at first; but when the wind freshened in its fierceness, from the density of the water, it seemed as if their bows were encountering the sledge-hammers of the Titans, instead of the opposing waves of an angry sea.

At 3.50, passed a piece of drift-wood, and soon after saw three swallows and a gull. At 4.55, the wind blew so fiercely that the boats could make no headway; not even the Fanny Skinner, which was nearer to the weather shore, and we drifted rapidly to leeward: threw over some of the fresh water, to lighten the Fanny Mason, which laboured very much, and I began to fear that both boats would founder.

At 5.40, finding that we were losing every moment, and that, with the lapse of each succeeding one, the danger increased, kept away for the northern shore, in the hope of being yet able to reach it; our arms, our clothes and skins coated with a greasy salt; and our eyes, lips, and nostrils, smarting excessively. How different was the scene before the submerging of the plain, which was "even as the garden of the Lord!"

At times it seemed as if the Dread Almighty frowned upon our efforts to navigate a sea, the creation of his wrath. There is a tradition among the Arabs that no one can venture upon this sea and live. Repeatedly the fates of Costigan and Molyneux had been cited to deter us. The first one spent a few days, the last about twenty hours, and returned to the place from whence he had embarked, without landing upon its shores. One was found dying upon the shore; the other expired in November last, immediately after his return, of fever contracted upon its waters.

But, although the sea had assumed a threatening aspect, and the fretted mountains, sharp and incinerated, loomed terrific on either side, and salt and ashes mingled with its sands, and fœtid sulphurous springs trickled down its ravines, we did not despair: awe-struck, but not terrified; fearing the worst, yet hoping for the best, we prepared to spend a dreary night upon the dreariest waste we had ever seen.

At 5.58, the wind instantaneously abated, and with it the sea as rapidly fell; the water, from its ponderous quality, settling as soon as the agitating cause had ceased to act. Within twenty minutes from the time we bore away from a sea which threatened to engulf us, we were pulling away, at a rapid rate, over a placid sheet of water, that scarcely rippled beneath us; and a rain-cloud, which

had enveloped the sterile mountains of the Arabian shore, lifted up, and left their rugged outlines basking in the light of the setting sun. At 6.10, a flock of gulls flew over, while we were passing a small island of mud, a pistol-shot distant from the northern shore, and half a mile west of the river's mouth. At 6.20, a light wind sprung up from S. E., and huge clouds drifted over, their western edges gorgeous with light, while the great masses were dark and threatening. The sun went down, leaving beautiful islands of rose-coloured clouds over the coast of Judea; but above the yet more sterile mountains of Moab, all was gloomy and obscure.

The northern shore is an extensive mud-flat, with a sandy plain beyond, and is the very type of desolation; branches and trunks of trees lay scattered in every direction; some charred and blackened as by fire; others white with an incrustation of salt. These were collected at high-water mark, designating the line which the water had reached prior to our arrival. On the deep sands of this shore was laid the scene of the combat between the knight of the leopard and Ilderim, the Saracen. The north-western shore is an unmixed bed of gravel, coming in a gradual slope from the mountains to the sea. The eastern coast is a rugged line of mountains, bare of all vegetation,—a continuation of the Hauran range, coming from the north, and extending south beyond the scope of vision, throwing out three marked and seemingly equidistant promontories from its south-eastern extremity.

At 6.25, passed a gravelly point, with many large stones upon it. It is a peninsula, connected with the main by a low, narrow isthmus. When the latter is overflowed, the peninsula must present the appearance of an island, and is doubtless the one to which Stephens, Warburton, and Dr. Wilson, allude.

We were, for some time, apprehensive of missing the

place of rendezvous; for the Sheikh of Huteim, never having been afloat before, and scarce recovered from his fright during the gale, was bewildered in his mind, and perfectly useless as a guide. The moon had not risen; and in the starlight, obscured by the shadow of the mountains, we pulled along the shore in some anxiety. At one moment we saw the gleam of a fire upon the beach, to the southward; and, firing a gun, made for it with all expedition. In a short time it disappeared; and while resting on the oars, waiting for some signal to direct us, there were the flashes and reports of guns and sounds of voices upon the cliffs, followed by other flashes and reports far back upon the shore which we had passed. Divided between apprehensions of an attack upon our friends and a stratagem for ourselves, we were uncertain where to land. Determined, however, to ascertain, we closed in with the shore, and pulled along the beach, sounding as we proceeded.

A little before 8 P. M., we came up with our friends, who had stopped at Ain el Feshka, fountain of the stride.

The shouts and signals we had heard had been from the scouts and caravan, which had been separated from each other, making mutual signals of recognition; they had likewise responded to ours, which, coming from two points some distance apart, for a time disconcerted us. It was a wild scene upon an unknown and desolate coast: the mysterious sea, the shadowy mountains, the human voices among the cliffs, the vivid flashes and the loud reports reverberating along the shore

Unable to land near the fountain, we were compelled to haul the boats upon the beach, about a mile below; and, placing some Arabs to guard them, took the men to the camp, pitched in a cane-brake, beside a brackish spring, where, from necessity, we made a frugal supper; and then, wet and weary, threw ourselves upon a bed of

dust, beside a fœtid marsh;—the dark, fretted mountains behind—the sea, like a huge cauldron, before us—its surface shrouded in a lead-coloured mist.

Towards midnight, while the moon was rising above the eastern mountains, and the shadows of the clouds were reflected wild and fantastically upon the surface of the sombre sea; and everything, the mountains, the sea, the clouds, seemed spectre-like and unnatural, the sound of the convent-bell of Mar Saba struck gratefully upon the ear; for it was the Christian call to prayer, and told of human wants and human sympathies to the wayfarers on the borders of the Sea of Death.

The shore party stated that, after leaving the green banks of the Jordan, they passed over a sandy tract of damp ravines, where it was difficult for the camels to march without slipping. Ascending a slight elevation, they traversed a plain encrusted with salt, and sparsely covered with sour and saline bushes, some dead and withered, and snapping at the slightest touch given them in passing. They noticed many cavernous excavations in the hill-sides,—the dwelling-places of the Israelites, of early Christians, and of hermits during the time of the Crusades.* They at length reached a sloping, dark-brown sand, forming the beach of the Dead Sea, and followed it to El Feshkha. Our Arabs feared wild beasts, but there is nothing for one to live on, in these untenanted solitudes. The frogs alone bore vocal testimony of their existence.

In descending the Ghor, Mr. Dale sketched the topography of the country, and took compass bearings as he proceeded. The route of the caravan was on the bank of the upper terrace, on the west side, every day, except

* "And because of the Midianites, the children of Israel made them the dens which are in the mountains, and caves, and strongholds."—Judges, xi. 2.

one, when it travelled on the eastern side. That elevated plain was at first covered with fields of grain, but became more barren as they journeyed south. The terrace was strongly marked, particularly in the southern portion, where there was a continuous range of perpendicular cliffs of limestone and conglomerate. This terrace averaged about 500 feet above the flat of the Jordan, the latter mostly covered with trees and grass. They were each day compelled to descend to the lower plain, to meet the boats.

Wednesday, April 19. I was first recalled to consciousness this morning by rays of light, the pencilled messengers of the early dawn, shooting above the dark and fretted mountains which form the eastern boundary of the sea. This day I had assigned to rest and preparation for future work, and intended to let all hands sleep late, after the great fatigue of yesterday; but, soon after daybreak, we were startled with the intelligence that the boats were nearly filled with water. The wind had risen towards morning, and a heavy sea was tumbling in. We hastened to the beach to secure the boats, and dry our effects. With all our discomfort, we had slept better than usual, having been undisturbed by fleas. The wind was fresh from the south, and the brawling sound of the breakers was reverberated from the perpendicular face of the mountains. We were encamped just above the spring, in a clearing made in the cane-break, under a cliff upwards of a thousand feet high—old crumbling limestone and conglomerate of a dull ochre colour.

The fountain is a shallow and clear stream of water, at the temperature of 84°, which flows from a cane-break, near the base of the mountain. It is soft yet brackish, and there is no deposit of silicious or cretaceous matter, but it has a strong smell of sulphur. We had no means of analyzing it. A short distance from its source, it

spreads over a considerable space, and its diagonal course to the sea is marked by a more vivid line of vegetation than that which surrounds it. Between the cane-break and the sea is the beach, covered with minute fragments of flint. In the water of the sea, near the shore, are standing many dead trees, about two inches in diameter. We could neither find nor hear of the ruins mentioned by Dr. Robinson, and looked in vain for sulphur. The pebbles of bituminous limestone of which he speaks, are in great abundance.

Our Arabs finding it impossible to sustain their horses on the salt and acrid vegetation of this place, and Ain Jidy being represented as no better, I discharged them and the camel-drivers, and applied to the Pasha at Jerusalem for a few soldiers, to guard the depôt I intended forming at Ain Jidy, while we should be exploring the sea and its shores.

'Akîl and his followers were to leave us here, but Sherîf, with his servant, would remain. Sent Sherîf to Jerusalem, to assist in superintending the transportation of stores, and to make arrangements for supplies of provisions from Hebron. Sent with him everything we could dispense with — saddles, bridles, holsters, and all but a few articles of clothing.

At 1 P. M., made an excursion along the base of the mountain, towards Râs es Feshkhah (cape of the stride), and gathered some specimens of conglomerate and some fresh-water shells in the bed of the stream. We were struck with the almost total absence of round stones and pebbles upon the beach — the shore is covered with small angular fragments of flint. Started two partridges of a beautiful stone-colour, so much like the rocks, that they could only be distinguished when in motion. Heard the notes of a solitary bird in the cane-brake, which we could not identify. The statement that nothing can live upon the

shores of the sea, is, therefore, disproved. The home and the usual haunt of the partridge may be among the cliffs above, but the smaller bird we heard must have its nest in the thicket.

But the scene was one of unmixed desolation. The air, tainted with the sulphuretted hydrogen of the stream, gave a tawny hue even to the foliage of the cane, which is elsewhere of so light a green. Except the cane-brakes, clustering along the marshy stream which disfigured, while it sustained them, there was no vegetation whatever; barren mountains, fragments of rocks, blackened by sulphureous deposit, and an unnatural sea, with low, dead trees upon its margin, all within the scope of vision, bore a sad and sombre aspect. We had never before beheld such desolate hills, such calcined barrenness. The most arid desert has its touch of genial nature:

> "But here, above, around, below,
> In mountain or in glen,
> Nor tree, nor plant, nor shrub, nor flower,
> Nor aught of vegetative power,
> The wearied eye may ken;
> But all its rocks at random thrown,
> Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone."

There was an unpleasant sulphureous smell in the air, which we attributed to the impregnated waters of the fountain and marsh.

'Akīl, to whom we were all much attached, came to see us prior to his departure. To our surprise and great delight, we learned, in the course of conversation, that he was well acquainted and on friendly terms with some of the tribes on the eastern shore. I therefore prevailed upon him to proceed there by land; apprise the tribes of our coming, and make arrangements to supply us with provisions. In ten days he was to be in Kerak, and have a look-out for us stationed upon the eastern shore near the peninsula. It was a most gratifying arrangement, for

we might now hope to avoid difficulty where it had been most anticipated, and to visit the country of Moab, so little known to the world.

Sometime after the agreement was made, 'Akīl returned and expressed a wish to be released. I ascertained that some of his timid followers had been dissuading him, and held him to his obligation. He is a high-toned savage. At our former meeting I advanced him money for his expenses and the purchase of provisions, for which he refused to give a receipt or append his seal (an Arab never subscribes his name, even when he can write) to the contract. I had, therefore, nothing but his word to rely upon, which I well knew he would never break. "The bar of iron may be broken, but the word of an honest man never," and there is as much honour beneath the yellow skin of this untutored Arab, as ever swelled the breast of the chivalrous Cœur de Lion. He never dreamed of falsehood.

During the early part of the day the weather was pleasant, with passing clouds; but when unobscured the sun was warm. Towards the afternoon the wind subsided, and the calm sea, when the sun shone upon it, verified the resemblance which it has been said to bear to molten lead. In the forenoon it had looked as yesterday, like a sheet of foam.

The night was clear, a thin mist hung over the southern shore, and the moon was nearly at the full. Near us, when all was still, the sea had the exact hue of absinthe, or that peculiar blue of the grotto of "Azzura," described in the "Improvisatore." Until 2 A. M. the night was serene and lovely. Although the earth was fine and penetrating as ashes, and the miasma from the marsh anything but agreeable, there *were no fleas*, and the bites which had so smarted from the spray yesterday, are now healing up.

SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA.

To-night our Bedawin had a farewell feast, characteristic alike of their habitual waste and want of cleanliness. A huge kettle, partly filled with water, was laid on a fire made of wood gathered on the beach and strongly impregnated with salt; when the water boiled, a quantity of flour was thrown in and stirred with a branch of drift-wood, seven feet long, and nine inches in circumference. When the mixture was about the consistence of paste, the vessel was taken from the fire and a skin of rancid butter, about six pounds, in a fluid state, was poured in; the mixture was again stirred, and the Bedawin seated round it scooped out the dirty, greasy compound, with the hollow of their hands—'Akīl not the least voracious among them. He is a genuine barbarian, and never sleeps even beneath the frail covering of a tent. In his green āba, which he has constantly worn since he joined us, he is ever to be found at night, slumbering, not sleeping, near the watch-fire—his yataghan by his side—his heavy mounted, wide-mouthed pistols beneath his head. Before retiring, the Arabs took an impressive leave of us; for it was evident that they anticipated encountering some peril in their route along the eastern shore.

The Arab bard sang nearly the whole night. Stopping a little after midnight, he commenced again in less than an hour, and at 2 A. M. was giving forth his nasal notes and his twanging sounds in most provoking monotony; the discordant croaking of the frog is music in comparison. An occasional scream or yell would be absolute relief.

At midnight, again heard the bell of the convent of Mar Saba. It was a solace to know that, in a place wild and solitary in itself, yet not remote from us, there were fellow Christians raising their voices in supplication to the Great and Good Being, before whom, in different forms, but with undivided faith, we bow ourselves in worship.

Thursday, April 20. Awakened very early by one of the Arabs, more pious or more hypocritical than the rest, constituting himself a Mueddin,* and calling the rest to prayer. But the summons was obeyed by very few. An Arab, when he prays, throws his mat anywhere, generally, in obedience to the injunctions of the Koran, in the most conspicuous place. He puts off his shoes; stands upright; leans forward until his hands rest upon his knees; bends yet farther in prostration, and touches the earth with his forehead: he then rises erect, recites a sentence from the Koran, and goes through with similar genuflections and prostrations. In the intervals of the prostrations, he sits back, his knees to the ground, and his feet under him, and recites long passages from the Koran. Sometimes they are abstracted, but not always; we have seen them, in the intervals between the prostrations, comb their beards and address others in conversation, and afterwards, with great gravity, renew their orisons.

The most extraordinary thing is, that some of the Turkish soldiers we have seen, who were seemingly pious and really fanatical, did not understand one word of the Arabic passages of the Koran they recited with so much apparent devotion.

Except those who accompanied us from Acre, we have not seen a single Muslim with beads:—there, as well as at Beirût, Smyrna and Constantinople, every one we met, from the Pasha down, had them in his hands, apparently as playthings only.

The morning was pleasant; a light breeze from the southward; temperature of the air, 82°. After taking double altitudes, sent Mr. Dale and Mr. Aulick in the boats to sound diagonally and directly across to the

* In Turkish, Muezzin.

eastern shore. They started at 10.30; the wind had died away; the sea was as smooth as a mirror towards either shore, but slightly ruffled in the middle, where there seemed to be a current setting to the southward. Thermometer, 89° in the tent, our only shelter, for the sun shone fiercely into every crevice of the mountain behind us. Employed in making arrangements for the removal of the camp farther south to-morrow.

P. M. A short distance from the camp, saw a large brown or stone-coloured hare, and started a partridge; heard another in the cliffs above, and a small bird twittering in the cane-brake beneath me. We discovered that these shores can furnish food for beasts of prey. Found some of the sea-side brache, supposed to be alluded to in Job, and translated mallows in the English version. Also the sida Asiatica.

At 5 P. M., temperature 80°; as the day declined, the wind sprang up and blew freshly from the north, and I began to feel apprehensive for the boats. Towards sunset, walked along the base of the mountains to the southward to look for, but could see nothing of them. Started a snipe, and saw, but could not catch, a beautiful butterfly, chequered white and brown. To-day a duck was seen upon the water, about a mile from the shore;—his home, doubtless, among the sedges of the brackish stream.

Soon after sunset, some Arabs of the tribe Rashâyideh came into camp, and proffered their services as guides along the western coast, and guards to our effects while absent in the boats. They were the most meagre, forlorn, and ragged creatures I had ever seen. The habiliments of Falstaff's recruits would have been a court costume compared to the attire of these attenuated wretches, whose swarthy skins, in all directions, peered forth through the filthy rags, which hung in shreds and patches, rather betraying than concealing their nudity.

Some of them would have answered as guides; but it would not do to employ them in any other capacity. Their abject poverty would tempt them to steal, and their physical weakness prevent them, even if they were courageous, from defending our property. Since the battle of Cressy, history does not tell of lean and hungry men having ever proved valiant.

As night closed in, we lighted fires along the beach and around the camp as guiding signals to the boats.

At 8 P. M., went down to the beach and looked long and anxiously but could see nothing of them, although a dark object could have been discerned at a great distance, for the surface of the sea was one wide sheet of phosphorescent foam, and the waves, as they broke upon the shore, threw a sepulchral light upon the dead bushes and scattered fragments of rock. Returned to the camp and placed every one on guard, for all our men but one being absent in the boats, our weakness, if coupled with want of vigilance, might invite an attack from the strange Arabs, who, we knew, were upon the cliffs above.

At 9.30, the Fanny Mason, and at 10.45, the Fanny Skinner, returned. They had been retarded by the fresh wind and corresponding heavy swell of the sea. The distance in a straight line from this to the Arabian shore measured seven nautical, or nearly eight statute miles. The soundings directly across from this place gave 116 fathoms, or 696 feet, as the greatest depth — ninety fathoms, 540 feet, within a fourth of a mile from the Arabian shore. Mr. Aulick reports a volcanic formation on the east shore, and brought specimens of lava. Another line of soundings running diagonally across to the S. E. Mr. Dale reports a level plain at the bottom of the sea, extending nearly to each shore, with an average depth of 170 fathoms, 1020 feet, all across. The bottom, blue mud and sand, and a number of rectangular crystals of

salt, some of them perfect cubes. One cast brought up crystals only.' Laid them by for careful preservation.

The diagonal line of soundings was run from this place to a black chasm in the opposite mountains. The soundings deepened gradually to twenty-eight fathoms a short distance from the shore; the next cast was 137, and the third 170 fathoms, and the lead brought up, as mentioned, clear cubical crystals of salt. The casts were taken about every half mile, and the deep soundings were carried close to the Arabian shore. It was a tedious operation; the sun shone with midsummer fierceness, and the water, greasy to the touch, made the men's hands smart and burn severely.

In the chasm they found a sweet and thermal stream, coming from above and emptying into the sea. It is, doubtless, the "Zerka Maîn," the outlet of the hot springs of Callirohoe. We trust to give it a thorough examination.

By dark the sea had rolled up dangerously, and the boats took in much water, the crests of the waves curling over their sides. It was a dreadful pull for the men, and when they arrived their clothes were stiffened with incrustation.

The Rashâyideh were grouped in a circle a short distance from our tents. In their ragged brown ābas, lying motionless, and apparently in profound slumber, they looked by moonlight like so many fragments of rock, and reminded one of the grey geese around the hut of Cannie Elshie, the recluse of Mucklestane Muir. They were not all asleep, however, for when I approached, one instantly arose and greeted me. Retired to rest at 1 A. M., the sea brawling and breaking upon the shore.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM AIN EL FESHKHAH TO AIN JIDY (ENGADDI).

FRIDAY, April 21. Allowed all hands to sleep late this morning, in consequence of the great fatigue of yesterday. The sun rose at 5.29, a light wind from the westward.

A. M., busied in preparation for moving to the southward. The sea was smooth and weather clear, and after sunrise it became quite warm. Lofty arid mountains on both sides; a low flat shore to the northward and to the southward; the south-eastern and the south-western shores converging, with only water visible between them. In that direction, a light veil of mist was drawn above the sea.

At 11, broke up camp, and commenced moving every thing to the boats, excepting a load for the only remaining camel, to be conveyed along the shore. The Rashâyideh were very active in the labour of transportation from the camp to the boats. Their astonishing brevity of shirt, and lack of all other covering, save a dirty and faded koofeeyeh, rendered them peculiarly interesting to the anatomist. Several of them wore sandals, a rude invention to protect the feet. It was a thick piece of hide, confined by a thong passing under the sole, at the hollow of the foot, around the heel, and between the great toe and the one which adjoins it.

Our baggage seemed too heavy for the boats, but it was necessary to make the attempt to get away. Our Jordan water was nearly expended, and that of the fountain was not only exceedingly unpalatable, but I feared unwhole-

some also. If it came on to blow, we would have to beach the boats to save them.

At 11.42, started; a light breeze from the southward and westward; the sea slightly ruffled. Steered S. ½ E., along the shore by Ras el Feshkhah. The ras (cape) about 200 yards distant from the shore; between it and our late camping-place is a low, narrow plain, skirted with cane. The precipitous limestone mountain towering a thousand feet above it.

At 1.15 P. M., passed Wady Mahras, or Ravine of the Guard. It was dry, with a solitary ghurrah-tree at its mouth, larger than any we had seen upon these shores. It was about the size of a half-grown apple-tree.

Half a mile beyond is the Wady en Nar (Ravine of Fire), which is the bed of the brook Kidron. The head of that ravine is the valley of Jehoshaphat, under the eastern wall of Jerusalem. Midway down the ravine, the convent of Mar Saba is situated. Between the outlets of the two ravines of Mahras and En Nâr, the debris of the mountains has formed a plain, or delta, sloping to the southeast, and rounding again to the southward.

At 1.36, stopped to examine where the Kidron empties into the sea, in the rainy season. The bed, much worn and filled with confused fragments of rock, was perfectly dry. It is a deep gorge, narrow at the base, and yawning wide at the summit, which was 1200 feet above us.

The peak of Mukŭlla, immediately north of this ravine, was the loftiest of the range we had thus far seen on the Judean shore; and presented, even more than the rest, the appearance of having been scathed by fire. Its summit is less sharp and more rounded, and the rapid disintegration of its face towards the sea has formed a sloping hill of half its height, resembling fine dust and ashes.

The formation of this mountain, like the rest of the range to the north, consists of horizontal strata of lime-

stone; the exterior, of an incinerated brown, is so regular in its stratification as to present a scarped and fortified aspect.

The mountain-sides and summits, and the shores of this sea, thus far, were almost entirely devoid of vegetation; and the solitary tree, of which I have spoken, alone refreshed the eye, while all else within the scope of vision was dreary and utter desolation. The curse of God is surely upon this unhallowed sea!

Picked up fresh-water shells in the torrent-bed, and fragments of flesh-coloured flint upon the sea shore, and gathered some specimens of rock.

At 2.12, started again; scarce any wind; weather warm but not oppressive; the sky somewhat clouded with cumuli; the course, S. ½ W. The curve of the shore forms a bay between the delta we have just left, and a point bearing S. S. E.

At 3 P. M., abreast of the high cliff Hathûrah, and the Wady Sŭdeir, immediately north of it. 3.15, under the mouth of a large cave, which was two-thirds up the cliff. The delta, which had narrowed since leaving the bed of the Kidron, began to spread out again, from the mountains towards the sea.

3.25, abreast of Wady Ghuweir, which presented a singular appearance on its summits; the northern one resembling a watch-tower, and the southern one a castle.

3.30, low land visible to the southward; a fire on the eastern shore. The face and sides of this ravine are cut into terraces by the action of the winter rains.

Narrow strips of canes and tamarisks immediately at the foot of the cliff,—a luxuriant line of green; save the solitary ghurrah-tree, the only thing we have seen to cheer the eye since leaving the tawny cane-brake of Ain el Feshkhah. A beach of coarse, dark gravel below, and barren, brown mountains above, throughout the whole intervening space.

At 4.15, half a mile from the shore, threw over the drag in ten fathoms water. It brought up nothing but mud.

4.30, a perfect calm. The clouds hung motionless in the still air, and their shadows chequered the rugged surface of the mountains of Arabia. It was the grandeur of desolation; no being seen—all sound unheard—we were in the midst of a profound and awful solitude.

4.41, approaching Ain Turâbeh. On a point stretching out into the sea are a few ghurrah-trees and some tamarisk-bushes, and tufts of cane and grass, which alone relieved the dreary scene; all besides are brown, incinerated hills, masses of conglomerate, banks of sand and dust, impalpable as ashes, and innumerable boulders, bleached by long exposure to the sun.

4.43, rounded the point, which was low and gravelly, with some drift-wood upon it; rowed by a small but luxuriant cane-brake, and camped a short distance from the fountain.

The clear, shelving beach, the numerous tamarisk and ghurrah-trees, and the deep green of the luxuriant cane, rendered this, by contrast, a delightful spot.

The indentation of the coast formed here a perfect little bay; and the water of the fountain, although warm, is pure and sweet. Its temperature, 75°. It rather trickles than gushes from the north side of the bay, within ten paces of the sea.

We found here a pistachia* in full bloom, but its pretty white and pink flowers yielded no fragrance. In the stream of the little fountain were several lily-stalks, and the sand was discoloured with a sulphureous deposit,

* Pistachia Terebinthus; the terebinth of Scripture. It is here a dwarf, but is said to grow larger on the plains. It was under the shade of a terebinth-tree that Abraham pitched his tent at Mamre. The Arabs call it "bûtm."

as at Ain el Feshkhah. The Arabs formed a number of pools around by scooping out the sand and gravel with their hands. They brought us a species of large pea, growing each in a separate pod, a number of them clustering on a low, shrub-like plant. It is a product of cultivation, and must have come from beyond the desert of Judea, which stretches westward, from the cliffs above, nearly to the meridian of Hebron and Bethlehem, and much farther south than the first. The shell of the pea is coated with a furze, which resembles the down of the ice-plant when the dew is upon it, and is salt and bitter to the taste,—hence its name, "hamoos" (sour); when dipped in fresh water, the unpleasant taste is removed. The pea itself is like our large marrow-fat pea, but not so luscious.

An Arab brought us some dhom apples, the fruit of the nûbk, or spina Christi. They were then withered, and presented the appearance of a small, dried crab-apple. It had a stone like the cherry; but the stone was larger, and there was less fruit on it in proportion to its size. It was sub-acid, and to us quite palatable; and, reclined upon the shelving beach of pebbles, we took off the edge of appetite while our cook was preparing the second and last meal of the day.

The plants we found here, besides the lily, were the yellow henbane, with narcotic properties; the nightshade (anit et dil), or wolf-grape, supposed, by Hasselquist, to be the wild grape alluded to in Isaiah; the lamb's quarter, used in the manufacture of barilla; and a species of kale (salicornea Europea). This plant is found wherever salt water or saline formations occur. It was here upon the shore of the Dead Sea, and Frémont saw it on the borders of the Great Salt Lake, west of the Mississippi. Besides the single pistachia tree, there were a great many tamarisks, now also in blossom; the flowers small and of

a dull white colour: the wood of the tree makes excellent charcoal, and, in the season, the branches bear galls almost as acrid as the oak.

The pebbles on the beach, to-day, were agglutinated with salt, and the stones in the torrent-beds were coated with saline incrustations.

At 6.10, one of the party shot at a duck, a short distance from the shore;—dark-grey body, and black head and wings. This was fully twelve miles from the Jordan. The bird, when fired at, flew but a short distance out to sea, where it alighted and again directed its course towards the shore. We therefore inferred that its haunt was among the sedges of the little fountain. At sunset, the temperature was 70°; light and variable airs.

Soon after us the camel arrived; and an Arab brought a huge fish, of the cat-fish species, from the Jordan.

It was a strange scene, to-night. The tents among the tamarisks, the Arab watch-fires, the dark mountains in the rear, the planets and the stars above them, and the boats drawn up on the shore. The night was serene and beautiful; the moon, now beginning to wane, shone on a placid sea, upon which there was not the slightest ripple. The profound stillness was undisturbed by the faintest sound, except the tread of our sentinels.

Saturday, April 22d. Awakened early, with the intelligence that Dr. Anderson had arrived at Ain el Feshkhah, with the provisions, Sherîf having neglected to apprise him of our contemplated movement. Sent his tent and some of our Arabs to escort him to Ain Jidy, yet farther south upon this shore.

Early in the morning it was quite cool. At 6 A. M., temperature of the air 70° and very pleasant. Took our breakfast beneath some tamarisk trees in bloom, the grateful shade enhanced by their delicious fragrance. An Arab brought some specimens of sulphur picked up on

the banks of the Jordan near the sea, most probably washed down from the mountains by the river torrents. Some flowers were gathered and placed in our herbarium for preservation. Our arms, instruments, and everything metallic, were bronzed by the saline atmosphere.

At 7.51 A. M., started for Ain Jidy (fountain of the kid); wind light from S. E., with a short troubled swell—the heavily laden boats rolled unmercifully. A few clouds in the north-east; cumulus stratus; steered S. by E. to clear the point to the southward.

The point is a projection of a low, flat delta of sand and pebbles, like the deposit of a large water-course. Two deep wadys in the rear, Wady Ta'âmirah and Wady Derajeh (ravine of the step); the mountains withdrawn at their point of junction.

At 8.20, abreast of the first named ravine, at the head of which is Bethlehem. Thus on one side is the sea, the record of God's wrath; on the other the birth-place of the Redeemer of the world.

From Ain et Turâbeh to this place is a range of conglomerate in thin horizontal strata, terminating in a range of sand-hills half the height of the burnt-looking mountains of limestone. The hills run south-east to a point with scattering tufts of grass and shrubs to their very summits.

8.30, Wady Hŭsâsah; 8.45, abreast of Wady Shukîf; a low flat plain here extends half a mile south-easterly to a point. The ravine had water in it.

A thin, haze-like, heated vapour over the southern sea —appearance of an island between the two shores. Wind gone down; sun intensely hot. 9.35, Wady Muddebbéh Sa'îd 'Obeideh, a singular oval chasm; lofty cliffs, light and dark brown. 9.40, a light refreshing breeze from S. W. 9.45, Râs Mersed, high and rugged. 9.50, passed through a line of foam, curved to the north, and coloured

brown by floating patches of what seemed to be the dust of rotten wood.

At 10.25, hailed by an Arab from the shore, but could not understand him. 10.40, passed through a line of white foam. Through the mist the peninsula looked like an island. 10.42, abreast of wady Mukaddam (ravine of the Advanced); sand cropping out near the summits on each side. At 11, under a high peak of a mountain, the escarpment furrowed with innumerable dry water-courses. The marks upon the shore indicated that the sea had fallen seven feet this season.

At 11.20, stopped to examine a ruin a short distance up the mountain side. It is an old wall of unhewn stones without cement. The wall is on the front and two sides; the rear is the mountain side, in the face of which are several caves, with apertures cut through the rock to the air above, most probably for the escape of smoke. The walls were evidently built to defend the entrance of the caves long subsequent to their excavation. The caves were filled with detritus, lime, and a deposit of salt in cubes. They were perfectly dry, without stalactites or petrifactions of any kind except the cubes of salt. The largest cave could contain twenty or thirty men, and has a long, low, narrow gallery running from one side, which would be invisible when the sun does not shine through the entrance. This is in the wilderness of Engaddi, and the fountain is just beyond the next ravine.

At 11.45, started again, and, at 12.10, stopped at Wady Sudeir, below Ain Jidy (Engaddi). Walked up the dry torrent bed, and finding no suitable place for encampment, directed the boats to be taken half a mile farther south, where they were hauled up, and our tents pitched near them, immediately in a line with, but some distance from where the fountain stream of Ain Jidy descends the mountain side and is lost in the plain;

its course marked by a narrow strip of luxuriant green. The Wady Sudeir has water in it some distance up, but too remote for our purposes.

Instead of the fine grassy plain, which, from Dr. Robinson's description, we had anticipated, we found here a broad sloping delta at the mouth of dry gorges in the mountains. The surface of this plain is dust covered with coarse pebbles and minute fragments of stone, mostly flint, with here and there a nŭbk and some osher trees. The last were in blossom, but had some of the fruit of last year, dry and fragile, hanging upon them, and we collected some for preservation. The blossom is a delicate purple, small, bell-shaped, and growing in large clusters. The leaf is oblong, about four inches long by three wide, thick, smooth, and of a dark green, and except that it is smaller, much resembling the caoutchouc. The branches are tortuous like the locust, and the light brown bark has longitudinal ash-coloured ridges upon it, like the sassafras at home. The nŭbk or lotus tree, the spina Christi of Hasselquist, called by the Arabs the dhom tree, has small dark-green, oval-shaped, ivy-like leaves. Clustering thick and irregularly upon the crooked branches, are sharp thorns, half an inch in length. The smaller branches are very pliant, which, in connexion with the ivy-like appearance of the leaves, sustain the legend that of them was made the mock crown of the Redeemer. Its fruit, as I have before mentioned, is subacid, and of a pleasant flavour.

There were tamarisk trees and much cane in the bed of the ravine, besides many pink oleanders. About the plain we found the rock-rose, from one of the species of which the gum ladanum is procured; also the common pink; the Aleppo senna, which is used in medicine; the common mallow, and the scentless yellow mignonette.

On the upper part of the plain were terraces, which

AIN JIDY (ENGADDI)

bore marks of former cultivation, perhaps cucumber-beds, such as seen by Dr. Robinson and Mr. Smith. They were owned by the Ta'âmirah, and were destroyed a short time before by a tribe of hostile Arabs. We found a few small prickly cucumbers, or gerkins, in detached places. There were two patches of barley standing, which were scarce above the ground, perhaps, at the time of the hostile incursion. Yet, although it could have been but a few weeks since, the grain was nearly ready for the harvest. The whole aspect of the country, these few trees and patches of vegetation excepted, was one incinerated brown. The mountain, with caverns in its face, towered fifteen hundred feet above us; and one-third up was the fountain, in a grove of spina Christi. It was a spot familiar to the imaginations of all,—the "Diamond of the Desert," in the tales of the crusaders.

Examined the boats for repairs. Found them very much battered, and their keels, stems, and stern-posts, fractured. Commenced a series of barometrical and thermometrical observations, and surveyed the ground for a base-line. Observed some branches of trees floating, about a mile from the shore, towards the north, confirming our impression of an eddy-current. At 6 P. M., an Arab brought in a catbird he had killed; like all the other birds, and most of the insects and animals, we had seen, it was of a stone colour.

In the evening, some of the tribe Ta'âmirah came in,—a little more robust, but scarcely better clad, than the Rashâyideh. They were warm and hungry, from walking a long distance to meet us. They had no food, and I directed some cooked rice to be given to them. They had seated themselves round the pot, and were greedily about to devour it, when one of them suggested that, perhaps, pork had been cooked in the same vessel. They rose, therefore, in a body, and came to the cook to satisfy

their scruple. I never saw disappointment more strongly pictured in the human countenance than when told that the vessel had often been used for that purpose. Although nearly famished, they would not touch the rice, and we could give them nothing else. Fearing that our provisions would fall short, I advised them to return; not to their houses, for they have nothing so stable as to deserve the name, but to their migratory tents.

As in all southern nations of this continent, the principal food of the Arab is rice. Almost all other nations extract an intoxicating beverage from the plant, containing saccharine matter, which constitutes their principal article of nourishment. But the Arab scarcely knows what strong drink is, and has no name for wine, the original Arabic word for which is now applied to coffee.

Our Arabs were such pilferers that we were obliged to keep a most vigilant watch over everything, except the pork, which, being an abomination to the Muslim, was left about the camp, in full confidence that it would be untouched.

At 8.30, there was a light breeze from the south-west—no clouds visible—a pale-blue misty appearance over the sea. At 9, the wind shifted to the north and blew strong; forced to strengthen the tent-stakes and pile stones upon the canvass eaves. The moon rose clear. Sea, rough. Weather, cool and pleasant; thermometer, 71°. A strong smell of sulphuretted hydrogen, which surprised us, as we knew of no thermal spring in this vicinity. At midnight, sky almost cloudless; thin strata of cirri, extending north-east and south-west. Thermometer, 70°. Wind ranging from north to north-east, and abating. Sherîf said that he had often heard of the tyranny of the Franks towards each other, but never thought they would have sent their countrymen to so desolate a place as this. Most of the Arabs, however, suspected that we came for

gold; and Dr. Anderson's hammering at the rocks was, to them, conclusive proof of this hypothesis.

We had this afternoon measured a base line of 3350 feet across the plain, and angled upon all possible points. An Arab, with two camels loaded with salt, came from the south end of the sea, and was going up this pass to Gaza. Commerce extends even here, although her burnished keels have never ploughed this dreary sea.

Our water was brought the distance of a mile by the Arabs. There were about fifty of them around the camp, and we could not persuade them to go away. They were of the Raschâyideh and Ta'âmirah tribes—mere bundles of rags, very poor, and, so far, perfectly inoffensive. Some of them kissed our hands, and, pointing to their miserable garments, by comprehensible gestures solicited charity.

Our bread and rice falling short, and being uncertain about the arrival of provisions from Jerusalem, I this day sent some Arabs to Hebron for flour. Would that we could have gone there, too, and visited the cave of Macpelah, near Mamre!

One of my greatest anxieties was the difficulty of procuring provisions. Should our train, coming from Jerusalem under charge of Dr. Anderson and the Sherîf, be plundered on its way, and the emissary to Hebron procure but a small supply, we should have been in a starving condition. I would have also sent either Mr. Dale or Mr. Aulick to Jerusalem, but that their presence was absolutely necessary. To sound the sea, take topographical sketches of its shores, and make astronomical and barometrical observations, gave full occupation to every one. This was to be our depôt; here we were to leave our tents, and everything we could dispense with. It would be our home while upon this sea, and, in honour of the greatest man the world has yet produced, I named it "Camp Washington."

April 23, Easter Sunday. Deferred all work that we could possibly set aside, until to-morrow. At 6 A. M., weather pleasant—thermometer standing at 70° in the tent. At 7, 84°; 7.30, 85°; the two extremities of the sea misty, with constant evaporation; sky cloudless, a light breeze from the north; the heat so oppressive in the tent, that we breakfasted "al fresco." A. M. Walking along the beach, saw a hawk, and shortly after some doves, near the tent, all of the same colour as the mountains and the shore. Each day, in the forenoon, the wind had prevailed from the southward, and in the afternoon, until about midnight, from the northward; the last wind quite fresh, and accompanied with a smell of sulphur. After midnight, it generally fell calm. Although the nights were mostly cloudless, there was scarcely any deposit of dew, the ground remaining heated through the night from the intensity of the solar rays during the day.

Four young wild boars were brought in by an Arab; they escaped from him and ran to the sea, but were caught, and, because we would not buy them, they were killed.

Nearly out of provisions, and, anxiously looking for Dr. Anderson and the Sherîf, we gladly hailed their appearance shortly after noon, creeping like mites along the lofty crags descending to this deep chasm. Some of our party had discovered in the face of the precipice, near the fountain, several apertures, one of them arched and faced with stone. There was no perceptible access to the caverns, which were once, perhaps, the abodes of the Essenes. Our sailors could not get to them; and where they fail, none but monkeys can succeed. There must have been terraced pathways formerly cut in the face of the rock, which have been worn away by winter torrents.

Although we saw the Doctor and Sherîf shortly after noon, they did not reach the camp until 3.30, P. M. The provisions they brought were very acceptable. With

them, came four Turkish soldiers, to guard our camp while we should be absent.

P. M. We again noticed a current, setting to the northward along the shore, and one farther out, setting to the southward. The last was no doubt the impetus given by the Jordan, and the former its eddy, deflected by Usdum and the southern shore of the sea.

Arranged with Sherîf that he should remain here, in charge of our camp.

The scene at sunset was magnificent;—the wild, mighty cliffs above us, the dull, dead sea, and the shadows climbing up the eastern mountains. And there was Kerak, castled upon the loftiest summit of the range. We never looked upon it but we deplored the folly and rapacity of the "Lord of Kerak," which lost to Christendom the guardianship of the Holy Sepulchre.

We all felt a great oppression about the head, and much drowsiness, particularly during the heat of the day. In the evening, it was calm and sultry.

At night we visited Sherîf. A number of Arabs were gathered in front of the tent, and they gave us a dance. Ten or twelve of them were drawn up in a line, curved a little inwards, and one of them stood in front, with a naked sword. A mass of filthy rags, with black heads above and spindle legs below! Clapping their hands, and chanting a low, monotonous song, bowing and bending, and swinging their bodies from side to side, they followed the motions of the one in front. In a short time, one of them commenced chanting extempore, and the others repeated the words with monotonous cadence; he with the sword waving it to and fro in every direction, and keeping time and movement with the rest. Their song referred to us. "Mr. Dale was strong and rode a horse well." "Kobtan," (the captain) made much work for Arabs, with his head." The dance was interrupted by an old man sud

denly darting into the circle, and, bare-footed, with his ãba gathered in his hands behind him, went jumping, hopping, crouching, and keeping time to the strange sounds of the others. The grotesque movements, the low monotonous tones, and the seeming ill-timed levity of the old Arab, gave to the whole affair the appearance of a wild coronach, disturbed by the antics of a mountebank. In the swaying of the body and clapping of the hands, some of us detected a resemblance to the war-dance of the South Sea Islanders.

A calm, sultry night. At this hour, last night (11 o'clock), it blew a fresh breeze from the north. In the mid-watch there was a bright meteor from the zenith, towards the north-east. The same sulphureous smell, but less unpleasant than when the wind blew fresh. Molyneaux detected the same odour the night he spent upon the sea, whence he thought it proceeded. We have been twice upon the sea when the spray was driven in our faces; but although the water was greasy, acrid, and disagreeable, it was perfectly inodorous. I am therefore inclined to attribute the noxious smell to the fœtid springs and marshes along the shores of the sea, increased, perhaps, by exhalations from stagnant pools in the flat plain which bounds it to the north.

Monday, April 24. Called all hands at 4.45 A. M.; light wind from the north; clouds, cirro-stratus, in the south and east; temperature, 78°. Wrote a note to Mr. Finn, H. B. M. consul at Jerusalem, respecting provisions. This gentleman had been exceedingly kind and attentive. He had received our money on deposit, and paid my drafts upon him. By this means we kept but little money on hand, and avoided presenting a great temptation to the Arabs.

At 6, breakfasted luxuriously on fresh bread, brought, by the Doctor, from Jerusalem. The latter reported

Hugh Reid (seaman), one of the crew of the Fanny Skinner, as unable to work at the oar. Determined to leave him in the camp, his affection being a chronic one, uninfluenced by the climate.

At 6.38, started with Dr. Anderson, in the Fanny Mason, for the peninsula, which had so long loomed, like Cape Flyaway, in the distance. Directed Mr. Aulick to pull directly across to Wady Mojeb (the River Arnon of the Old Testament), and sound as he proceeded.

I left Mr. Dale and the rest of the party to make observations for determining the position of the camp, and measure angles for each end of the base-line. We steered, in the Fanny Mason, a south-east course, directly for the north end of the peninsula, sounding at short intervals. The first cast, near the shore, brought up slimy mud, but further out, a light-coloured mud, and many perfectly well formed cubic crystals of salt. These, as well as the mud, were carefully put up in air-tight vessels; greatest depth, 137 fathoms. One of the deepest casts, the cup to Stelwagon's lead brought up a blade of grass, faded in colour, but of as firm a texture as any plucked on the margin of a brook. It must have been washed down by one of the fresh-water streams, in connection with a heavier substance.

About midway across picked up a dead bird, which was floating upon the water; we recognised it as a small quail. At 11, reached the peninsula; the sun intensely hot. It is a bold, broad promontory, from forty to sixty feet high, with a sharp angular central ridge some twenty feet above it, and a broad margin of sand at its foot, incrusted with salt and bitumen; the perpendicular face extending all round and presenting the coarse and chalky appearance of recent carbonate of lime. There were myriads of dead locusts strewed upon the beach near the margin of the sea. The summit of the peninsula is

irregular and rugged; in some places showing the tent-shape formation, in others, a series of disjointed crags. On the western side, the high peninsula with its broad margin extends to the southward until it is lost in the misty sea.

Dr. Anderson describes the peninsula as a loose, calcareous marl, with incrustations of salt and indications of sulphur, nitre, gypsum, marly clays, &c.; and the northern extremity, which he estimates one-third higher than I do, as chalky, with flints; the texture soft and crumbling.

There were a few bushes, their stems partly buried in the water, and their leafless branches incrusted with salt, which sparkled as trees do at home when the sun shines upon them after a heavy sleet. Such an image, presented to the mind, while the frame was weltering with the heat, was indeed like "holding a fire in the hand and thinking of the frosty Caucasus." Near the immediate base of the cliffs was a line of drift-wood deposited by the sea at its full. Save the standing and prostrate dead trees, there was not a vestige of vegetation. The mind cannot conceive a more dreary scene, or an atmosphere more stifling and oppressive. The reverberation of heat and light from the chalk-like hills and the salt beach was almost insupportable.

Walking up the beach we saw the tracks of a hyena, and another animal which we did not recognise, and soon after the naked footprints of a man. To the eastward of the point is a deep bay indenting the peninsula from the north. We followed up an arched passage worn in the bank, and cutting steps in the salt on each side of the upper part, crawled through a large hole worn by the rains, and clambered up the steep side of the ridge to gain a view from the top. It presented a surface of sharp and angular points, light coloured, bare of vegetation, and blinding to the eye. We here collected many crystals of

carbonate of lime. During our absence, the sailors had endeavoured to make a fire of the drift-wood as a signal to the camp, but it was so impregnated with salt that it would not burn.

At 1 P. M., started on our return, steering directly across to measure the width of the strait between the peninsula and the western shore. There was little wind, the same faint sulphureous smell, and every one struggling against a sensation of drowsiness. Arrived at the camp a little before 6 P. M., in a dead calm, very much wearied, temperature 92°. As we landed an Arab ran up, and gathering an armful of barley in the straw, threw it on the fire, and then husking the grain by rubbing it in his hands, brought it to me, and by gesture invited me to eat; it was excellent. The Fanny Skinner arrived shortly after. Mr. Aulick had sounded directly across, and found the width of the sea by patent log to be a little more than eight geographical, or about nine statute miles; the greatest depth 188 fathoms, 1128 feet. He landed at the mouth of the "Arnon;"—a considerable stream of water, clear, fresh, and moderately cool, flowing between banks of red sandstone. In it some small fish were seen.

On our first arrival here, I had despatched a messenger to the tribes along the southern coast to procure guides. This afternoon he returned with the information that they had been driven away, and that the country was inhabited only by robbers. Sherîf was earnest in the advice to proceed no farther south; but we could not leave our work unaccomplished. A sheikh of the Ta'âmirah agreed to walk along the coast in sight of the boats. We wished to visit the ruins of Sebbeh on our route southward, and prepared for several days' absence. At night a fresh breeze sprang up from the northward and eastward. There were several large fires on the peninsula. Secured a partridge and several insects for our collection; and

there was also gathered a specimen of every variety of flower for our herbarium. In the evening our Arabs had another entertainment. An improvisatore in Arabic poetry was engaged until a late hour reciting warlike narratives in verse for the amusement of Sherîf — some from Antar, the celebrated poet of Arabia; others, unpremeditated, in praise of Ibrahim Pasha. At the end of each couplet, some one of the audience pronounced the final rhyming word after him. This was more endurable than the one-stringed rebabeh, and less stupid than the dance of last evening. In the night, killed a tarantula and a scorpion.

Oppressively sultry. A fœtid, sulphureous odour in the night; felt quite sick. At daybreak, a fine invigorating breeze from the north; air over the sea very misty. Did not rouse the camp until 6.30, for the night had been oppressive. The Arabs becoming too numerous in the camp, I sent all away, except a few to bring water to Sherîf, and some to accompany us to show where water could be found along the shore.

CHAPTER XIV.

EXPEDITION AROUND THE SOUTHERN SEA.

Tuesday, April 25. Completed a set of observations, bundled up the mess things, and started, at 9.40, for a reconnoissance of the southern part of the sea; leaving Sherîf in charge of the camp, with Read and the four Turkish soldiers. Steered about south, from point to point, keeping near the Arabs along the shore, *for their protection;* for they dreaded an attack from marauding parties. Threw the patent log overboard; the weather fair but exceedingly hot; thermometer, 89°; little air stirring; no clouds visible; the mountains, as we passed, seemed terraced, but the culture was that of desolation.

At 11.05, the patent log had marked 2¾ knots; depth, six feet; bottom, soft brown mud; made for a current ripple, a little farther out, coloured with decomposed wood, membranes of leaves, chaff, &c.; depth, thirteen fathoms; hard bottom; resumed the course along the shore. At 12.30, abreast of a ravine, or wady, not down on the maps, with a broad, flat delta before it. These ravines all have names, among the Arabs; but the deltas, or projecting plains, are undesignated. The limestone strata of the mountain above it were horizontal. There was a line of verdure up the ravine, indicating the presence of water. The log had measured 6¼ nautical miles from Ain Jidy. soundings, a musket-shot distance from the shore, one fathom; bottom, white sand and very fine gravel. At 12.40, soundings one fathom; north end of the penin-

sula bearing east; steered towards it, to try for ford; water deepening to 2½ fathoms (fifteen feet), pulled into the shore-line again. A small, beautiful bird, with yellow breast, flew along the shore. Occasionally sounded out to 2½ fathoms, one mile from shore, to look for ford. At 1.58, abreast of Wady Sêyâl Sebbeh (ravine of Acacias), supposed to have water in it, very high up, the log having marked 8½ nautical miles. The cliff above the ravine was that of Sebbeh, or Masada. It was a perpendicular cliff, 1200 to 1500 feet high, with a deep ravine breaking down on each side, so as to leave it isolated. On the level summit was a line of broken walls, pierced in one place with an arch. This fortalice, constructed by Herod, and successfully beleaguered by Silva, had a commanding but dreary prospect, overlooking the deep chasm of this mysterious sea. Our Arabs could give no other account of it than that there were ruins of large buildings on the cliff.

The cliff of Sebbeh is removed some distance from the margin of the sea by an intervening delta of sand and detritus, of more than two miles in width. A mass of scorched and calcined rock, regularly laminated at its summit, and isolated from the rugged strip, which skirts the western shore, by deep and darkly-shadowed defiles and lateral ravines, its aspect from the sea is one of stern and solemn grandeur, and seems in harmony with the fearful records of the past.

There was that peculiar purple hue of its weather-worn rock, a tint so like that of coagulated blood that it forced the mind back upon its early history, and summoned images of the fearful immolation of Eleazar and the nine hundred and sixty-seven Sicarii, the blood of whose self-slaughter seemed to have tinged the indestructible cliff for ever.

At 3.05 P. M. a fine northerly wind blowing; stopped

to take in our Arabs. They brought a piece of bitumen, found on the shore, near Sebbeh, where we had intended to camp; but the wind was fair, and there was an uncertainty about water. We ascertained that there is no ford as laid down in the map of Messrs. Robinson and Smith. One of the Arabs said that there was once a ford there, but all the others denied it. Passed two ravines and the bluff of Rŭbtât el Jâmûs (Tying of the Buffalo), and at 4.45, stopped for the night in a little cove, immediately north of Wady Mubŭghghik, five or six miles north of the salt-mountain of Usdum, which looms up, isolated, to the south. From Ain Jidy to this place, the patent log has measured 13½ nautical miles, which is less than the actual distance, the log sometimes not working, from the shoalness of the water.

We this day paid particular attention to the geological construction of the western shore, with a special regard to the disposition of the ancient terraces and abutments of the tertiary limestone and marls. There may be rich ores in these barren rocks. Nature is ever provident in her liberality, and when she denies fertility of surface, often repays man with her embowelled treasures. There is scarce a variety of rock that has not been found to contain metals; and it is said that the richness of the veins is for the most part independent of the nature of the beds they intersect.

There has been no great variety in the scenery, to-day; the same bold and savage cliffs; the same broad peninsulas, or deltas, at the mouths of the ravines,—some of them sprinkled here and there with vegetation,—all evincing the recent or immediate presence of water. This part of the coast is claimed by no particular tribe, but is common to roaming bands of marauders.

The beach was bordered with innumerable dead locusts. There was also bitumen in occasional lumps, and incrus-

tations of lime and salt. The bitumen presented a bright, smooth surface when fractured, and looked like a consolidated fluid. The Arabs called it hajar Mousa (Moses' stone).

Our Arabs insisted upon it that the only ford was at the southern extremity of the sea. There were seven of them with us, and they were of three tribes, the Rashâyideh, Ta'âmirah and Kábeneh. Being beyond the limits of their own territories, they were very apprehensive of an attack from hostile tribes. When, this afternoon, under the impression, which proved to be correct, that there was water in the ravine, we called to them, they came down in all haste, unslinging their guns as they ran, in the supposition that we were attacked,—evincing, thereby, more spirit than we had anticipated. They were very uneasy; and, immediately after our arrival, one of them was perched, like a goat, upon a high cliff; and the others had bivouacked where they commanded a full view into the mouth of the ravine.

Our camp was in a little cove, on the north side of the delta, which had been formed by the deposition of the winter torrents, and extends half a mile out, with a rounding point to the eastward. The ravine comes down between two high, round-topped mountains, of a dark, burnt-brown colour, and a horizontal, terrace-like stratum, half-way up. In the plain were several nŭbk and tamarisk trees, and three kinds of shrubs, and some flowers which we gathered for preservation. Near the ravine, on a slight eminence, we discovered the ruins of a building, with square-cut stones,—the foundation-walls alone remaining, and a line of low wall running down to the ravine; near it was a rude canal. There were many remains of terraces. The low wall was, perhaps, an aqueduct for the irrigation of the plain. Here Costigan thought that he had found the ruins of Gomorrah. About

half a mile up; the faces of the ravine cut down perpendicularly through limestone rock, and turned, at right angles, a short distance above, with here and there a few bushes in the bottom. We found a little brook purling down the ravine, and soon losing itself in the dry plain. We were now almost at the southern extremity of the sea. The boats having been drawn up on the beach, their awnings were made to supply the places of tents, the open side facing the ravine; the blunderbuss at our head, and the sentries walking beside it. At 8 P. M., there were a few light cumuli in the sky, but no wind. At 8.30, a hot fresh wind from north-west; thermometer, 82°; at 9, 86°. Finding it too oppressive under the awning, we crawled out upon the open beach, and, with our feet nearly at the water's edge, slept "à la belle etoile." After the manner of the poor highwayman, we slept in our clothes, under arms, and upon the ground. It continued very hot during the night, and we could not endure even a kerchief over our faces, to screen them from the hot and blistering wind.

This was doubtless a sirocco, but it came from an unusual quarter. At midnight, the thermometer stood at 88°; and at 4, the temperature of the air, 86°; of the water, 80°. Towards daylight, the wind went down, and the thermometer fell to 79°. There were several light meteors, from the zenith towards the north, seen during the night. While the wind lasted, the atmosphere was hazy. Notwithstanding the oppressive heat, there was a pleasure in our strange sensations, lying in the open air, upon the pebbly beach of this desolate and unknown sea, perhaps near the sites of Sodom and Gomorrah; the salt mountains of Usdum in close proximity, and nothing but bright, familiar stars above us.

Wednesday, April 26. When I awoke this morning there was a young quail at my side, where, in the night,

it had most probably crept for shelter from the strong, hot wind.

We were up before sunrise; light variable airs and warm weather. At 5.30, started and steered S. ½ E. in a direct line for Râs Hish (cape Thicket), the north point of Usdum. At 6.42, fifty yards from the shore, sounded, the depth one fathom. Wady Mubŭghghik bearing west. 6.51, soundings one and three-quarter fathoms, grey mud. At 7, two fathoms, black, slimy mud. A light wind sprang up from S. S. E., a few light cirrus clouds in the N. E. The cliffs gradually slope away and terminate in Usdum. Sounding every few minutes for the ford; stretching out occasionally from the shore line, and returning to it again, when the water deepened to two fathoms. The Fanny Skinner coasted along the shore to sketch the topography, and we kept further out to sound for the ford. At 8, abreast of a short, steep, shrubby ravine, Muhariwat (the Surrounded); a very extensive excavation at its mouth. In front of the ravine was a beautiful patch of vegetation, extending towards Usdum, with intervals of gravel and sand. Many of these ravines derive their names from incidents in Arab history.

At 8.07, stopped to take bearings. Wady Ez Zuweirah, S. W. by W.; the west end of Usdum, S. by W.; marshy spit, north end of do., S. E. ½ E. Usdum is perfectly isolated, but has no appearance of being a mass of salt. Perhaps, like the peninsula, it is incrusted with carbonate of lime, which gives it the tinge of the eastern and western mountains.

At 8.08, water shoaling to two and a half feet, hauled off; 8.12, stood in and landed on the extreme point of Usdum. Many dead bushes along the shore, which are incrusted with salt as at the peninsula. Found it a broad, flat, marshy delta, the soil coated with salt and bitumen, and yielding to the foot.

At 8.30, started again and steered E. S. E., sounding every five minutes, the depth from one to one and three-quarter fathoms; white and black slime and mud. A swallow flew by us. At 8.52, stopped to take compass bearings. Seetzen saw this salt mountain in 1806, and says that he never before beheld one so torn and riven; but neither Costigan nor Molyneaux, who were in boats, came farther south on the sea than the peninsula. With regard to this part, therefore, which most probably covers the guilty cities,—

"We are the first
That ever burst
Into this silent sea."

At 9, the water shoaling, hauled more off shore. Soon after, to our astonishment, we saw on the eastern side of Usdum, one third the distance from its north extreme, a lofty, round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. We immediately pulled in for the shore, and Dr. Anderson and I went up and examined it. The beach was a soft, slimy mud encrusted with salt, and a short distance from the water, covered with saline fragments and flakes of bitumen. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallization. A prop, or buttress, connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with debris of a light stone colour. Its peculiar shape is doubtless attributable to the action of the winter rains. The Arabs had told us in vague terms that there was to be found a pillar somewhere upon the shores of the sea; but their statements in all other

respects had proved so unsatisfactory, that we could place no reliance upon them.*

At 10.10, returned to the boat with large specimens. The shore was soft and very yielding for a great distance; the boats could not get within 200 yards of the beach, and our foot-prints made on landing, were, when we returned, incrusted with salt.

Some of the Arabs, when they came up, brought a species of melon they had gathered near the north spit of Usdum. It was oblong, ribbed, of a dark green colour, much resembling a cantelope. When cut, the meat and seeds bore the same resemblance to that fruit, but were excessively bitter to the taste. A mouthful of quinine could not have been more distasteful, or adhered longer and more tenaciously to the reluctant palate.

Intending to examine the south end of the sea, and then proceed over to the eastern shore in the hope of finding water, we discharged all our Arabs but one, and sharing our small store of water with them, and giving them provisions, we started again at 10.30, and steered south.

At 10.42, a large black and white bird flew up, and lighted again upon the shore. The salt on the face of

* A similar pillar is mentioned by Josephus, who expresses the belief of its being the identical one into which Lot's wife was transformed. His words are, "But Lot's wife continually turning back to view the city as she went from it, and being too nicely inquisitive what would become of it, although God had forbidden her so to do, was changed into a pillar of salt, for I have seen it, and it remains at this day."—1 *Josephus' Antiq., book* 1, *chap.* 12.

Clement of Rome, a contemporary of Josephus, also mentions this pillar; and likewise Irenæus, a writer of the second century, who, yet more superstitious than the other two, adds the hypothesis, how it came to last so long with all its members entire. Reland relates an old tradition that as fast as any part of this pillar was washed away, it was supernaturally renewed.

PILLAR OF SALT AT USDUM.

Usdum appeared in the form of spiculæ. At 11.07, came to the cave in Usdum described by Dr. Robinson; kept on, to take meridian observation at the extreme south end of the sea. 11.28, unable to proceed any further south from shallowness of the water, having run into six inches, and the boats' keels stirring up the mud. The Fanny Skinner having less draught, was able to get a little nearer to the shore, but grounded 300 yards off. Mr. Dale landed to observe for the latitude. His feet sank first through a layer of slimy mud a foot deep, then through a crust of salt, and then another foot of mud, before reaching a firm bottom. The beach was so hot as to blister the feet. From the water's edge, he made his way with difficulty for more than a hundred yards over black mud, coated with salt and bitumen.

Unfortunately, from the great depth of this chasm, and the approach of the sun towards the tropic of Cancer, the sextant (one of Gambey's best) would not measure the altitude with an artificial horizon, and there was not sufficient natural horizon for the measurement. We therefore took magnetic bearings in every direction, which, with observations of Polaris, would be equally correct, but more laborious. We particularly noted the geographical position of the south end of Usdum, which was now a little south of the southern end of the sea. The latter is ever-varying, extending south from the increased flow of the Jordan and the efflux of the torrents in winter, and receding with the rapid evaporation, consequent upon the heat of summer.

In returning to the boat, one of the men attempted to carry Mr. Dale to the water, but sunk down, and they were obliged separately to flounder through. When they could, they ran for it. They describe it as like running over burning ashes,—the perspiration starting from every pore with the heat. It was a delightful sensation when

their feet touched the water, even the salt, slimy water of the sea, then at the temperature of 88°.

The southern shore presented a mud-flat, which is terminated by the high hills bounding the Ghor to the southward. A very extensive plain or delta, low and marshy towards the sea, but rising gently, and, farther back, covered with luxuriant green, is the outlet of Wady es Sâfieh (clear ravine), bearing S. E. by S. Anxious to examine it, we coasted along, just keeping the boat afloat, the in-shore oars stirring up the mud. The shore was full three-fourths of a mile distant, the line of demarcation scarce perceptible, from the stillness of the water, and the smooth, shining surface of the marsh. On the flat beyond, were lines of drift-wood, and here and there, in the shallow water, branches of dead trees, which, like those at the peninsula, were coated with saline incrustation. The bottom was so very soft, that it yielded to everything, and at each cast the sounding-lead sank deep into the mud. Thermometer, 95°. Threw the drag over, but it brought up nothing but soft, marshy, light coloured mud.

It was indeed a scene of unmitigated desolation. On one side, rugged and worn, was the salt mountain of Usdum, with its conspicuous pillar, which reminded us at least of the catastrophe of the plain; on the other were the lofty and barren cliffs of Moab, in one of the caves of which the fugitive Lot found shelter. To the south was an extensive flat intersected by sluggish drains, with the high hills of Edom semi-girdling the salt plain where the Israelites repeatedly overthrew their enemies; and to the north was the calm and motionless sea, curtained with a purple mist, while many fathoms deep in the slimy mud beneath it lay embedded the ruins of the ill-fated cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. The glare of light was blinding to the eye, and the atmosphere difficult of respiration.

No bird fanned with its wing the attenuated air through which the sun poured his scorching rays upon the mysterious element on which we floated, and which, alone, of all the works of its Maker, contains no living thing within it.

While in full view of the peninsula, I named its northern extremity "Point Costigan," and its southern one "Point Molyneaux," as a tribute to the memories of the two gallant Englishmen who lost their lives in attempting to explore this sea.

At 11.42, much frothy scum; picked up a dead bird resembling a quail; sounding every five minutes, depth increasing to four feet, bottom a little firmer; the only ford must be about here.

At 12.21, there was a very loud, reverberating report, as of startling thunder, and a cloud of smoke and dust on the western shore; most probably a huge rock falling from a high cliff.

At 2.35 P. M., close in with the eastern shore, but unable to land from the soft bottom and shoalness of the water. At 2.50, a light breeze from W. N. W.; hauled to the north towards the base of the peninsula. A long, narrow, dry marsh, with a few scrubby bushes, separated the water from a range of stupendous hills, 2000 feet high. The cliff of En Nuweireh (Little Tiger), lofty and grand, towered above us in horizontal strata of brown limestone, and beautiful rose-coloured sandstone beneath. Clouds in the east, nimbus, seemed to be threatening a gust. At 3.30, steered N. N. E. along a low marshy flat, in shallow water. The light wind had subsided, and it was oppressively hot; air 97°; water twelve inches below the surface 90°. A thin purple haze over the mountains, increasing every moment, and presenting a most singular and awful appearance; the haze so thin that it was transparent, and rather a blush than a distinct colour. I

apprehended a thunder-gust or an earthquake, and took in the sail. At 3.50, a hot, blistering hurricane struck us from the south-east, and for some moments we feared being driven out to sea. The thermometer rose immediately to 102°. The men, closing their eyes to shield them from the fiery blast, were obliged to pull with all their might to stem the rising waves, and at 4.30, physically exhausted, but with grateful hearts, we gained the shore. My own eye-lids were blistered by the hot wind, being unable to protect them, from the necessity of steering the boat.

We landed on the south side of the peninsula, near Wady Humeir, the most desolate spot upon which we had yet encamped. Some went up the ravine to escape from the stifling wind; others, driven back by the glare, returned to the boats and crouched under the awnings. One mounted spectacles to protect his eyes, but the metal became so heated that he was obliged to remove them. Our arms and the buttons on our coats became almost burning to the touch; and the inner folds of our garments were cooler than those exposed to the immediate contact of the wind. We bivouacked without tents, on a dry marsh, a few dead bushes around us, and some of the thorny nŭbk, and a tree bearing a red berry a short distance inland, with low canes on the margin of the sea. A short distance to the N. E., on the peninsula, we found fragments of an immense and very old mill-stone. The mill had, doubtless, been turned by a canal from the ravine, down which the water must flow copiously in the rainy season.

At 5, finding the heat intolerable, we walked up the dry torrent bed in search of water. Found two successive pools rather than a stream, with some minnows in them; the water, not yet stagnant, flowing from the upper to the lower pool. There were some succulent plants on

their margins, and fern roots, and a few bushes around them. There were huge boulders of sandstone in the bed of the ravine; a dead palm-tree near the largest pool, a living one in a cleft of the rock at the head of the gorge; and high up, to the summits of the beetling cliffs, the sandstone lay in horizontal strata, with perpendicular cleavage, and limestone above, its light brown colour richly contrasting with the deep red below.

The sandstone below limestone here, and limestone without sandstone on the opposite shore, would seem to indicate a geological fault.

Washed and bathed in one of the pools, but the relief was only momentary. In one instant after leaving the water, the moisture on the surface evaporated, and left the skin dry, parched, and stiff. Except the minnows in the pool, there was not a living thing stirring; but the hot wind swept moaning through the branches of the withered palm-tree,* and every bird and insect, if any there were, had sought shelter under the rocks.

Coming out from the ravine, the sight was a singular one. The wind had increased to a tempest; the two extremities and the western shore of the sea were curtained by a mist, on this side of a purple hue, on the other a yellow tinge; and the red and rayless sun, in the bronzed clouds, had the appearance it presents when looked upon through smoked glass. Thus may the heavens have appeared just before the Almighty in his wrath rained down fire upon the cities of the plain. Behind were the rugged crags of the mountains of Moab, the land of incest, enveloped in a cloud of dust, swept by the simoom from the great desert of Arabia.

There was a smoke on the peninsula, a little to the north of us. We knew not whether those who made it

* The date-palm.

might prove friends or foes; and therefore that little smoke was not to be disregarded. We had brought one of the Ta'âmirah with us, for the express purpose of communicating with the natives, but he was so fearful of their hostility that I could not prevail on him to bear a message to them. With his back to the wind, and his eyes fixed on the streaming smoke, he had squatted himself down a short distance from us. He thought that we would be attacked in the night; I felt sure that we would not, if we were vigilant. These people never attack each other but at advantage, and fifteen well-armed Franks can, in that region, bid defiance to anything but surprise.

We have not seen an instance of deformity among the Arab tribes. This man was magnificently formed, and when he walked it was with the port and presence of a king. It has been remarked that races with highly coloured skins are rarely deformed; and the exemption is attributed, perhaps erroneously, not to a mode of life differing from that of a civilized one, but to hereditary organization.

The sky grew more angry as the day declined;—

> "The setting orb in crimson seems to mourn,
> Denouncing greater woes at his return,
> And adds new horrors to the present doom
> By certain fear of evils yet to come."

The heat rather increased than lessened after the sun went down. At 8 P. M., the thermometer was 106° five feet from the ground. At one foot from the latter it was 104°. We threw ourselves upon the parched, cracked earth, among dry stalks and canes, which would before have seemed insupportable from the heat. Some endeavoured to make a screen of one of the boats' awnings, but the fierce wind swept it over in an instant. It was more like the blast of a furnace than living air. At our feet was the sea, and on our right, through the thicket, we

A TA'ÂMIRAH.

could distinguish the gleaming of the fires and hear the shouts from an Arab encampment.

In the early part of the night, there was scarce a moment that some one was not at the water-breakers; but the parching thirst could not be allayed, for, although there was no perceptible perspiration, the fluid was carried off as fast as it was received into the system. At 9, the breakers were exhausted, and our last waking thought was water. In our disturbed and feverish slumbers, we fancied the cool beverage purling down our parched and burning throats. The mosquitoes, as if their stings were envenomed by the heat, tormented us almost to madness, and we spent a miserable night, throughout which we were compelled to lie encumbered with our arms, while, by turns, we kept vigilant watch.

We had spent the day in the glare of a Syrian sun, by the salt mountain of Usdum, in the hot blast of the sirocco, and were now bivouacked under the calcined cliffs of Moab. When the water was exhausted, all too weary to go for more, even if there were no danger of a surprise, we threw ourselves upon the ground, — eyes smarting, skin burning, lips, and tongue, and throat parched and dry; and wrapped the first garment we could find around our heads to keep off the stifling blast; and, in our brief and broken slumbers, drank from ideal fountains.

Those who have never *felt* thirst, never suffered in a simoom in the wilderness, or been far off at sea, with

> "Water, water everywhere,
> Nor any drop to drink,"

can form no idea of our sensations. They are best illustrated by the exclamation of the victim in Dante's Inferno.

> "The little rills which down the grassy side
> Of Casentino flow to Arno's stream,
> Filling their banks with verdure as they glide,
> Are ever in my view; — no idle dream —

For more that vision parches, makes me weak,
Than that disease, which wastes my pallid cheek."

Our thoughts could not revert to home save in connexion with the precious element; and many were the imaginary speeches we made to visionary common councils against ideal water-carts, which went about unsubstantial city streets, spouting the glorious liquid in the very wastefulness of abundance, every drop of which seemed priceless pearls, as we lay on the shore of the Dead Sea, in the feverish sleep of thirst.

The poor, affrighted Arab slept not a wink; — for, repeatedly, when I went out, as was my custom, to see that all was quiet and the sentries on the alert, he was ever in the same place, looking in the same direction.

At midnight the thermometer stood at 98°; shortly after which the wind shifted and blew lightly from the north. At 4 A. M., thermometer, 82°; comparatively cool.

Thursday, April 27. The first thing on waking, at daybreak, I saw a large, black bird, high overhead, floating between us and the mottled sky. Shortly after, a large flock of birds flew along the shore, and a number of storks were noiselessly winging their way in the gray and indistinct light of the early morning. Calm and warm; — went up and bathed in the ravine. There were voices in the cliffs overhead, and shortly after there was the report of a gun, the reverberating echoes of which were distinctly heard at the camp. As I had come unattended, the officers were alarmed, and some came to look for me. Our Arab was exceedingly nervous. The gun was doubtless a signal from a look-out on the cliff to his friends inland, for these people live in a constant state of civil warfare, and station sentinels on elevated points to give notice of a hostile approach. I thought that we inspired them with more fear than they did us. Heard a partridge up in the cliffs,

and saw a dove and a beautiful humming-bird in the ravine.

There were some fellahas (female fellahin) on a plain to the northward of us. They allowed Mŭstafa to approach within speaking distance, but no nearer. They asked who we were, how and why we came, and why we did not go away. About an hour after, some thirty or forty fellahin, the sheikh armed with a sword, the rest with indifferent guns, lances, clubs, and branches of trees, came towards us, singing the song of their tribe. I drew our party up, the blunderbuss in front, and, with the interpreter, advanced to meet them. When they came near, I drew a line upon the ground, and told them that if they passed it they would be fired upon. Thereupon, they squatted down, to hold a palaver. They belonged to the Ghaurârîyeh, and were as ragged, filthy, and physically weak, as the tribe of Rashâyideh, on the western shore. Finding us too strong for a demand, they began to beg for backshish. We gave them some food to eat, for they looked famished; also a little tobacco and a small gratuity, to bear a letter to 'Akīl, (who must soon be in Kerak,) appointing when and where to have a look-out for us.

Before starting, we took observations, and angled in every direction. Not far from us must be the site of Zoar; and on some of these mountains Lot dwelt with his two daughters. This country is called Moab, after the son of the eldest daughter. Moab means one begotten by a father.

At 8.45, started; sky cloudless, a light air from the west; thermometer, 94°. The Arabs gathered on the shore to see us depart, earnestly asking Mŭstafa how the boats could move without legs; he bade them wait awhile, and they would see very long legs. The Fanny Mason sounded directly across to the western shore; the

casts, taken at short intervals, varying from one and three-quarters to two and a quarter fathoms; bottom, light and dark mud. Threw the patent log over; temperature of the air, 95°; of the water, 85°.

This shallow bay is mentioned in Joshua, xv. 2. Everything said in the Bible about the sea and the Jordan, we believe to be fully verified by our observations.

At 11.20, picked up a dead quail, which had probably perished in attempting to fly over the sea; perhaps caught in last night's sirocco. At 11.28, there were appearances of sand-spits on the surface of the sea, doubtless the optical delusion which has so often led travellers to mistake them for islands. 11.30, sent the Fanny Skinner to Point Molyneaux, the south end of the peninsula, to take meridian observation. 12.30, much frothy scum upon the water. At 12.52, landed at Wady Muhariwat (Surrounded ravine), on the western shore, where a shallow salt stream, formed by a number of springs oozing from a bank covered with shrubs, spread itself over a considerable space, and trickled down over the pebbles into the sea. There were some very small fish in the stream. Thermometer, 96°.

At 1.15 P. M., started again, and steered parallel with the western shore. Keeping about one-third the distance between the western shore and the peninsula, the soundings ranged steadily at two and a quarter fathoms; first part light, the second part dark mud. At 3.05, a very singular swell from north-west,—an undulation, rather; for the waves were glassy, with an unbroken surface, and there was not air enough stirring to move the gossamer curls of a sleeping infant. We knew well of what it was the precursor, and immediately steered for the land. We had scarcely rowed a quarter of an hour, the men pulling vigorously to reach the shelter of the cliffs, when we were struck by a violent gust of hot wind,—another sirocco.

MUSTAFA THE COOK.

The surface of the water became instantly ruffled; changing in five minutes from a slow, sluggish, unbroken swell, to an angry and foaming sea.

With eyes smarting from the spray, we buffeted against it for upwards of an hour, when the wind abruptly subsided, and the sea as rapidly became smooth and rippling. The gust was from the north-west. The wind afterwards became light and baffling,—at one moment fair, the next directly ahead; the smooth surface of the water unbroken, except a light ruffle here and there, as swept by the flickering airs.

At 4.15 P.M., stopped for the night in a spacious bay, on a fine pebbly beach, at the foot of Rŭbtât el Jâmûs (Tying of the Buffalo). It was a desolate-looking, verdureless range above us. There was no water to be found, and our provisions were becoming scarce; we made a scanty supper, but had the luxury of a bed of pebbles, which, although hard and coarse, was far preferable to the mud and dust of our last sleeping-place. We hoped, too, to have but a reasonable number of insect-bedfellows.

Mr. Dale described the extreme point of the peninsula upon which he landed as a low flat, covered with incrustations of salt and carbonate of lime. It was the point of the margin: there was a corresponding point to the high land, which is thinly laminated with salt. They picked up some small pieces of pure sulphur. In a cave, he saw tracks of a panther. After leaving the point, he saw a small flock of ducks and a heron, which were too shy to permit a near approach.

Before retiring, our Arabs, who had gone for hours in a fruitless search for water, returned with some dhom apples (fruit of the nŭbk), which amazingly helped out the supper.

I do not know what we should have done without these Arabs; they brought us food when we were nearly fam-

ished, and water when parched with thirst. They acted as guides and messengers, and in our absence faithfully guarded the camp. A decided course tempered with courtesy, wins at once their respect and good will. Although they are an impetuous race, not an angry word had thus far passed between us. With the blessing of God, I hoped to preserve the existing harmony to the last.

Took observations of Polaris. The north-west wind, hot and unrefreshing, sprang up at 8 P. M., and blew through the night. At 10, thermometer 84°; at midnight, 82°.

Friday, April 28. Called all hands at 5.30 A. M.; light airs from N. E., sky clouded, cirro-cumulus. Breakfasted à la hâte on a small cup of coffee each, and started at 5.58. If the wind should spring up fair, we purposed sailing over to the Arnon; in the mean time we coasted along the shore towards Ain Jidy, for the water was exhausted, and we must make for the camp if a calm or a head wind should prevail. At 7.30, the wind freshened up from N. E. A little north of Sebbeh we passed a long, low, gravelly island, left uncovered by the retrocession of the water. A great refraction of the atmosphere. The Fanny Skinner, round the point, seemed elevated above it. Her whole frame, from the surface of the water, was distinctly visible, although the land intervened. At 12, wind fresh, air 87°, water 82°. Our compass glass was incrusted with salt.

Notwithstanding the high wind, the tendency to drowsiness was almost irresistible. The men pulled mechanically, with half-closed lids, and, except them and myself, every one in the copper boat was fast asleep. The necessity of steering and observing all that transpired, alone kept me awake. The drowsy sensation, amounting almost to stupor, was greatest in the heat of the day, but did not disappear at night. In the experience of all, two hours'

watch here seemed longer than double the period elsewhere. At 1.30 P. M., nearly up with Ain Jidy; the white tents of the camp, the line of green, and the far-off fountain, speaking of shade, refreshment, and repose. A camel was lying on the shore, and two Arabs a little beyond. Discerning us, the latter rose quickly and came towards the landing, shouting, singing, and making wild gesticulations, and one of them stooped and picked up a handful of earth and put it upon his head. Here the Sherîf met us with a delight too simple-hearted in its expression to be insincere. The old man had been exceedingly anxious for our safety, and seemed truly overjoyed at our return. We were also much gratified to find that he had been unmolested.

One of the Arabs whom we sent back from Usdum fell fainting on his return, and nearly famished for want of water. His companions, suffering from the same cause, were compelled to leave him on the parched and arid shore and hasten forward to save themselves. Fortunately there was a messenger in the camp, who had come on horseback from Jerusalem, and Sherîf was enabled to send water forthwith, and have the poor man brought to the tents.

Found letters awaiting us from Beïrût, forwarded express from Jerusalem. Our consul at the former place announced the death of John Quincy Adams, Ex-President of the U. States, and sent an extract from a Malta paper containing the annunciation. These were the first tidings we had received from the outer world, and their burthen was a sad one. But on that sea the thought of death harmonized with the atmosphere and the scenery, and when echo spoke of it, where all else was desolation and decay, it was hard to divest ourselves of the idea that there was nothing but death in the world, and we the only living:—

"Death is here, and death is there,
Death is busy everywhere."

We lowered the flag half-mast, and there was a gloom throughout the camp.

Among the letters, I received one from the Mushir of Saida. After many compliments, he promised to reprimand Sa'id Bey for the grasping spirit he had evinced, and authorized our ally, 'Akīl, to remain with us as long as we might desire.

The very friendly letter of Mr. Chasseaud contained startling news from Europe. The great Being who wisely rules over all, is doubtless punishing the nations for their sins; but, as His justice is ever tempered with mercy, I have not the smallest doubt that when the ordeal is passed, the result will be beneficial to the human race. The time is coming — the beginning is even now — when the whole worthless tribe of kings, with all their myrmidons, will be swept from their places and made to bear a part in the toils and sufferings of the great human family; — when, not in theory only, but in fact, every man will be free and all men politically equal; — then, this world will be a happy one, for liberty, rightly enjoyed, brings every blessing with it.

In the evening we walked up the ravine to bathe. It was a toilsome walk over the rough debris brought down by the winter rains. A short distance up, we were surprised to see evidences of former habitations in the rocks. Roughly hewn caverns and natural excavations we had frequently observed, but none before evincing so much art. Some of the apertures were arched and cased with sills of limestone resembling an inferior kind of marble. We were at a loss how to obtain an entrance, for they were cut in the perpendicular face of the rock, and the lowest more than fifty feet from the bed of the ravine. We stopped to plan some mode of gaining an entrance to one

of them; but the sound of the running stream, and the cool shadow of the gorge were too inviting, and advancing through tamarisk, oleander, and cane, we came upon the very Egeria of fountains. Far in among the cane, embowered, imbedded, hidden deep in the shadow of the purple rocks and the soft green gloom of luxuriant vegetation, lapsing with a gentle murmur from basin to basin, over the rocks, under the rocks, by the rocks, and clasping the rocks with its crystal arms, was this little fountain-wonder. The thorny nŭbk and the pliant osher were on the bank above; yet lower, the oleander and the tamarisk; while upon its brink the lofty cane, bent by the weight of its fringe-like tassels, formed bowers over the stream fit for the haunts of Naiads. Diana herself could not have desired a more secluded bath than each of us took in a separate basin.

This, more probably than the fountain of Ain Jiddy (Engaddi), high up the mountain, may be regarded as the realization of the poet's dream—the genuine "diamond of the desert"—and in one of the vaulted caves above, the imagination can dwell upon the night procession, Edith Plantagenet, and the flower dropped in hesitation and picked up with avidity; the pure, disinterested aspirations of the Crusader, the licentious thoughts of the Saracen, and the wild, impracticable visions of the saintly enthusiast. One of those caverns too, since fashioned by the hand of man, may have been the veritable cave of "Adullam," for this is the wilderness of Engaddi.* Here too may have been the dwellings of the Essenes, in the early days of Christianity, and subsequently of hermits, when Palestine was under Christian sway. Our Arabs say that these caves have been here from time immemo-

* "And David went up from thence, and dwelt in strong holds at Engaddi."—1 Samuel, xxiii. 29.

rial, and that many years ago some of the tribe succeeded in entering one of them, and found vast chambers excavated in the rock. They may have been the cells where "gibbered and moaned" the hermit of Engaddi.

Having bathed, we returned much refreshed to the camp. The messenger had brought sugar and lemons, and, with abundance of water, we had lemonade and coffee; and, sheltered from the sun, with the wind blowing through the tent, we revelled in enjoyment. This place, which at first seemed so dreary, had now become almost a paradise by contrast. The breeze blew freshly, but it was so welcome a guest, after the torrid atmosphere of noon, that we even let it tear up the tent stakes, and knock the whole apparatus about our ears, with a kind of indulgent fondness, rather disposed to see something amusing in the flutter among the half-dried linen on the thorn-bushes. This reckless disregard of our personal property bore ample testimony to our welcome greeting of the wind.

At one time, to-day, the sea assumed an aspect peculiarly sombre. Unstirred by the wind, it lay smooth and unruffled as an inland lake. The great evaporation enveloped it in a thin, transparent vapour, its purple tinge contrasting strangely with the extraordinary colour of the sea beneath, and, where they blended in the distance, gave it the appearance of smoke from burning sulphur. It seemed a vast cauldron of metal, fused but motionless.

About sunset, we tried whether a horse and a donkey could swim in the sea without turning over. The result was that, although the animals turned a little on one side, they did not lose their balance. As Mr. Stephens tried his experiment earlier in the season, and nearer the north end of the sea, his horse could not have turned over from the greater density of the water there than here. His animal may have been weaker, or, at the time, more

exhausted than ours. A muscular man floated nearly breast-high, without the least exertion.

Pliny says that some foolish, rich men of Rome had water from this sea conveyed to them to bathe in, under the impression that it possessed medicinal qualities. Galen remarked on this that they might have saved themselves the trouble, by dissolving, in fresh water, as much salt as it could hold in solution; to which Reyland adds, that Galen was not aware that the water of the Dead Sea held other things besides salt in solution.

We picked up a large piece of bitumen on the sea-shore to-day. It was excessively hot to the touch. This combustible mineral is so great a recipient of the solar rays, that it must soften in the intense heat of summer. We gathered also some of the blossoms and the green and dried fruits of the osher* for preservation with the flowers

* This fruit is doubtless the genuine apple of Sodom, for it is fair to the eye and bitter to the taste, and when ripe is filled with fibre and dust. Four jars, containing specimens, together with a drawing of the leaf and blossom, are placed in the patent-office, at Washington.

We have succeeded in bringing safely home some of the green and the dried fruit, and also the leaves and blossoms of the osher, put up in spirits of wine.

"The first notice taken of the apple of Sodom is by Josephus:—'Which fruits have a colour as if they were fit to be eaten; but if you pluck them with your hands, they dissolve into smoke and ashes.' They are also spoken of by Tacitus:—'The herbage may spring up, and the trees may put forth their blossoms, they may even attain the usual appearance of maturity, but with this florid outside, all within turns black and moulders into dust.'

De Chartres, who visited Palestine in 1100, speaks of this fruit, and compares its deceitful appearance to the pleasures of the world; and they are also noticed by Baumgarten, De la Valle, Maundrell, and others, as having a real existence; but Pococke and Shaw deride these accounts as fabulous. In the last century, Amman describes them as resembling a small apple, of a beautiful colour, and growing on a shrub resembling the hawthorn. Hasselquist, on the contrary, is of opinion that it is the fruit of the solanum melongena, or egg-plant. He says that 'it is found in great abun-

collected in the descent of the Jordan, and the various places we have visited on this sea.

The dried fruit, the product of last year, was extremely brittle, and crushed with the slightest pressure. The green, half-formed fruit of this year was soft and elastic as a puff-ball, and, like the leaves and stem, yields a viscous, white, milky fluid when cut. Dr. Robinson very aptly compared it to the milk-weed. This viscous fluid the Arabs call leben-usher (osher-milk), and they consider it a cure for barrenness. Dr. Anderson was enthusiastic in his researches, and although he kept his regular

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dance round Jericho, in the valleys near the Jordan, and in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea. It is true that these apples are sometimes full of dust, but this appears only when the fruit is attacked by an insect, which converts the whole of the inside into dust, leaving nothing but the rind entire, without causing it to lose any of its colour.' Linnæus thought, also, that they were the fruit of a solanum, and named a species having large yellow berries, with black seeds, surrounded by a greenish pulp, which dries into a bitter, nauseous powder, solanum Sodomeum; but it has been found that this plant is a native of Southern Africa, and not of Palestine.

Some writers, again, have supposed this fruit to be the gall of the terebinth, or turpentine-tree. Chateaubriand speaks of it as about the size and colour of a small lemon, which, before it is ripe, is filled with a corrosive and saline juice, and when dried, contains only numerous blackish seeds, which may be compared to ashes, and in taste resemble bitter pepper. He states that they are the product of a thorny shrub, having taper leaves. In the travels of the Duke of Ragusa (Marmont), it is spoken of much in the same terms. These descriptions apply to a species of solanum, and especially to the *s. sanctum*, a prickly, shrub-like plant, very common in Palestine.

Seetzen, who does not appear to have seen the plant, says, 'I saw, during my stay at Kerak, in the house of the Greek clergyman of that town, a species of cotton, resembling silk. This cotton, as he told me, grows in the plain of El Ghor, near the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, on a tree like the fig-tree, called Abesche-iz; it is found in a fruit resembling the pomegranate. It struck me that this fruit, which has no pulp or flesh in the inside, and is unknown in the rest of Palestine, might be the celebrated apple of Sodom.'

watch, was ever, when not on post, hammering at the rocks. He had already collected many valuable specimens.

Through the night, a pleasant breeze from the west. Blowing over the wilderness of Judea, it was unaccompanied with a nauseous smell. Towards morning, the wind hauled to the north and freshened—strange that the weather should become warmer as the wind veered to the northern quarter: but so it was. Sweeping along the western shore, it brought the fœtid odour of the sulphureous marshes with it. The Arabs call this sea Bahr Lût (Sea of Lot), or Birket Lût (Pool of Lot).

This description of Seetzen's agrees very well with the fruit described as the apple of Sodom, which occurred in the same place, and has the same silky or cotton-like interior: but the plant which produces it is not like the fig-tree, nor is it called Abesche-iz. Those we saw, in various places along the shores of the Dead Sea, resembled very closely the milk-weed, which is so common in the United States; it is, in fact, a closely allied plant, being the asclepias procera of the earlier writers, now, however, forming part of the genus calotropis. This plant occurs in many parts of the east, and was known as early as the time of Theophrastus. It is figured and described by Prosper Alpinus under the name, *birdet el ossar;* but it is now called, by the Arabs, *oscher*, or *osher*.

It is a tall, perennial plant, with thick, dark-green, shining, opposite leaves, on very short foot-stalks; the flowers are interminal, and have axillary umbels of a purple colour, succeeded by somewhat globose pods, about the size of a large apple, containing numerous flattened, brown seeds, each furnished with a silky plume or pappus. The bark, especially at the lower part of the stem, is cork-like and much fissured. If it be cut, or a leaf torn off, a viscous, milky juice exudes, which is exceedingly acrid, and even caustic, and is said to be used in Egypt as a depillatory. In Persia, this plant is said to exude a bitter and acrid manna, owing to the puncture of insects. Chardin says that it is poisonous. Both the plant and its juice have been used in medicine, and probably are identical with the mudar, or madar, of India, which has attracted so much notice as a remedy for diseases of the skin."—*Griffith.*

CHAPTER XV.

EXCURSION TO MASADA.

SATURDAY, April 29. Awakened at daylight by one of the Arabs calling the rest to prayer. The summons but slightly heeded. Despatched Mr. Dale, Dr. Anderson, and Mr. Bedlow, with the interpreter, a Turkish soldier, and some Arab guides, to Sebbeh (Masada); they took the camel with them to carry water. Soon after breakfast, sent the Fanny Skinner to sound in a north and south line, between the peninsula and the western shore. A clear, pleasant morning; wind fresh from the N. W. Experienced some difficulty in getting the boat through the surf.

Remained in camp to write a report of proceedings to the Hon. Secretary of the Navy, and to answer the kind letters of H. B. M. Consul at Jerusalem, and Mr. Chasseaud, U. S. Consul at Beïrût. Every thing quiet; and, towards noon, as the wind subsided, the sea assumed its sombre and peculiar hue.

At noon, fired out at sea, in honour of the illustrious dead, twenty-one minute-guns from the heavy blunderbuss mounted on the bow of the Fanny Mason. The reports reverberated loudly and strangely amid the cavernous recesses of those lofty and barren mountains. This sea is wondrous, in every sense of the word; so sudden are its changes, and so different the aspects it presents, as to make it seem as if we were in a world of enchantment. We were alternately upon the brink and the surface of a

huge, and sometimes seething cauldron. Picked up a piece of scoriated lava.

At 1 P. M., Mr. Aulick returned. He reported a gradual decrease of soundings to thirteen fathoms, nearly up the slope to the shallow basin of the southern sea. Everything favours the supposition that the guilty cities stood on the southern plain, between Usdum and the mountains of Moab. The northern part must have been always water, or the plain have sunk at the time of the catastrophe.

Protected by our presence from the fear of robbers, some of the Ta'âmirah came in to harvest their few scanty patches of barley. They cut the grain, with their swords for reaping-hooks, and threw it upon the threshing-floor,—a circular piece of hard, trampled ground, around which were driven three donkeys, abreast. It was a slow and wasteful process. The little unmuzzled brutes were, in their rounds, permitted to nip the upturned ears. We had often noticed the humanity of this people towards the brute creation. In a moment of excitement, Sherîf wounded a stork, but seemed sincerely sorry for it afterwards. The Arab who brought the wild boar pigs to sell, cut their throats rather than turn them adrift, when they would have perished for want of food, which they were too young to procure. These Arabs always express great horror at anything like wanton cruelty towards animals. And yet 'Akîl looked upon the woman whose husband he had slain, without the drooping of an eyelid, or the visible relaxation of a muscle. It is for philosophers to account for this trait of humanity towards animals, in a race proverbially reckless of the lives of their fellow-creatures.

The small quantity of grain these people could spare, we purchased for distribution at home. In the afternoon, mounted on Sherîf's spirited mare, I went up to the foun-

tain of Ain Jidy. It is a clear, beautiful stream, issuing from the rock, skirted by the cane and shadowed by the nŭbk, four hundred feet up the mountain. The view from it was magnificent, particularly towards Usdum and the southern basin of the sea.

At sunset, the party to Sebbeh returned. The following account I glean from the reports of Mr. Dale, Dr. Anderson, and Mr. Bedlow:—principally the last.

Their route, at first, led along the shore of the sea to the south, over the debris brought down by the winter torrents,—a road, over which no other but an Arab horse could have travelled a mile without breaking his limbs, or dashing his rider upon the sharp rocks, or disappearing, rider and all, down one of the gulleys which furrowed the delta from the bases of the cliffs to the margin of the sea. After passing a projecting headland, which bounded the shore-line view from the encampment, they beheld, in the distance, most singular formations, resembling a plain covered with towns and villages, marble cities, with columns, temples, domes, and palaces, which, as they advanced, faded away, and finally resolved themselves into curiously-configurated hills, so marked and channelled by the weather, that, although aware of the formation, it was difficult to destroy the first illusion. A little after eight o'clock, they came to Wady Sebbeh, and discovered a distinct road, fifteen feet wide and marked by two parallel rows of stones, which continued, with interruptions, for the space of a quarter of a mile. At nine o'clock, when the heat of the sun began to be oppressive, they reached a low cave in the southern face of the mountain, over Wady Sêyâl,—a deep ravine, which separates the cliff from the main ridge on the north. Here they dismounted, as it was impossible to proceed farther on horseback. Hence, sometimes upon their hands and knees, they clambered up the steep and rugged cliff, its

perpendicular side pierced with apertures, like the Rock of Gibraltar. They were inclined to believe, that the path by which they ascended is the one which Josephus calls the "serpent, as resembling that animal in its narrowness and perpetual windings; for it is broken off at the prominent precipices of the rock, and returns frequently into itself, and, lengthening again by little and little, hath much to do to proceed forward, and he that would walk along it, must first go on one leg and then on the other; there is also nothing but destruction, in case your feet slip, for on each side there is a vastly deep chasm and precipice."

They crossed the ravine upon a chalky ridge, which, although considerably below the highest point of the cliff, yet connects the southern steep of Sêyâl to the northern escarpment of Masada, and reached the top a little before 10 A. M. The whole summit was surrounded by the ruins of a wall, built on the brink of the precipice. Passing through a gateway with a pointed arch, the keystone and voissures of which were of hewn stone, curiously marked with Greek delta-shaped figures △, and others resembling the planetary symbol of Venus ♀, some upright and some reversed, and others again with rude crosses and the unfinished letter T, they came upon an area of about three-fourths of a mile in length from north to south, and one-fourth of a mile from east to west.

There was very little vegetation, except in the bottoms of a few excavations, which seemed to have been used as cisterns or granaries, and which were half filled with a rank weed and a species of lichen. Elsewhere, the earth was as sterile as if sown with salt; yet Herod spoke of it as being "of a fat soil, and better mould than any valley for agriculture." Concerning these excavations, Josephus says, "He (Herod) also had cut many and great pits, as reservoirs for water, out of the rocks, at every one of the

places that were inhabited, both above and around the palace and before the wall; and by this contrivance, he endeavoured to have water for several uses, as if there had been fountains there."

Towards the northern and western edge of the cliff, and near the point which is probably the "White Promontory," mentioned by Josephus, they observed one of these excavations of considerable extent, much choked with the ruins and rubbish of its own cemented walls, together with the decomposed thistles and rank weeds of many centuries.

In the south-west corner of the rock, they found one still larger, finely stuccoed, with a gallery, a flight of forty stone steps, and lighted by two windows on the southern face of the cliff. This large room was beautifully stuccoed with pebbles, and as smooth and clean as if just finished. This excavated chamber led them to infer that there were numerous others, lighted by the apertures in the cliff they had seen outside on their ascent; but they could find no access to them.

At the distance of about 100 feet below the northern summit, on an inaccessible precipitous ledge, they saw the ruins of a round tower; and forty or fifty feet below that, on another ledge, the foundation walls of a square enclosure, with a triangular wall abutting with the angles of its base upon the walls of the circular tower, and the west side of the square enclosure. They found it impossible to descend to examine these ruins.

Besides the remains of the round tower, or donjon keep, there were, on the summit, the fragments of walls with circular recesses of tessellated brick-work, arched doorways, and mullioned windows, partly surrounding an enclosure which was perhaps the court-yard or quadrangle of the castle, now filled with rubbish, fragments of marble, mosaic and pottery.

MASADA.

The foundations and lower portions of the wall built around the entire top of the hill by Herod, are still remaining on the eastern side. The officers amused themselves by displacing some of the stones and sending them over the cliff, and watching them as they whirled and bounded to the base, upwards of 1200 feet down, with more fearful velocity than the stones from the Roman ballistæ when Silva pressed the siege.

One of the windows, apparently a part of a chapel, looked out upon the sea. It was the one appearing as an arch, which we saw when passing in the boats. From thence, the sea could be seen throughout its whole extent, its northern and southern extremities clearly defined, even through the haze which overhung them. The configuration of the peninsula lay distinctly before them, and bore some resemblence to an *outspread wing*.

Immediately below them, along the base of the cliff, could be traced the wall of circumvallation which "Silva built on the outside, round about the whole place, and had thereby made a most accurate provision to prevent any one of the besieged running away."

Continuing their explorations towards the southern and eastern edge of the cliff, they followed a perilous track along the face of the rock, which could not have been less than 1000 feet in perpendicular height above the chasm, and came upon an extensive shelf or platform encumbered with masses of rubbish and masonry, evidently the ruins of the wall which edged the cliff above. Scrambling over the heaps, they reached an excavation which the Arab guide called a cistern, which is probably correct, for in descending they saw narrow troughs or aqueducts, the inner half scooped in the rock. It was an oblong cell, hewn in the rock, measuring thirty feet in length, fifteen in breadth, and eighteen or twenty in depth, cemented on all sides. At the entrance of the excavation

they saw the carcase of an animal recently killed. It resembled the rabbit, and was called by the Arabs "webr" or webeh, the coney of scripture. To the left of the entrance, and within the cell, was a small flight of steps terminating in a platform. Like the walls, the steps were coated with cement. Above this was an aperture not accessible by the steps. By notching the wall, they contrived to reach it. It was the entrance of a low cave, roughly hewn in the rock, with a window looking out upon the steep face of Wady Senîn. Around the rough and uncemented walls were rude crosses in red paint, and upon the dust of the floor were the fresh footprints of the "whal," or the bteddîn.

They attempted to explore the southern face of the mountain, by following a zigzag path along the ledge projecting a few feet from the rough surface of rock, but found it impracticable from the looseness of the rocks and the fearful dizzy depth below. On their return, they observed a singular ruin about the centre of the quadrangle. The square blocks of stone, cemented together with great regularity, were cellular on both sides, so abraded by the weather as to present the appearance of a honey-comb. They supposed it to have been a store-house or barracks for soldiers. Before descending they sketched the sea, and took many bearings. On their return to the cave, the Arabs asked them if their visit had been "acceptable." These people believe that we come here to search for treasure or to visit places we consider holy. In Wady Sêyâl (Ravine of Acacias) were many seyal or acacia trees.*

* *Acacia Seyal* or *Nilotica* furnishes gum Arabic, and probably afforded the shittah or shittim wood, used in building the tabernacle. In Isaiah, the shittah is joined with the myrtle and other fragrant shrubs. The flowers have an agreeable odour. Almost all travellers speak of the acacia seyal as abounding in Palestine and the desert of Arabia. It is sometimes

On their return, they noticed a fœtid sulphureous smell in passing Berket el Khŭlîl (the "tank of Khŭlîl).

Their report seems to confirm the supposition of Messrs. Robinson and Smith that the ruins of Sebbeh are those of Masada. At every step in our route, where these gentlemen have been, we found that accurate and learned observers had preceded us, and in these precursors, with no little satisfaction, we recognised our own countrymen.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM CAMP TO THE CAPITAL OF MOAB.

SUNDAY, April 30. This morning, like the land we are in, we enjoyed our Sabbath, and slept until the sun and flies compelled us to get up. There were light airs from the west. At 6.30 A. M., thermometer 84°, and quite warm. The wind had been fresh in the night, and the boats were driven by the surf broadside on the beach. The atmosphere of the tent being oppressive, we breakfasted outside in its shade. Some of us spent the forenoon in the quiet recesses of the ravine, endeavouring to observe the day. Thus far, all, with one exception, had enjoyed good health, but there were symptoms which caused me uneasiness. The figure of each one had assumed a dropsical appearance. The lean had become stout, and the stout almost corpulent; the pale faces had become florid, and those which were florid, ruddy; moreover, the slightest scratch festered, and the bodies of

called by the Arabs the talk, and camels graze on its leaves and tender branches.—*Griffith.*

many of us were covered with small pustules. The men complained bitterly of the irritation of their sores, whenever the acrid water of the sea touched them. Still, all had good appetites, and I hoped for the best.* There could be nothing pestilential in the atmosphere of the sea. There is little verdure upon its shores, and, by consequence, but little vegetable decomposition to render the air impure; and the fœtid smell we had frequently noticed, doubtless proceeded from the sulphur-impregnated thermal springs, which were not considered deleterious. Three times, it is true, we had picked up dead birds, but they, doubtless, had perished from exhaustion, and not from any malaria of the sea, which is perfectly inodorous, and, more than any other, abounds with saline exhalations, which, I believe, are considered wholesome. Our Ta'âmirah told us that, in pursuance of the plan he had adopted with regard to the settlement of the Ghor, Ibrahim Pasha sent three thousand Egyptians to the shores of this sea, about ten years since, and that every one died within two months. This is, no doubt, very much exaggerated.

There was, most probably, much mortality among the poor wretches, forced from their fertile plains to this rugged and inhospitable shore; but dejection of spirits, and scarcity of food, must have been the great destroyers.

At 12.15, started for the eastern shore, leaving Sherîf again in charge, with directions to move the camp to Ain Turâbeh, on Wednesday. This was the day appointed to meet 'Akîl, and I felt sure that he would not fail us.

A light air from the south induced me to abandon the awning and set the sail, to spare the men from labouring

* Wherever there is an evil there is usually its antidote near at hand; and, perhaps, the remedy for these cutaneous diseases is to be found in the acrid juices of the osher, which grows here and upon the southern shores of this sea.

at the oars. A light tapping of the ripples at the bow, and a faint line of foam and bubbles at her side, were the only indications that the boat was in motion. The Fanny Skinner was a mile astern, and all around partook of the stillness of death. The weather was intensely hot, and even the light air that urged us almost insensibly onward had something oppressive in its flaws of heat. The sky was unclouded, save by a few faint cirri in the north, sweeping plume-like, as if the sun had consumed the clouds, and the light wind had drifted their ashes. The glitter from the water, with its multitude of reflectors, for each ripple was a mirror, contributed much to our discomfort; yet the water was not transparent, but of the colour of diluted absinthe, or the prevailing tint of a Persian opal. The sun, we felt, was glaring upon us, but the eye dared not take cognizance, for the fierce blaze would have blighted the powers of vision, as Sĕmĕle was consumed by the unveiled divinity of Jove.

The black chasms and rough peaks, embossed with grimness, were around and above us, veiled in a transparent mist, like visible air, that made them seem unreal,—and, 1300 feet below, our sounding-lead had struck upon the buried plain of Siddim, shrouded in slime and salt.

While busied with such thoughts, my companions had yielded to the oppressive drowsiness, and now lay before me in every attitude of a sleep that had more of stupor in it than of repose. In the awful aspect which this sea presented, when we first beheld it, I seemed to read the inscription over the gates of Dante's Inferno:—"Ye who enter here, leave hope behind." Since then, habituated to mysterious appearances in a journey so replete with them, and accustomed to scenes of deep and thrilling interest at every step of our progress, those feelings of awe had been insensibly lessened or hushed by deep interest in the investigations we had pursued. But *now*, as I

sat alone in my wakefulness, the feeling of awe returned; and, as I looked upon the sleepers, I felt "the hair of my flesh stand up," as Job's did, when "a spirit passed before his face;" for, to my disturbed imagination, there was something fearful in the expression of their inflamed and swollen visages. The fierce angel of disease seemed hovering over them, and I read the forerunner of his presence in their flushed and feverish sleep. Some, with their bodies bent and arms dangling over the abandoned oars, their hands excoriated with the acrid water, slept profoundly;—others, with heads thrown back, and lips cracked and sore, with a scarlet flush on either cheek, seemed overpowered by heat and weariness even in sleep; while some, upon whose faces shone the reflected light from the water, looked ghastly, and dozed with a nervous twitching of the limbs, and now and then starting from their sleep, drank deeply from a breaker and sank back again to lethargy. The solitude, the scene, my own thoughts, were too much; I felt, as I sat thus, steering the drowsily-moving boat, as if I were a Chăron, ferrying, not the souls, but the bodies, of the departed and the damned, over some infernal lake, and could endure it no longer; but breaking from my listlessness, ordered the sails to be furled and the oars resumed—action seemed better than such unnatural stupor.

Prudence urged us to proceed no farther, but to stop, before some disaster overtook us; but the thought of leaving any part of our work undone was too painful, and I resolved to persevere, but to be as expeditious as possible without working the party too hard.

At 4.10 P. M., reached "Point Costigan," north end of the peninsula, and steered S. S. E. across the bay, to search for water and for signals from 'Akīl. The heat was still intense, rendered less endurable by the bright glare from the white spiculæ of the peninsula, and the

dazzling reflection from the surface of the sea. At 4.45, sounded in twenty-four fathoms, hard bottom, about gun-shot distance from the land. 5.05, saw an Arab on the shore among the low canes and bushes, and shortly after several others. Preparing for hostilities, yet in the hope of a friendly reception, we pulled directly in and hailed them. To our great delight, one of them proved to be Jum'ah (Friday), sent by 'Akīl, who yesterday arrived at Kerak. We immediately landed, and bivouacked upon the beach, a short distance from a shallow stream descending the Wady Beni Hamed.

'Akīl, on leaving us at 'Ain el Feshkah, endeavoured, according to agreement, to find his way to the eastern shore and thence to Kerak. On his way he stopped with some of his friends, a portion of the tribe of Beni Sŭkrs from Salt. In the night they were unexpectedly attacked by a party of Beni 'Adwans. At first, being much inferior in numbers, they retreated, 'Akīl losing his camel and all his baggage. Subsequently they were strongly reinforced, and became assailants in their turn. The action lasted several hours; they had twelve wounded, including two of 'Akīl's followers, and twenty-two of the Adwans were reported to be killed and wounded, among the former the son of the skeikh. 'Akīl's Nubian was twice wounded in the arm, once by a gun-shot, and once by the thrust of a spear. The rifle of the hostile young sheikh was given to Sherîf Musaid, nephew of Sherîf Hazāa, for his gallantry in the action.

We learned from Jum'ah that there were two sheikhs or governors in Kerak, a Christian one, who could muster 250 riflemen, and a Muslim one, whose followers were mostly mounted, and far more numerous; — the former wholly subservient to the latter.

At 7.30 P. M., Suliemân, the son of Abd 'Allah, Christian sheikh of Kerak, with four followers, arrived with a

welcome and an invitation from his father to visit him in his mountain fortress, seventeen miles distant, saying that he would have come himself if certain of meeting us. They had been despatched at Akīl's instance at early daybreak, and from the mountains, on their way down, saw us crossing the sea. An invitation was also received from the Muslim sheikh. I accepted it with a full sense of the risk incurred; but the whole party was so much debilitated by the sirocco we had experienced on the south side of the peninsula, and by the subsequent heat, that it became absolutely necessary to reinvigorate it at all hazards. I felt sure that Jum'ah would carefully guard our boats in our absence, and therefore sent to 'Akīl, through whom alone I had resolved to hold transactions with this people, for horses and mules for the party. He had sent an apology for not coming in person on account of his wounded followers, and in consequence of all their horses being foundered. Mr. Dale, like myself, found it difficult to keep awake to-day, while steering the boat across. We are on the eastern side, a little north of the neck of the peninsula. Wady Kerak is at the S. E. extremity of the bay. Between it and us is the village of Mezra'a, and in the near vicinity of the latter are the supposed ruins of Zoar. To-morrow we will continue the exploration of this deep and interesting bay.

On our return here, in consequence of the sun having been pouring on my unsheltered back for some hours while steering the boat, I was heated excessively, and sick even to faintness; but a bath wonderfully refreshed me. On all occasions, when weary, faint, and almost exhausted, a bath has been the great restorative, and I recommended it to all. On the banks of the stream were oleanders eighteen feet high, and in full bloom. Here, too, as on the Jordan, it is quite fragrant. Between the camp and the stream, and scattered on the plain, are

groves of acacia, and many osher trees as large as half-grown apple-trees, and with larger fruit than any we had seen. We gathered some of the size of the largest October peach, but green, soft, and pulpy; emitting, like the branches, a viscous milky fluid when cut, which the Arabs told us would be extremely injurious to the eyes if it touched them. There was some of the dried fruit too, as brittle as glass and flying to pieces on the slightest pressure. Within the last was a very small quantity of a thin, silky fibre, which is used by the Arabs for gun matches. The rind is thinner, but very much in colour like a dried lemon, and the dried fruit has the appearance of having spontaneously bursted.

An Arab from Mezra'a brought us some detestable sour leban and some milk, but of which few could endure the smell, caused by the filthy goat-skins which contained them, and which, it seems, are never washed. He also brought some flour made of the dhom apple, dried and pulverized, which was very palatable.

The sheikh of Mezra'a, with some of his people, also came in. Together with the fellahin tribes at the south end of the sea, they are generally denominated Ghaurârîyeh. They are much darker, and their hair more wiry and disposed to curl than any Arabs we have seen. Their features as well as their complexion are more of the African type, and they are short and spare built, with low receding foreheads, and the expression of countenance is half sinister and half idiotic. Their only garment is a tunic of brief dimensions, open at the breast and confined round the waist by a band or leathern belt. The sheikh has rude sandals, fastened by thongs; the rest are barefooted. The women are even more abject-looking than the men, and studiously conceal their faces. They all, men and women, seem to bear impressed upon their features the curse of their incestuous origin.

Their village, Mezra'a, is on the plain, about half an hour, or one mile and a half distant. Their houses are mere hovels plastered with mud. They cultivate the dhoura (millet), tobacco, and some indigo, a specimen of which we procured.

The deputation from Kerak expressed great delight at beholding fellow-Christians upon the shores of this sea, and said that if they had known of our first arrival on the western shore, they would have gone round and invited us over. It was a strange sight to see these wild Arab Christians uniting themselves to us with such heart-felt cordiality. It would be interesting to trace whether they are some of the lost tribes subsequently converted to Christianity; or the descendants of Christians, who, in the fastnesses of the mountains, escaped the Muhammedan alternative of the Koran or the sword; or a small Christian remnant of the Crusades. At all events their gratification at meeting us was unfeigned and warmly expressed. They felt that we would sympathize with them in the persecutions to which they are subjected by their lawless Muslim neighbours. They had, indeed, our warmest sympathies, and our blood boiled as we listened to a recital of their wrongs. We felt more than ever anxious to visit Kerak, and judge for ourselves of their condition. Their mode of salutation approaches nearer to our own than that of any other tribe we met; they shake hands, and then each kisses the one he had extended. They had never seen a boat, which, in the language of the country, is called "choctura," and supposing that ours must have feet, examined them with great curiosity. They could not believe that anything larger could be made to float. In the course of the evening one of the fellahin from Mezra'a, when he first beheld them, stood for some time lost in contemplation, and then burst forth in joyful shouts of recognition. He was an Egyptian by

CHRISTIAN ARABS OF KERAK.

birth, and stolen from his home when quite young, had forgotten everything connected with his native country, until the sight of our boats reminded him of having seen things resembling them; and the Nile, and the boats upon its surface, and the familiar scenes of his childhood, rushed upon his memory. It was interesting to see the dull and clouded intellect gradually lighten up as the remembrance of the past broke in upon it; yet it was sad, for the glad smile of the Egyptian died away, and left a sorrowing expression upon his features — for from the Nile his dormant affections had, perhaps, reverted to the hovel upon its banks — and he thought of his mother and young barbarian playmates.

These Christian Arabs are of the tribe Beni Khallas (Sons of the Invincible), a name inappropriate to their present condition. Their features are fuller and more placid in expression, and they seem more vigorous, manly, and intelligent than the Raschâyideh and Ta'âmirah of the Judean shore. After dinner, partaken by the light of the camp-fires, we set the watch and threw ourselves upon the shelving beach, each one wrapping up his head to screen it from the fresh wind. Our Christian Arabs kept watch and ward with us through the night, for they had reason to know that the Mezra'a people were dangerous neighbours.

Although the wind was fresh from the north-west during the night, the thermometer, which was taken hourly, ranged from 82° down to 70°. At 70° the air felt uncomfortably cold, so much had we been relaxed by the sirocco. During the day the weather became warmer, not only from the direct rays of the sun, but the reflected heat from the barren cliffs which hem in this sea. There were several meteors in the night, shooting from the zenith towards the north. One was peculiar; instead of darting along the sky, it seemed to drop directly down, with less

than the usual velocity. It was very bright, and resembled falling fire-flakes from a discharged rocket.

Monday, May 1. A calm and warm but not unpleasant morning; thermometer, 83°. At 7, sent Mr. Dale and Mr. Aulick in the Fanny Skinner to complete the topographical sketch of the shore-lines of the bay, to verify the position of the mouth of Wady Kerak, and to sound down the middle on their return. About mid-day they came back; the weather oppressively warm.

Overhauled the copper boat, which wore away rapidly in this briny sea. Such was the action of the fluid upon the metal, that the latter, as long as it was exposed to its immediate friction, was as bright as burnished gold, but whenever it came in contact with the air, it corroded immediately.

Put up specimens of the flower and fruit of the osher tree in spirits of wine, and procured some indigo, raised in the vicinity of Zoar, the ruins of which, a short distance hence, I purposed visiting in the evening. At 9, a wild boar was brought in. A horse, taken into the bay, could, with difficulty, keep himself upright. Two fresh hens' eggs floated up one-third of their length. They would have sunk, in the water of the Mediterranean or the Atlantic.

When one of our party inquired if there were stores in Kerak, describing a place where articles were sold, the Christian Arab replied,—"What we have we give: do you think that we would sell you any thing? You are our friends." While waiting for the horses, we made this a feast-day; and, anticipating the usual hour, dined sumptuously, at 2 P. M., on wild boar's meat, onions, and the last of our rice.

The stones on the beach before me, as I wrote, were encrusted with salt, and looked exactly as if whitewashed.

It was well that we despatched 'Akīl in advance to the

Arabian tribes, for the Sheikh of Mezra'a told Jum'ah that, when he first saw us coming, he hastened to collect his followers, with the determination of attacking us, and only changed his purpose when he heard him greet us as friends. It would have been a matter of regret had they fired upon us; for, although we would most certainly have defeated them, there must have been blood shed, and it was my most earnest wish to accomplish the objects of the expedition without injury to a human being.

P. M. Rode out upon the plain, with two Arabs on foot, to look for the ruins of Zoar. Pursuing a S. E. direction, up the peninsula, passed, first, some dhoura (millet) fields, the grain but a few inches above the ground —many of the fields yet wet from recent irrigation. Thence rode through many tangled thickets of cane and tamarisk, with occasional nŭbk and osher trees, and came, at length, upon an open space, with many large heaps of stones in regular rows, as if they had once formed houses. They were uncut, and had "never known iron;" but there were no other vestiges of a building about them;—so I concluded that they were the larger stones which had encumbered the soil, and were gathered by the fellahin.

Proceeding a little more to the south, we came to many more such mounds or heaps, and, among them, to the foundation of a building of some size. It was in the form of a main building, with a smaller one before or behind it; the first being a quadrangular wall, and the other in detached pieces, like the pedestals of columns. The stones were large, some of them one and a half feet in diameter, uncut, but roughly hewn, and fitted on each other with exactness, but without mortar. There were many minute fragments of pottery scattered about on the soil; and among the rubbish I found an old hand-mortar, very much worn, which I brought away. The ruined

foundation bore the marks of great antiquity; and the site corresponds to the one assigned by Irby and Mangles as that of Zoar. But I could see no columns and no other vestiges of ruins than what I have mentioned.

Returning, saw the horses and mules for which we had sent, coming down the mountains, and waited for them in the plain. They were accompanied by Muhammed, the son of Abd'el Kâdir, the Muslim Sheikh of the Kerakîyeh, and by Abd' Allah, the Christian sheikh of the Beni Khallas; the latter residing in the town of Kerak, the former living mostly in black tents, about half a mile distant from it.

On our way to camp, Muhammed endeavoured to display his horsemanship; but the animal, wearied by the rough mountain road he had travelled, fell to the ground, and his rider was compelled to jump off to save himself. In mounting again, not finding any thing more convenient, he arrogantly ordered one of the fellahin to stoop, and, placing his foot upon the abject creature's back, sprung upon his horse.

This Muhammed is about thirty years of age, very short but compactly built, with a glossy, very dark-mahogany skin, long, coarse black hair, and a thick, black beard and moustache. His eye, fiery, but furtive, was never fixed in its gaze, but, rolling restlessly from one object to another, seemed rather the glare of a wild beast than the expression of a human eye. Altogether, we thought that he had the most insolent and overbearing countenance and manner we had ever seen.

Abd' Allah, the Christian sheikh, about twenty years his senior, was a very different person; robust in frame, he was mild even to meekness. In the bearing of the respective parties towards each other, we could read a long series of oppression on one side and submissive endurance on the other.

SHEIKH OF MEZRA'A

They brought me a letter from 'Akīl, of which the following is a literal translation :—

DIRECTION.

"By God's favour. May it reach Haditheh, and be delivered to the hand of the Excellency of our Beloved.

"May God preserve him. Beduah, 1642."

INSIDE.

"To the Excellency of the most honourable, our dear friend—may the Almighty God preserve him.

"We beg, first, to offer you our love and great desire to see the light of your happy countenance. We beg, secondly, to say that in the most happy and honourable time, we received your letter containing your beautiful discourse. We thanked, on reading it, the Almighty God that you are well, and ask him now, also (who is the most fit to ask), that we may be permitted to behold the light of your countenance in a fit and agreeable time.

"The animals which you have ordered will be brought down to you by the Excellency of our brother chief, Muhammed Nûjally, and the chief Abd' Allah en Nahas; and the men necessary to guard the boats will be supplied by the said chiefs.

"The reason of our delay in coming to you was the weakness and fatigue of our horses. The time will be, God willing, short before we see you.

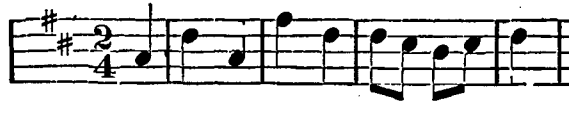
"This being all that is necessary, we beg you will offer our compliments (peace) to all those who inquire after us.—From this part, the Excellency of our respected brother, Sherîf, sends you his best compliments. May you be kept in peace.

"⊙ Seal of 'Akīl Aga el Hassee.

"KERAK, 28 Jamad Awah."

The boats excited much attention; and, to gratify both the Christian and the Muslim Arabs, we launched one

and pulled her a short distance out and back, some of the Arabs being on board; but Muhammed, although he had been the loudest in expressions of wonder and incredulity, declined to go with them; and I was disposed to think that he was a very coward after all. On returning from the beach, they stuck plugs of onions into their nostrils, to counteract the malaria they had imbibed from the sea. They call it "the sea accursed of God;" and, entertaining the most awful fears respecting it, looked upon us as madmen for remaining so long upon it.

During the forenoon, the thermometer ranged from 86° to 90°. At sunset, it stood at 83°, and quite pleasant. Sky filled with cumulus and stratus. A little after 8 P. M., we heard the song sung by the tribes when about to meet friends or enemies; in the first instance, a song of welcome; in the last, a war-cry of defiance. The wild coronach was borne upon the wind, long before the party singing it were in sight; but presently, fourteen mounted Arabs, headed by the brother of Muhammed, came proudly into the camp. The camp consisted of two boats' awnings, stretched over stakes, to screen us from the sun and wind. All carried a long gun and short carbine, the last slung over the shoulders, except one Arab, a kinsman of the sheikh, who bore a spear eighteen feet long, with a large, round tuft of ostrich feathers just below the spear-head. Reining up before us, they finished their song, prior to dismounting or exchanging salutations. The war-cry of the Arabs was the only true musical sound we heard among them, although they frequently beguiled the tedious hours of a march with what they termed a song. The following notes, by Mr. Bedlow, will give some idea of their war-cry.

These few notes are uttered in a high, shrill voice, and with a modulation or peculiarity bearing some affinity to the characteristic Yoddle of Tyrolean music. The distance at which this strange, wild war-cry can be heard, is almost incredible.

After nightfall the wind sprang up fresh from the northward. We made a lee by stretching one of the boat's awnings across, and lying upon the beach with our heads towards it. For myself I could not sleep. The conduct of Muhammed, amounting almost to impudence, filled me with distrust. He had come down with about eight men, his brother with fourteen more, and by two and three at a time they had been dropping in ever since, until, at 9 P. M., there were upwards of forty around us; and, if disposed to treachery, there might be many more concealed within the thicket. It seemed as if Muhammed considered us as already in his power, and it occurred to me at times, that it was my duty, in order to save the lives for which I was responsible, to depart at once; but two considerations determined me not only to remain, but, at all hazards, go to Kerak. The second day after our arrival upon this sea, I had sent 'Akīl to the Arabian tribes to announce our coming and to make arrangements with them to supply us with provisions. He had, through great peril, and at considerable loss, made his way along the whole eastern coast, and as directed, announced the coming of a party of Americans, people from another world, of whom they had never heard before. I therefore felt that to retire now would be construed into flight, and the American name be ever after held in contempt by this people, and all who might hereafter sojourn among them. Moreover, to decline an invitation for which we had made overtures through 'Akīl, might hazard his safety. In addition to these considerations, I felt satisfied that if not invigorated by bracing air, even for one day,

many of the party would inevitably succumb; and I preferred the risk of an encounter with the Arabs to certain sickness upon the sea, with its result, unaccomplished work.*

Although the wind was high, too high to take observations of Polaris, the night was sultry; thermometer 81°, the dew so heavy as to filter through the awning and drop upon our faces. This is the second time we have experienced dew upon this sea, each time with a hot wind from the north. It probably betokens some atmospheric change. Then it was succeeded by a sirocco. We shall see what to-morrow will bring forth. This is our fifteenth night upon this sea. Towards morning the wind lulled and the sky became clouded and the weather cool.

Tuesday, May 2. Cloudy. Called all hands at 4 A. M., and set off at 5.30, after a hurried and meagre breakfast. The sailors were mounted on most unpromising looking cradles, running lengthwise along the backs of their mules, while our horses were but little better caparisoned. At his earnest solicitation, I left behind Henry Loveland, seaman, who was apparently one of the least affected by

* My misgivings were not unfounded. Just before our final departure from this place, the son of the Christian sheikh told us that the Muslims, with a concealed party amounting in all to sixty, had determined to attack us (of which the Christians dared not give us notice at the time), but as there was always an officer and two men on guard, one of them posted beside the blunderbuss, and I so often came out to look around, they fancied that we suspected their design, and therefore kept quiet. Armed as we were, the odds would have been against them. Each sailor had a carbine which loaded at the breech, and could be fired with great rapidity, and there was attached to it a steel bayonet, three feet long, that could be drawn out at will; and each one carried in his belt a pistol with a deadly bowie-knife attached. The officers had severally a carbine, a revolver pistol, and a sword, three of the last having pistol-barrels attached to the blade near the handle. I rejoice that we had no serious occasion to use them.

the previous heat.* To him and our Bedawin friend Jum'ah, who had several Arabs with him, I gave strict charge of the boats and all our effects.

We were fourteen in number, besides the interpreter and cook. The first I believed courageous; the latter I knew to be an arrant coward. Our escort consisted of twelve mounted Arabs and eight footmen, the rest having gone in advance.

We struck directly across the plain forming the base or root of the peninsula, towards the lofty ragged cliffs which overlook it from the east, and passed many nŭbk and osher trees, and fields of dried stalks, some resembling those of the maize and others the sugar-cane. The Arabs said that sugar was not cultivated upon this plain; but these stalks were the product of cultivation, were unlike the dhoura stalks, and very much resembled the sugar-cane. Crossing the stream which flows down the Wady Beni Hamad, and a number of patches of dhoura (millet), artificially irrigated, we passed close under a ruin on an elevated cliff, which overlooks the plain of Zoar. It seemed to be the remains of a fortalice not more ancient than the times of the Crusades. We would have given much to explore the plain and visit the ruin above, but circumstances forbade it. It was essential to inhale the mountain air as soon as possible, and equally important that we should keep together to guard against treachery. We resolved to make an exploration on our return, if satisfied that we could do so with safety.

We thus far passed in succession the loose tertiaries of the peninsula; some ferruginous and friable sandstone, a yellow and shaly limestone, clay-slate, and argillaceous marls.

From Wady Beni Hamad we skirted along the base of

* This man eventually suffered more from sickness, and his life was longer in jeopardy, than any of the rest.

the cliffs for about two miles in a south direction, across the neck of the peninsula towards the S. E. inlet of the sea, and crossing the bed, turned up Wady Kerak, the steepest and most difficult path, with the wildest and grandest scenery we had ever beheld. On one side was a deep and yawning chasm, which made the head dizzy to look into; on the other beetling crags, blackened by the tempests of ages, in shape exactly resembling the waves of a mighty ocean, which, at the moment of overleaping some lofty barrier, were suddenly changed to stone, retaining, even in transformation, their dark and angry hue. In most places the naked rock dipped down abruptly into the deep and gloomy chasm, and it only required a torrent to come tumbling headlong over the rude fragments fallen from the cliffs above to complete the sublimity of the scene. Nor was it wanting.

When we first started, it was so cloudy that we congratulated ourselves upon the prospect of a cool and pleasant instead of a sultry ride. While passing under the ruin, it began to rain lightly but steadily. Before we had half ascended the pass, however, there came a shout of thunder from the dense cloud which had gathered at the summit of the gorge, followed by a rain, compared to which, the gentle showers of our more favoured clime are as dew-drops to the overflowing cistern. Except the slight shower at the Pilgrim's Ford, this was the first since we landed in Syria. The black and threatening cloud soon enveloped the mountain-tops, the lightning playing across it in incessant flashes, while the loud thunder reverberated from side to side of the appalling chasm. Between the peals we soon heard a roaring and continuous sound. It was the torrent from the rain cloud, sweeping in a long line of foam down the steep declivity, bearing along huge fragments of rocks, which, striking against each other, sounded like mimic thunder. In one spot, where the

torrent made its maddest leap, a single palm-tree, bent by the blast, waved its branches wildly above the gorge, seeming to the imagination like the genius of the place bewailing the devastation of its favoured haunt. During the whole of this storm, our rugged path led along the face of a steep precipice looking into the dark grandeur of the chasm beneath. It was a wild, a terrific, but a glorious sight!

> "It more stirs the blood
> To rouse a lion than to start a hare;"

and I rejoiced to witness this elemental strife amid these lofty mountains. How much more exciting and sublime than anything a monotonous plain presents! I have skirted the base of Etna, clothed in the luxuriant verdure of a favoured clime, and looked upon its summit, wreathed in a mantle of perpetual snow, while the smoke from its crater gracefully curled above it. I have clambered the cone of Vesuvius by nightfall, and looked over its brink into the fiery caldron beneath; and in a thunder-storm, I once launched a boat at the foot of Niagara, and rocking in the foam of its cataract, marked with delight the myriads of gems, of every hue and radiance, reflected in the misty vapour at each successive flash; but I never beheld a scene in sublimity equal to the present one.

A meandering river and a fertile plain, with their accompaniments, luxuriant foliage, and fragrant odours, interspersed with scenes of domestic peace, captivate the eye and delight the senses. But the boundless ocean or sky-piercing mountains are necessary to the grandeur of sublimity; to embody, as it were, to the mind, and enable it to realize the presence of a great Being — great in all things, — but seeming to us most potent when either the "live thunder" leaps from cliff to cliff, or "He rides upon the wings of the mighty wind" across the illimitable waste.

The storm gradually subsided; the cloud which had enveloped the mountain-tops and spread itself far down the chasm, gathered its misty folds and was swept by degrees over the crest towards the desert of Arabia; — to refresh, perchance, the arid plains from its yet copious store.

At 9.15, bending a little from the ridge to the south, we passed a small stream, trickling down in a N. E. course towards the wady. Like the torrent, the stream was doubtless the creation of the shower. The general impression that there is a perpetual stream down the Wady Kerak, is an erroneous one. The Kerakîyeh tell us that it has only water in the rainy season, and for a short period, at other times, after storms like the one which had just passed over. When we crossed the foot of the ravine, there was no water in it; but quite a considerable stream in the Wady Beni Hamad, whence the plain around Mezra'a is irrigated. Except the lone palm, we had not seen a tree or shrub since we turned up the side of the ravine; but all along our zigzag path, the wildest rocks, bare, black, and contorted, presented themselves in detached fragments, and in wondrous strata, — mountain-sides tumbled down, perpendicular crags, and deep chasms.

At 9.25, while passing along the edge of a sheer precipice, the weather partly cleared up, and gave us a terrific view down the ravine; it pained the eye to look into its dizzy depths.

At 9.45, stopped to rest at a small spring of pure water, which gushed out of a hill-side. The elements were not yet entirely hushed, the wind sweeping down the ravine in occasional gusts. Here the Kerakîyeh amused themselves by firing at a mark. Approaching to pistol-shot distance, and taking rest with their long guns, they rarely hit the mark. Their powder was so indifferent, that one of our sailors contemptuously remarked that a gazelle

could run a mile between the flash and the report. They were perfectly astonished at the execution of our rifle.

At 10.30, started again, the road leading upon a wide terrace over the valley; the terrace here and there was almost blocked up by huge fragments, severed from the cliffs above, many of them, also, lying in every possible position in the valley beneath. Several of these blocks, and many places in the mountain-side, were hollowed out, sufficient in some places to shelter many persons. These old limestone-rocks are worn into caverns, arches, and the resemblance of houses; an isolated block was exactly like a thatched, moss-grown cottage. One of these may be the cave where Lot and his two daughters dwelt. About two-thirds up, we saw some of the retem, or broom plant,* many purple hollyhocks, and, shortly after, some oleanders. The last, which were in full bloom high up the Jordan, and in the plain below, were in this lofty region just beginning to bloom. We saw some partridges, hawks, and many doves; also much of the scarlet anemone, and a blue flower resembling the convolvulus.

At 11.30, the sides and bottom of the ravine betokened some slight cultivation; here and there was a small patch of wheat, and higher up there were a few olive-trees. Gradually, these appearances became more frequent; the patches of wheat were larger, and the olive in occasional groves; sometimes, too, there was a fig-tree, its green more refreshing to the eye than the tawny hue of the olive. When we thought that we were upon the town, we found that we had yet a long, steep hill to clamber up. Here we came to a fork; the main bed of the ravine coming down from the east, and another, broad and steep,

* This plant, elsewhere a bush, is here quite large; and it is supposed that it was under a retem, instead of a juniper-tree, that Isaiah took shelter in the desert.

from the south-east, with the walled town of Kerak, upon the crown of the hill, overlooking both. We skirted the last ravine, leaving on the left a walled-in fountain and luxuriant olive-groves, and continued ascending, for half an hour; an extensive pile of ruins in sight at the S. W. extremity of the town, and a majestic quadrangular tower at the N. W. angle of its wall. Looking back, our cavalcade presented a singular sight, winding up the steep and sinuous path. After leaving the peninsula, and turning up the precipitous path along the Wady Kerak, we met with fossiliferous limestone, and the rock continued calcareous all the way to Kerak.

At 12.40, came upon the brow of the hill (3000 feet above the Dead Sea) at the north-east angle of the town. Instead of a richly cultivated country, there was before us a high, rolling plain, the grass withered, and the grain blighted by the sirocco and the locust. Turning to the north, we passed along the wall, then under the tower, built of flesh-coloured, consolidated limestone, and along the face of the western wall for about 150 yards, when, turning abruptly, we entered an arch cut through the rock, about thirty feet high and twelve wide. Over the gateway was a partly effaced Arabic inscription, recording the building, or repair, of the walls. The passage had two turns, and was about eighty feet long. From it, we emerged into the town, — a collection of stone huts, built without mortar. They are from seven to eight feet high; the ground-floors about six feet below, and the flat-terrace mud-roofs mostly about two feet above, the streets; but in many places there were short cuts, from street to street, across the roofs of the houses. The people were assembled on the dirt-heaps and mud-roofs to see us pass. We were escorted to the council-house, which is also the Christian school-room, the same in which Irby and Mangles, the only Franks who, as Franks, had preceded us

since the Crusades, were lodged thirty years ago. Below, was a work-room, and ours was a room for all purposes. Opposite, was a Christian church under construction. Its walls, now about twelve feet high, measured seventy-four by forty feet, and there were pedestals laid for six pillars.

Our room had nothing whatever, except the bare stone floor beneath; the rafters supporting the mud roof above; two windows without glass or shutters, and a crazy door without a fastening. Assigning one side to the men, and taking the adjoining one for ourselves, we left the other two for the Arabs, who flocked in crowds to look upon us. From some cause they did not furnish a sheep, although there were hundreds in the vicinity.

Through the exertions of the priest and Abd' Allah, the Christian sheikh, we procured some eggs, and, after a scanty breakfast and a hard ride, our dinner consisted of three eggs each.

Determined, at all hazards, to see the place, we went out by turns. We found but one shop, and the only articles for sale were thin cakes of dried and pressed apricots, and English muslin!

The houses, or rather huts, without windows and without chimneys, were blackened inside by smoke; and the women and children were squalid and filthy. Kerak contains a population of about 300 families, three-fourths Christian. By paying an annual tribute, and submitting to occasional exactions, the latter live amicably with the powerful tribe of Kerakîyeh, whose encampment is a short distance without the walls. The latter are so averse to houses, that some, then on a visit to the town, had pitched their tents in the yards of vacant dwellings.

The Muslim inhabitants are wild-looking savages, but the Christians have a milder expression. The males mostly wear sheepskin coats; the women, dark-coloured gowns; the Christian females did not conceal their faces,

which were tattooed like the South-Sea islanders. The priest, in his black turban and subdued countenance, acted as our cicerone. He took us to his little church, a low, dark, vaulted room, containing a picture of St. George fighting the Dragon; two half columns of red granite, from the ruins of the castle, and a well of cool water in the centre.

The castle, partly cut out of, and partly built upon, the mountain-top, presents the remains of a magnificent structure; its citadel cut off from the town by a ditch-ravine. It seems to be Saracenic, although in various parts it has both the pointed Gothic and the rounded Roman arch. A steep glacis-wall skirts the whole. The walls, now partly standing, are composed of heavy, well-cut stones; and there were seven arched store-houses, one above the other, with narrow slits for defence. The part used as the chapel was evidently built in the times of the crusades; and the east end, where the altar stood, was least demolished; for these buildings have been devastated by the hand of man. Maundrell has remarked that in all the ruined churches he saw, the part appropriated to the altar was ever in the best state of preservation;—which he is at a loss whether to ascribe to bribery on the part of the Christians, to a lingering reverence in the minds of the Turks, or to miraculous interposition. Against the walls were pilasters and parts of columns with sculptured ornaments, and upon the ceiling were traces of fresco painting, among them one of a female saint. In one place, the pavement had been dug up by the present Christian inhabitants of Kerak for paving-slabs for their new church. The vast extent of this magnificent castle filled us with astonishment. It has five gates and seven wells and cisterns, and the whole summit is perforated by subterranean passages. From the narrow embrasures of the vaulted chambers we looked down into the ravine, green

with fields of grain and grass, and the shrubbery of oleanders, and upon part of the sea in the distance.

We also visited the structure at the N. W. angle, under which we had passed before entering the arched gateway of the town. It seemed, also, to be Saracenic, with the remains of a handsome cornice.

Returning, we passed through the burial-ground, each grave indicated by a double line of rude, unsculptured stones.

We procured here some of the wheat, which, it is said, retains the prolific quality attributed to it in the Bible. We saw and heard nothing of the immense grapes, "like those brought back by the Hebrew spies," spoken of by Laborde. The harvests had been swept, the last seven years, by the locusts and the sirocco; the last occurring two or three times a month.

P. M., held a long conversation with 'Akīl as to the possibility of proceeding, by land, to Wady es Sâfieh, and its luxuriant delta, at the S. E. extremity of the sea. He thought it impracticable. He said that the southern tribes were in a great state of excitement, and were all coming up; while those along the coast were gathering together, and that a general outbreak might be expected. The Beni 'Adwans and Beni Sŭkrs having already begun hostilities. He could assign no other reason for this than that the grain would soon be gathered by the fellahin, and the Bedawin were preparing to sweep it off, each tribe from a district remote from its own.

In some respects 'Akīl was mysterious; and, at first, I could not comprehend the hints he threw out. His object seemed to be to ascertain whether, under any circumstances, we would aid an association of the tribes in an avowed object. I would not press him for an explanation, but merely told him that, if he had been captured and detained while coming round in our service, we would

have felt it our duty to have left every thing else and hasten to his assistance; that I would endeavour to have him remunerated for what he had lost while acting for us; but we could take no part in their petty wars. I half suspected that this barbarian, the most winning and graceful one we had ever seen, generous, brave, and universally loved or feared, contemplated a union of the tribes for the purpose of throwing off the thraldom, here almost nominal, of the Turkish yoke, and establishing a sovereignty for himself. Exceedingly affable to all, he was more reserved and taciturn than his noisy countrymen, and was often absorbed in thought. Having once reaped profit from rebellion, he might then have been weighing the chances of a bolder speculation. He could not rely much on our party, but might hope that if we were involved our country would sustain us. He little knew how severely, and how justly, too, we should be censured at home if we became voluntarily embroiled either with the tribes or the Turkish government. If he had attempted a rebellion, he would have assuredly failed. The elements were too discordant. The antipathies between the highland Gael and the southron, of the Scottish border, were not more inveterate than the hostile feeling existing between many of the tribes. With some it is the feud of blood, transmitted from generation to generation with increasing rancour. Yet their God is gold, and fifty well-armed, resolute Franks, *with a large sum of money*, could revolutionize the whole country. The presence of 'Akīl was of great service to us; and but for him we should have come in collision with this rude people.

The Christians were as kind and obliging as the Muslims were insolent. In order, as he told me, to secure the good behaviour of the Kerakîyeh, 'Akīl brought with him the young prince of the Beni Sŭkrs, a powerful tribe,

of whom even these fierce Arabs stood in awe. The Beni Sŭkr wore his hair in ringlets, like a girl; but we were told that he behaved gallantly in the fight.

To avoid another encounter with the Beni 'Adwans, on his return, 'Akīl purposed providing his small party with sufficient flour and water for five or six days' subsistence, and to strike into the desert, in a direct east course, for a ruined khan, on the Great Hadj, or pilgrim route from Damascus to Mecca. Thence he would proceed north, still keeping east of the Jordan, until he reached the vicinity of the Sea of Galilee.

It being absolutely impossible to ascend the Jordan with the boats, I gave 'Akīl a note for Mr. Wiseman, at Tiberias, directing the trucks, &c., we had left in his charge, to be sent to Acre.

Our trip here exhibited the Arab character in a new light. From the first, the manner of Muhammed had been imperious and insolent; and his father, whom he seemed to rule, had neither invited us to his tents nor contributed, in the slightest degree, to our comfort. The reason was because we did not make them a large present. According to the arrangement with 'Akīl, he was to pay for all that we might require; and I held to the course we had heretofore pursued, of making no presents, except for kindness or for services rendered. Muhammed, growling, said that he wanted cloaks, a double-barrelled gun, a watch, &c., that other Franks, coming up from Egypt, gave them.—Where did we come from, thus out of the sea? For the whole day the room had been crowded; the doorway, sometimes, blocked up. It seemed to be regarded by them in the light of a menagerie.

When, at length, they left us to ourselves, for the first time, in twenty-three days, we lay down beneath a roof, having first enjoyed the unwonted luxury of a draught of sweet milk. Placing a board against the door, that its

fall might rouse us at an attempted entrance, we lay down with our arms in our hands, with a feeling of uncertainty as to what the morrow might bring forth; for although 'Akîl was there, he had but four followers, one of them wounded; whereas the Kerakîyeh could muster 700 fighting men. Our belief was, that although the Christians might not dare to side with us, yet, so far from acting in combination against, they would give us timely warning. At all hazards, we wished to impress upon these people that we would do nothing which could be construed into the appearance, even, of purchasing forbearance. Were we private travellers, the case would be different; but the time has long past when, even through its meanest representative, our government will consent to pay for forbearance from any quarter.

In the course of a long conversation, to-night, Abd' Allah gave us a history of the condition and prospects of the Christians of Kerak. He said that there were from 900 to 1000 Christians here, comprising three-fourths of the population. They could muster a little over 200 fighting men; but are kept in subjection by the Muslim Arabs, living mostly in tents, without the town. He stated that they are, in every manner, imposed upon. If a Muslim comes to the town, instead of going to the house of another Muslim, he quarters himself upon a Christian, and appropriates the best of every thing: that Christian families have been two days at a time without food—all that they had being consumed by their self-invited guests. If a Muslim sheikh buys a horse for so many sheep, he makes the Christians contribute until the number be made up. Their property, he said, is seized at will, without there being any one to whom to appeal; and remonstrance, on their part, only makes it worse.

Already a great many have been driven away; poverty alone keeping the remainder. They have commenced

building a church, in the hope of keeping all together, and as a safe place of refuge for their wives and children, in times of trouble; but the locusts and the sirocco have for the last seven years blasted the fields, and nearly all spared by them has been swept by the Muslims. They gave me the following appeal to the Christians in our more happy land, which I promised to make known. The following is a literal translation:—

"By God's favour!

"May it, God willing! reach America, and be presented to our Christian brothers,—whose happiness may the Almighty God preserve! Amen!

"8642. BEDUAH.

"We are, in Kerak, a few very poor Christians, and are building a church.

"We beg your excellency to help us in this undertaking, for we are very weak.

"The land has been unproductive, and visited by the locusts, for the last seven years.

"The church is delayed in not being accomplished, for want of funds, for we are a few Christians, surrounded by Muslims.

"This being all that is necessary to write to you, Christian brothers of America, we need say no more.

"The trustees in your bounty,

"ABD' ALLAH EN NAHAS, Sheikh,

"YÂKÔB EN NAHAS, Sheikh's brother.

"KERAK, Jâmad Awâh, 1264."

Wednesday, May 3. It was exceedingly cold last night, the north wind whistling through the casement with a familiar sound of home. We all concurred in the opinion, that for comfort, the sea-beach would have been a preferable couch, the fleas having tormented us through the

night. Notwithstanding our disturbed slumbers, however, we did not feel as debilitated as heretofore on rising from sounder sleep. The exercise of riding and the variety of scenery through which we yesterday passed, were of service, and the air was much cooler and more invigorating than below.

We rose early, and breakfasted on eggs and rice. Shortly after, Muhammed came in, very surly; I refused to converse with him, but referred him to 'Akīl, whom I had commissioned to procure the horses and make the necessary purchases for us. We would have liked to remain another day for the benefit of the mountain air and to make some examination of the neighbourhood; but we were unanimously of opinion that it would be unsafe, the prospect of difficulty with this insolent people increasing with the lapse of every hour. While we made preparations for our departure in the room above, the Arabs were in consultation beneath the window, Muhammed and several of his tribe gesticulating violently. But 'Akīl and the Beni Sŭkr prince were there, and we knew that they would stand by us. After much difficulty, our horses were procured. As we were about starting, Muhammed again demanded a backshish, which was refused. He then said that he would not go down with us, and sneeringly asked what we should do if we found one hundred men in our path. We replied that we would take care of ourselves. I longed to seize him and carry him with us by force as a hostage, but he was surrounded by too many armed and scowling Arabs.

We started at 6.30 A. M., in battle array, our carbines unslung, and everything ready for immediate use. The Christian sheikh, the kind old man, although he made enemies by doing so, accompanied us, and three or four footmen journeyed along, without absolutely mingling with us. Muhammed, almost furious, remained behind.

I had noted well the ground the day before, and knew that there was no place above the plain where an attack could be advantageously made. My greatest fear, concurred in by the Christian sheikh, was that any one lagging behind would be cut off. Giving to Mr. Dale, therefore, who ably seconded me, the charge of the front, I kept with the rear. We had scarce left the town a mile, before Muhammed, black and surly, with some horsemen, overtook us. I was never more delighted in my life, for we had now the game in our own hands. Instantly detaching an officer and one of our most trusty men, I directed them to keep by him without regard to his companions, and shoot him at the first sign of flight or treachery.

It was some time before Muhammed realized that he was a prisoner; but observing that whether he rode ahead or tarried behind, he had ever the same companions, and that if he stopped, the march was arrested, and the whole party stopped also, the truth flashed upon him; and from being insolent and overbearing, he became first respectful and then submissive.

The march was delayed at one time by an unmanageable mule. He would not permit the sailor, who had slipped off, to remount, until the latter assumed the koofeyeh and āba of a friendly Arab. We saw a great many black and white storks, in companies, and some black centipedes and grasshoppers.

At 10.15, came in sight of the sea, its surface covered by a thin mist, the garment in which it is ever wreathed during the heat of the day. The weather became warmer and warmer as we descended, — the torrent bed of the ravine (Wady Kerak) perfectly dry.

As we approached the plain, I placed myself beside Muhammed to watch him more narrowly. By this time, all but two or three of his followers had ridden ahead and left us. When he first joined us he had demanded a

watch, then a double-barrelled gun, and a number of articles in succession; but when he saw that we held him as a hostage for the good behaviour of his tribe, he changed his tone. About an hour before reaching the shore, we stopped fifteen minutes to breathe the horses. When we were about to remount, he had become so much humbled, that perceiving my saddle-girth loose, he hastened forward and drew it tight for me. In the morning he would have cut my throat rather than have performed a menial office.

At 1.30, issuing from the thicket upon the beach, we were gladdened with the sight of our boats, lying as secure as we had left them. We launched them and made preparations for immediate departure. There was nothing longer to detain us, and we surmised that, perhaps the Arab horsemen who left us had gone to join others concealed in the plain. At the instance of Abd' Allah, the Christian sheikh, I wrote to 'Akīl by Friday, requesting him to protect the Christian Arabs against the Kerakîyeh; and in order to enlist the Beni Sŭkr prince in the same cause, I sent him a richly ornamented āba.

Burckhardt, and Irby and Mangles, were kindly received in Kerak; but the first spoke the language, and came disguised as an Arab, and the two last had a letter of introduction to the Muslim Sheikh of Kerak, given to them by the Sheikh of Hebron, without which, they intimated that their reception would have been a cold one. They had to pay down four hundred piastres (equal to 1600 now), and on the second day of their journey, while yet under the protection of the Sheikh of Kerak, one hundred and fifty (equal to 600 piastres) more were exacted. From Burckhardt, who had assumed the garb of a poor man, all was extorted that it was thought he could afford to pay. Seetzen was robbed by some of the tribe before he entered Kerak.

Everything being prepared, I had taken leave of Abd' Allah, after making him a present, and was about stepping into the boat without saying anything to Muhammed, when he sprang forward, and, taking my hand, begged for some gun-caps. But I refused; for had they been given, perhaps the first use made of them would have been against a Christian. Getting into the boat, therefore, we shoved off, and left him standing upon the shore. Thus far, these were the only Arabs from whom we had experienced rudeness.

CHAPTER XVII.

CRUISE ALONG THE ARABIAN SHORE.

We started, at 1.55 P. M., with a light breeze from the south, and steered down the bay, along the coast, towards Wady Môjeb, the river Arnon of the Old Testament. The shore presented the barren aspect of lofty perpendicular cliffs of red sandstone, and here and there a ravine with patches of cane, indicating that water was, or had recently been, there.

At 4.45, passed a date-palm-tree and some canes, their tops withered, at the foot of a dry ravine; soon after, saw an arch, twenty feet from the water, spanning a chasm twelve feet wide. The mountains of red sandstone were beautifully variegated with yellow and capped by high cliffs of white in the background. At 5.25, stopped for the night in a beautiful cove on the south side of the delta, through which, its own formation, the Arnon flows to the sea. The stream, now eighty-two feet wide and

four deep, runs through a chasm ninety-seven feet wide, formed by high, perpendicular cliffs of red, brown, and yellow sandstone, mixed red and yellow on the southern side, and on the north, a soft, rich red,—all worn by the winter rains into the most fantastic forms, not unlike Egyptian architecture. It was difficult to realize that some were not the work of art.

The chasm runs up in a direct line for 150 yards, then turns, with a slow and graceful curve, to the south-east. In the deepest part, within the chasm, the river did not at that time exceed four feet in depth; but after passing through the delta, narrowing in its course, it is ten feet deep, but quite narrow at the mouth. We saw here tracks of camels, and marks of an Arab encampment. There must be some passage down the ravine, the sides of which seemed so precipitous. There were castor-beans, tamarisks, and canes, along the course of the stream from the chasm to the sea. Fired a pistol up the chasm; the report reverberated finely against the perpendicular sides. Walked and waded up some distance, and found the passage of the same uniform width, turning every 150 or 200 yards gradually to the south-east. Observed a dead gazelle, and saw the tracks of gazelles and of wild beasts, but could only identify those of the tiger. The report of a gun, which we fired, reverberating like loud and long-continued peals of thunder, startled many birds. The highest summit of the inner cliffs, north of the chasm, were yellow limestone. Saw a large brown vulture, its beak strong with two denticulations. After bathing in the cool, refreshing stream, and supping on rice and tea, we spread our awnings upon the beach, and slept soundly under the bright stars. At midnight, thermometer 78°, wind N. W., and very cold. George Overstock, one of the seamen, had a chill this day. We feared that the fever which had heretofore attacked all who had

WADY MOJEB.

ventured upon this sea was about to make its appearance. It was to a city, "in the border of Arnon," to which Balak, king of the Moabites, came to meet Balaam. From the Arnon to the Jabbok, "which is the border of the children of Ammon," was the land given to the tribes of Reuben and Gad.

Thursday, May 4. A warm, but pleasant morning. Overstock better, but I feared the recurrence of his chill the next day. Started at 6.50, after filling the water-breakers. As we were shoving off, heard voices and two gun-shots in the cliffs above, but could see nothing. Sent Mr. Dale, in the Fanny Skinner, to sound across to Ain Tŭrabeh. Our course was northwardly, parallel with, and a short distance from, the Arabian shore, sketching the topography as we passed. It presented the same lofty, rugged, brown parched hills as heretofore. At 8.40, a beautiful little stream, along the banks of which were twenty-nine date-palm-trees, in groups of two or three,—a grateful relief to the monotonous and dreary hue of the mountains and the sea.

At 9, we passed a stream which was visible, in a long white line, from the summit to the sea, into which it plunged, a tiny, but foaming cataract. Its whole course was fringed with shrubbery, and its brawling noise was distinctly heard.

At 10.37, stopped to examine some huge, black boulders, lying confusedly upon the shore, which proved to be trap interspersed with tufa. The whole mountain, from base to summit, appeared one black mass of scoriæ and lava, the superposition of the layers giving them a singular appearance. In the rocky hollows of the shore were incrustations of salt, of which, as well as of the lava, we procured specimens.

At 10.50, started again,—the scenery grand and wild; wherever there was a rivulet, lines of green cane and

tamarisk, and an occasional date-palm-tree, marked its course: a fine breeze from the southward. At 12.20, stopped in a cove formed by the Zerka main, the outlet of the hot springs of Callirohoe. The stream, twelve feet wide and ten inches deep, rushes, in a southerly direction, with great velocity, into the sea. Temperature of the air, 77°; of the sea, 78°; of the stream, 94°; one mile up the chasm, 95°. It was a little sulphureous to the taste. The stream has worn its bed through the rock, and flows between the perpendicular sides of the chasm, and through the delta, bending to the south, about two furlongs, to the sea. The banks of the stream, along the delta, are fringed with canes, tamarisks, and the castor-bean. The chasm is 122 feet wide at the mouth; and, for one mile up, as far as we traced it, does not lessen in width. The sides of the chasm are about eighty feet high, where it opens upon the delta; but within they rise in altitude to upwards of 150 feet on each side, where the trap formation is exhibited. In the bed of the chasm, there was one stream, on the south side, eight feet wide and two deep, and two small streams in the centre, all rushing down at the rate of six knots per hour. There were no boulders in the bed of the ravine, which, in the winter, must, throughout its width, and high up the sides, pour down an impetuous flood. The walls of the chasm are lofty and perpendicular, of red and yellow sandstone, equally majestic and imposing, but not worn in such fantastic shapes, nor of so rich a hue, as those of the Arnon. Waded up about a mile, and saw a few date-palm-trees, growing in the chasm. The turns, about 200 yards apart, at first gently rounded, but subsequently sharp and angular. There was a succession of rapids, and a cascade of four, and a perpendicular fall of five or six feet. A little above the rapid, trap shows over sandstone. The current was so strong that, while bathing, I could not, with

my feet against a rock, keep from being carried down the stream; and, walking where it was but two feet deep, could, with difficulty, retain a foothold with my shoes off. There were many incrustations of lime, and some tufa. In the loneliest part of the chasm, nearly trod upon a sparrow before it flew away. Had this been a settled country, the wee thing would not have been ignorant that, in mere wantonness, man is its greatest enemy. Saw a white butterfly, some snipes and brown hawks, and gathered some heliotrope (heliotropum Europeum), which was scentless, and a beautiful purple flower, star-shaped, five petals, calix and seed-stalk a delicate yellow. Pulled up a species of willow by the roots, in the hope of preserving it.

At 7 P. M., bathed first in the sea and afterwards in the stream; a most delicious transition from the dense, acrid water of the sea, which made our innumerable sores smart severely — to the soft, tepid and refreshing waters of Callirohoe.

The water of the sea was very buoyant;—with great difficulty, I kept my feet down; and when I lay upon my back, and, drawing up my knees, placed my hands upon them, I rolled immediately over.

At 8 P. M., we had half a cup of tea each, to which we were limited from scarcity of sugar, and slept upon the gravel until 2 A. M.

There was a large fire on the western shore, in the direction of Feshkhah. Quite cool in the night; thermometer ranging from 70° to 68°. The great number submitted cheerfully to privation, but a few looked discontented at our scanty fare. This selfishness was painful to witness. If ever there was an occasion requiring a total exemption from it, this was surely one. In low minds this trait betrays itself in matters of the stomach and the purse; in those less sordid, but equally ungenerous, in the gratification of sensual love; and, in minds

more aspiring, but no less unrestrained by principle, in matters of ambition. Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; and, for a few pieces of silver, the reprobate sold his heavenly Master: Charles II., instead of fervent thankfulness, spent the first hours of his restoration in seducing an unhappy lady of his court; and Napoleon never hesitated to sacrifice a friend on the altar of his ambition.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM THE OUTLET OF THE HOT SPRINGS OF CALLIROHOE TO AIN TURÂBEH.

FRIDAY, May 5. Rose at 2 A. M. Fresh wind from the north; air quite chilly, and the warmth of the fire agreeable. It was this contrast which made the heat of the day so very oppressive. Everything was still and quiet, save the wind, and the surf breaking upon the shore. I had purposed visiting the ruins of Machærus, upon this singular hot-water stream, and to have excavated one of the ancient tombs mentioned in the Itinerary of Irby and Mangles, the most unpretending, and one of the most accurate narratives I have ever read; but the increasing heat of the sun, and the lassitude of the party, warned me to lose no time.

In his description of the fortress of Machærus, rebuilt by Herod, Josephus says, "It was also so contrived by nature that it could not be easily ascended; for it is, as it were, ditched about with such valleys on all sides, and to such a depth that the eye cannot reach their bottoms, and

such as are not easily to be passed over, and even such as it is impossible to fill up with earth; for that valley which cuts it off on the west extends to threescore furlongs, and did not end till it came to the Lake Asphaltites; on the same side it was, also, that Machærus had the tallest top of its hill elevated above the rest."

Speaking of the fountains, his words are, "Here are, also, fountains of hot water that flow out of this place, which have a very different taste one from the other; for some of them are bitter, and others of them are plainly sweet. Here are, also, many eruptions of cold waters; and this not only in the places that lie lower and have their fountains near one another, but what is still more wonderful, here is to be seen a certain cave hard by, whose cavity is not deep, but it is covered over by a rock that is prominent; above this rock there stand up two (hills or) breasts, as it were, but a little distant from one another, the one of which sends out a fountain that is very cold, and the other sends out one that is very hot; which waters, when they are mingled together, compose a most pleasant bath; they are medicinal, indeed, for other maladies, but especially good for strengthening the nerves. This place has in it, also, mines of sulphur and alum."

At 2.45, called the cook to prepare our breakfast. At 3.40, called all hands, and having

> "Broke our fast,
> Like gentlemen of Beauce,"

started to sound across to Ain Turâbeh, thus making a straight line to intersect the diagonal one of yesterday. Two furlongs from the land, the soundings were twenty-three fathoms (138 feet). The next cast, five minutes after, 174 (1044 feet), gradually deepening to 218 fathoms (1308 feet); the bottom, soft, brown mud, with rectangular crystals of salt. At 8 A. M., met the Fanny

Skinner. Put Mr. Aulick, with Dr. Anderson, in her; also the cook, and some provisions, and directed him to complete the topography of the Arabian shore, and determine the position of the mouth of the Jordan; and, as he crossed over, to sound again in an indicated spot. Made a series of experiments with the self-registering thermometer, on our way, in the Fanny Mason, to Ain Turâbeh. At the depth of 174 fathoms (1044 feet), the temperature of the water was 62°; at the surface, immediately above it, 76°. There was an interruption to the gradual decrease of temperature, and at ten fathoms there was a stratum of cold water, the temperature, 59°. With that exception, the diminution was gradual. The increase of temperature below ten fathoms may, perhaps, be attributable to heat being evolved in the process of crystalization. Procured some of the water brought up from 195 fathoms, and preserved it in a bottle. The morning intensely hot, not a breath of air stirring, and a mist over the surface of the water, which looked stagnant and greasy.

At 10.30, we were greeted with the sight of the green fringe of Ain Turâbeh, dotted with our snow-white tents, in charge of the good old Sherîf. Sent two Arabs to meet Mr. Aulick, at the mouth of the Jordan. Sherîf had heard of the fight between 'Akīl and his friends with the Beni 'Adwans; we learned from him that several of the Beni Sŭkrs had since died of their wounds, and that the whole tribe had suffered severely.

Reconnoitred the pass over this place, to see if it would be practicable to carry up the level. It proved very steep and difficult, but those at 'Ain Feshkhah and Ain Jidy are yet more so; and, after consultation with Mr. Dale, determined to attempt the present one. Made arrangements for camels, to transport the boats across to the Mediterranean. The weather very warm.

Saturday, May 6. A warm but not oppressive morning; the same mist over the sea; the same wild and awful aspect of the overhanging cliffs. Commenced taking the copper boat apart, and to level up this difficult pass. To Mr. Dale, as fully competent, I assigned this task. With five men and an assistant, he laboured up six hundred feet, but with great difficulty.

At 9 A. M., thermometer, in the shade, 100°; the sky curtained with thin, misty clouds. At 11 A. M., Mr. Aulick returned, having completed the topography of the shore, and taken observations and bearings at the mouth of the Jordan. Dr. Anderson had collected many specimens in the geological department. The exploration of this sea was now complete. Sent Mr. Aulick out again, in the iron boat, to make experiments with the self-registering thermometer, at various depths; the result the same as yesterday and the day previous, the coldest stratum being at ten fathoms. Light, flickering airs, and very sultry during the night.

Sunday, May 7. This day was given to rest. The weather during the morning was exceedingly sultry and oppressive. At 8.30, thermometer 106°. The clouds were motionless, the sea unruffled, the rugged faces of the rocks without a shadow, and the canes and tamarisks around the fountain drooped their heads towards the only element which could sustain them under the smiting heat. The Sherîf slept in his tent, the Arabs in various listless attitudes around him; and the mist of evaporation hung over the sea, almost hiding the opposite cliffs.

At 6 P. M., a hot hurricane, another sirocco, blew down the tents and broke the syphon barometer, our last remaining one. The wind shifted in currents from N. W. to S. E.; excessively hot. In two hours it had gradually subsided to a sultry calm. All suffered very much from languor, and prudence warned us to begone. The tem-

perature of the night was pleasanter than that of the day, and we slept soundly the sleep of exhaustion.

Monday, May 8. A cloudy, sultry morning. At 5 A. M., the leveling party proceeded up the pass to continue the leveling. At 8, the sun burst through his cloudy screen, and threatened an oppressive day. Constructed a large float, with a flag-staff fitted to it.

In the morning, a bird was heard singing in the thicket near the fountain, its notes resembling those of the nightingale of Italy. The bulbul, the nightingale of this region, is like our kingfisher, except that its plumage is brown and blue, and the bill a deep scarlet. We cannot say that we ever heard it sing; but at various places on the Jordan we heard a bird singing at night, and the Arabs said it was the bulbul.

The heat increased with the ascending sun, and at meridian the thermometer stood at 110° in the shade. The Sherîf's tent was dark and silent, and we were compelled to discontinue work. The surface of the sea was covered by an impenetrable mist, which concealed the two extremities and the eastern shore; and we had the prospect of a boundless ocean with an obscured horizon. At 1.30 P. M., a breeze sprang up from the S. E., which gradually freshened and hauled to the north. Towards sunset went to Ain Ghuweir, a short distance to the north. So far from being brackish, we found the water as sweet and refreshing as that of Ain Turâbeh.

At 4 P. M., the leveling party returned, having leveled over the crest of the mountain and 300 feet on the desert of Judea. They had been compelled to discontinue work by the high wind. The tent I sent them was blown down, and they were forced to dine under the "shadow of a rock."

Tuesday, May 9. Awakened at early daylight by the Muslim call to prayer. A light wind from N. E. Sky

obscured; a mist over the sea, but less dense than that of yesterday. Sent Mr. Dale with the interpreter to reconnoitre the route over the desert towards Jerusalem. Pulled out in the Fanny Skinner, and moored a large float, with the American ensign flying, in eighty fathoms water, abreast of Ain Ghuweir, at too long a distance from the shore to be disturbed by the Arabs. Sent George Overstock and Hugh Read, sick seamen, to the convent of Mar Saba. Wind light throughout the day, ranging from N. to S. E.

Nŭsrallah, sheikh of the Rashâyideh, to whom I had refused a present before our work was complete, said to Sherîf to-day that if it had not been for him (Sherîf), he would have found means of getting what he wanted, intimating by force. On the matter being reported, he was ordered instantly to leave the camp. On his profession of great sorrow, and at the intercession of the Sherîf, he was permitted to remain, with the understanding that another remark of the kind would cause his immediate expulsion.

Sent off the boats in sections to Bab el Hulil (Jaffa gate), Jerusalem. Tried the relative density of the water of this sea and of the Atlantic — the latter from 25° N. latitude and 52° W. longitude; distilled water being as 1. The water of the Atlantic was 1.02, and of this sea 1.13. The last dissolved $\frac{1}{77}$, the water of the Atlantic $\frac{1}{8}$, and distilled water $\frac{1}{77}$ of its weight of salt. The salt used was a little damp. On leaving the Jordan we carefully noted the draught of the boats. With the same loads they drew one inch less water when afloat upon this sea than in the river.*

The streams from the fountains of Turâbeh, Ain Jidy, and the salt spring near Muhariwat, were almost wholly

* Since our return, some of the water of the Dead Sea has been subjected to a powerful microscope, and no animalculæ or vestige of animal matter could be detected.

absorbed in the plains, as well as those running down the ravines of Sudeir, Sêyâl, Mubŭghghik, and Humeir, and the torrent between the Arnon and Callirohoe. Taking the mean depth, width, and velocity of its more constant tributaries, I had estimated the quantity of water which the Dead Sea was hourly receiving from them at the time of our visit, but the calculation is one so liable to error, that I withhold it. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the quantity varies with the season, being greater during the winter rains, and much less in the heat of summer.

At 8.30, Mr. Dale and the interpreter returned. Before retiring, we bathed in the Dead Sea, preparatory to spending our twenty-second and last night upon it. We have carefully sounded this sea, determined its geographical position, taken the exact topography of its shores, ascertained the temperature, width, depth, and velocity of its tributaries, collected specimens of every kind, and noted the winds, currents, changes of the weather, and all atmospheric phenomena. These, with a faithful narrative of events, will give a correct idea of this wondrous body of water, as it appeared to us.

From the summit of these cliffs, in a line a little north of west, about sixteen miles distant, is Hebron, a short distance from which Dr. Robinson found the dividing ridge between the Mediterranean and this sea. From Beni Na'im, the reputed tomb of Lot, upon that ridge, it is supposed that Abraham looked "toward *all* the land of the plain," and beheld the smoke, "as the smoke of a furnace." The inference from the Bible, that this entire chasm was a plain sunk and "*overwhelmed*" by the wrath of God, seems to be sustained by the extraordinary character of our soundings. The bottom of this sea consists of two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one; the former averaging *thirteen*, the latter about *thirteen*

hundred feet below the surface. Through the northern, and largest and deepest one, in a line corresponding with the bed of the Jordan, is a ravine, which again seems to correspond with the Wady el Jeib, or ravine within a ravine, at the south end of the sea.

Between the Jabok and this sea, we unexpectedly found a sudden breakdown in the bed of the Jordan. If there be a similar break in the water-courses to the south of the sea, accompanied with like volcanic characters, there can scarce be a doubt that the whole Ghor has sunk from some extraordinary convulsion; preceded, most probably, by an eruption of fire, and a general conflagration of the bitumen which abounded in the plain. I shall ever regret that we were not authorized to explore the southern Ghor to the Red Sea.

All our observations have impressed me forcibly with the conviction that the mountains are older than the sea. Had their relative levels been the same at first, the torrents would have worn their beds in a gradual and correlative slope; — whereas, in the northern section, the part supposed to have been so deeply engulfed, although a soft, bituminous limestone prevails, the torrents plunge down several hundred feet, while on both sides of the southern portion, the ravines come down without abruptness, although the head of Wady Kerak is more than a thousand feet higher than the head of Wady Ghuweir. Most of the ravines, too, as reference to the map will show, have a southward inclination near their outlets, that of Zerka Main or Callirohoe especially, which, next to the Jordan, must pour down the greatest volume of water in the rainy season. But even if they had not that deflection, the argument which has been based on this supposition would be untenable; for tributaries, like all other streams, seek the greatest declivities without regard to angular inclination. The Yermak flows into the Jor-

dan at a right angle, and the Jabok with an acute one to its descending course.

There are many other things tending to the same conclusion, among them the isolation of the mountain of Usdum; its difference of contour and of range, and its consisting entirely of a volcanic product.

But it is for the learned to comment on the facts we have laboriously collected. Upon ourselves, the result is a decided one. We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was skeptical, and another, I think, a professed unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days' close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the Scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain. I record with diffidence the conclusions we have reached, simply as a protest against the shallow deductions of *would-be* unbelievers.

At midnight the scene was the same as at Ain el Feshkhah, the first night of our arrival, save that the ground was more firm and the weather warmer; but the sea presented a similar unnatural aspect. There was also a new feature betokening a coming change; there were camels lying around, which had been brought in, preparatory to to-morrow's movement. Heretofore, I had always seen this animal reposing upon its knees, but on this occasion all not chewing the cud were lying down. The night passed away quietly, and a light wind springing up from the north, even the most anxious were at length lulled to sleep by the rippling waves, as they brattled upon the shore.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM THE DEAD SEA TO THE CONVENT OF MAR SABA.

WEDNESDAY, May 10. A clear, warm, but pleasant morning. Soon after daylight, sent Mr. Aulick and Mr. Bedlow to Jerusalem with the chronometers, to make observations for ascertaining their rate. At 7 A. M., the levelling party started. Made preparations for finally breaking up the camp on the Dead Sea.

At 9.30, struck tents, and at 10, started, and ascended the pass of Ain Turâbeh. With us were Sherîf, Ibrahim Aga, and the sheikhs of the Raschâyideh and Ta'âmirah, and six camels. Winding slowly up the steep pass, we looked back at every turn upon our last place of encampment, and upon the silent sea. We are ever sad on parting with things for the last time. The feeling that we are never to see them again, makes us painfully sensible of our own mortality.

At 12, overtook the levelling party, and shortly after the camels with the sections of the boats. At 1.15 P. M., camped in Wady Khiyam Seyâ'rah (Ravine of the Tents of Seyâ'rah), so called from a tribe of that name having been surprised and murdered here. It is a rocky glen, over a steep precipice, a thousand feet above the Dead Sea. There are two large caves on the north side of the ravine, in which we prepared to take up our quarters, but the Arabs dissuaded us with the assurance that they abound with serpents and scorpions, which crawl out in the night.

Our camp was, properly speaking, in a depression of the

extremity of the ridge between the ravines Ghuweir and En Nar.

At night, we invited Sherîf to our tent, and prevailed on him to tell his history. His father was Sherîf, or hereditary governor of Mecca, to which dignity, at his death, the eldest brother of our friend succeeded. When Mecca surrendered to Mehemet Ali, his brother was deposed; and a cousin, inimical to them, was appointed in his stead. The deposed Sherîf fled to Constantinople; our friend was carried captive to Cairo, where he was detained ten years a prisoner, but provided with a house, and an allowance of 3000 piastres (125 dollars) per month for his support. When Arabia was overrun by the Wahabees, Mehemet Ali, wisely counting on sectarian animosity, gave our Sherîf a command, and sent him to the war. His person bears many marks of wounds he received in various actions. When Mehemet Ali was compelled by the quintuple alliance to abandon his conquests, our Sherîf went to Egypt to claim his pay, and reimbursements for advances he had made. Put off with vague promises, he proceeded to Stambohl (Constantinople) to sue for redress, and having laid his application before the divan, was now awaiting the decision. His account of himself is sustained by the information we received from our Vice-Consul and Mr. Fingie, H. B. M. Vice-Consul at Acre, respecting him. He is intelligent and much reverenced, and, in consequence, very influential among the tribes. To him and to 'Akîl, coupled with our own vigilance, we may in a great measure ascribe our not having encountered difficulty with the Arabs. He was to leave us the next day, and would carry with him our respect and fervent good wishes. We often remarked among ourselves, what should we have done without Sherîf and 'Akîl; we have not the slightest doubt that their presence prevented bloodshed.

A monk from the Convent of Mar Saba came in this evening, and brought word that our sick sailors were doing well. There seemed to be a good understanding between these religious and the various tribes; at night, an Arab shared his āba with the monk, and the shaven-crown of the Christian and the scalp-lock of the Muslim were covered by the same garment.

In a few hours we had materially changed our climate, and in this elevated region the air was quite cool. We slept delightfully, drawing our cloaks yet closer as the night advanced. At 4 A. M., thermometer 60°; absolutely cold.

We were in a most dreary country; calcined hills and barren valleys, furrowed by torrent beds, all without a tree or shrub, or sign of vegetation. The stillness of death reigned on one side; the sea of death, calm and curtained in mist, lay upon the other; and yet this is the most interesting country in the world. This is the wilderness of Judea; near this, God conversed with Abraham; and here, came John the Baptist, preaching the glad tidings of salvation. These verdureless hills and arid valleys have echoed the words of the Great Precursor; and at the head of the next ravine lies Bethlehem, the birth-place of the meek Redeemer,—in full sight of the Holy City, the theatre of the most wondrous events recorded on the page of history,—where that self-sacrifice was offered, which became thenceforth the seal of a perpetual covenant between God and man!

Thursday, May 11. There is, perhaps, no greater trial to the constitution than sudden changes of atmospheric temperature; in other words, of climate. We were so enfeebled by the heat we had experienced in the chasm beneath us, that, at the temperature of 60°, the air here felt piercingly cold. We had shivered through the night; and so busy had been the sentinels in searching for dried

thistles and shrubs, to feed the watch-fires, that, perhaps, in all our wanderings, the guard had never been so remiss.

We began, early, to prepare for work, and sent off three camel-loads of specimens, &c., to Jerusalem. Settled and parted with the good Sherîf.

Breakfasted in the rocky glen, with our backs towards the barren hills of the Desert of Judea; while the rays of the sun, rising over the mountains of Moab, were reflected from the glassy surface of the desolate sea before us.

We levelled, to-day, over parched valleys, and sterile ridges, to the flattened summit of an elevation, at the base of which three ravines meet, called the "Meeting of the Tribes,"—the Dead Sea concealed by an intervening ridge. We were fully 2000 feet above it, and the wind was fierce and cutting. Strolling from the camp, soon after we had pitched the tents, I felt so cold as to be compelled to return to my tent. The thermometer, at the opening, stood at 69°; but 7° below summer-heat. This place derives its name from a gathering of the tribes, or council, once held here. We saw, to-day, a light-brown fox, with a white tail.

Friday, May 12. The morning and the evening cool; the mid-day warm. Levelled into and up the Wady en Nar (Ravine of Fire) to the Greek Convent of Mar Saba. The ravine was shut in, on each side, by high, barren cliffs of chalky limestone, which, while they excluded the air, threw their reverberated heat upon us, and made the day's work an uncomfortable one. There was an association connected with the scene, however, which sustained us under the blinding light and oppressive heat of noon. The dry torrent-bed, interrupted by boulders, and covered with fragments of stone, is the channel of the brook Kidron, which, in its season, flows by the walls of the Holy City.

The approach to the convent is striking, from the lofty, perpendicular cliffs on each side, perforated with a great many natural and artificial excavations. Immense labour, sustained by a fervent though mistaken zeal, must have been expended here.

A perpendicular cliff, of about 400 feet, has its face covered with walls, terraces, chapels, and churches, constructed of solid masonry, all now in perfect repair. The walls of this convent, with a semicircular-concave sweep, run along the western bank of the ravine, from the bottom to the summit. The buildings form detached parts, constructed at different periods.

At 3.30 P. M., coming up from the ravine, we descended an inclined wady, and camped outside of the western gate of the convent, under a broad ledge of rock, forming the head of a lateral ravine, running into the main one. A narrow platform was before us, with a sheer descent from its edge to the bottom of the small ravine, which bore a few scattering fig-trees. We were earnestly invited to take up our quarters inside; but, dreading the fleas, we preferred the open air. There was a lofty look-out tower on the hill above us, to the south.

At the foot of a slight descent, about pistol-shot distance, was a low door, through which we were admitted to visit the convent. By the meagre monk who let us in, we were conducted through a long passage, and down two flights of stairs, into a court paved with flags; on the right centre of which stood a small, round chapel, containing the tomb of St. Saba. On the opposite side was the church, gorgeously gilded and adorned with panel and fresco paintings; the former enshrined in silver, and some of them good; the latter, mere daubs. The pavement was smooth, variegated marble; there were two clocks, near the altar; and two large, rich, golden chandeliers, and many ostrich-eggs, suspended from the ceiling.

From the court we were led along a terraced walk, parallel with the ravine, with some pomegranate-trees and a small garden-patch on each side; and, ascending a few steps, turned shortly to the left, and were ushered into the parlour, immediately over the chasm. The adjoining room was occupied by our two sick men, of whom admirable care had been taken, and we rejoiced to find that they were convalescent. The parlour was about sixteen by twenty-four feet, almost entirely carpeted, with a slightly-elevated divan on two sides. The stinted pomegranate-trees and the few peppers growing in the mimic garden were refreshing to the eye; and, after a lapse of twenty-two days, we enjoyed the luxury of sitting upon chairs.

From the flat, terrace roofs, are stairways of cut stone, leading to excavations in the rock, which are the habitations of the monks. We visited one of them, high up the impending cliff. It consisted of two cells, the inner one mostly the work of the present tenant. They were then dry and comfortable, but in the rainy season must be exceedingly damp and unwholesome.

Within the convent, we were told that there are seventy wells, and numerous cisterns, with abundance of rain-water. There are many flights of stairs, corridors, and cells; among the last, that of John of Damascus. A lofty tower shoots, shaft-like, from the northern angle, and a lone palm-tree rears its graceful form beside it. Near the chapel of St. Saba, is a singular cemetery, containing a great many skulls, piled against the walls,—a sad memorial of an act of cruelty on the part of the Turks and the Persians;—Chosroes, king of Persia, having, in the sixth century, put to death a number of monks, whose skulls are collected here. The room is excavated in the rock, and may have the preservative qualities such a legend would infer. In times of scarcity, the Arabs throng here for

food, which is given to them gratuitously; and to this, doubtless, is attributable the popularity of the inmates of the convent with the wandering tribes. The monks live solely upon a vegetable diet. There are about thirty in the convent, including lay-brothers, and, except a few from Russia, they are all Greeks. They are good-natured, illiterate, and credulous. The archbishop, from Jerusalem, looked like a being of a superior order among them, and, in his pontifical attire, presented an imposing appearance.

The interior of the convent is far more extensive than one would suppose, looking upon it from the western side, whence only the tower, the top of the church, and a part of the walls, are visible.

There is egress from the convent to the ravine by means of a ladder, which, at will, is let down from a low, arched door. The sight, from the bottom of the ravine, is one well calculated to inspire awe. The chasm is here about 600 feet wide and 400 deep,—a broad, deep gorge, or fissure, between lofty mountains, the steep and barren sides of which are furrowed by the winter rains. There are many excavations in the face of the cliffs, on both sides of the ravine, below the convent. One of them has evidently been a chapel, and on its walls are carved the names of many pilgrims, mostly Greeks, from 1665 to 1674, and, after the lapse of upwards of a century, from 1804 to 1843. A little above the convent, on the west side, halfway up, on the abrupt face of the precipice, are the ruins of a building, a chapel or a fortress. One story is standing, with a tower, pierced with loop-holes. The numerous excavations present a most singular appearance; and, looking upon them, one expects every moment to see the inmates come forth. It is a city of caverns.

We walked some distance up the bed of the Kidron, and encountered several precipices from ten to twelve

feet high, down which cataracts plunge in winter. It will be difficult, but not impracticable, to level this torrent bed. Collected some fossils, and a few flowers, for preservation. Even at this early season, the scanty vegetation, scattered here and there in the ravines of the desert of Judea, was already parched and withered. There were but few flowers within this ravine; the scarlet anemone and the purple blossom of the thistle being the prevailing ones. We gathered one, however, which was star-shaped; the leaves white near the stem, but blue above, and the seed-stalks yellow, with white heads. A few leaves nearest the flower were green, but the rest, with the stalk, were parched and dry. It was inodorous, and, like beauty without virtue, fair and attractive to the eye, but crumbling from rottenness in the hands of him who admiringly plucks it. In this ravine, from the Dead Sea to the borders of cultivation, we have, besides, gathered for our herbarium, the blue weed, so well known in Maryland and Virginia for its destructive qualities; the white henbane; the dyer's weed, used in Europe for dyeing green and yellow; the dwarf mallow, commonly called cresses, and the caper plant, the unopened flower-buds of which, preserved in vinegar, are so much used as a condiment.

R. E. Griffith, M. D., of Philadelphia, with whom our botanical collection has been placed for classification, cites an opinion, supported by strong argument, that the last-named plant is the hyssop of Scripture.

During the night, we had a severe thunder storm, with a slight shower of rain. One of the camels, in its fright, fell into the ravine before the caverns where we slept, and kept us long awake with its discordant cries. The animal was unhurt; but the Arabs tortured it, by their fruitless endeavours to extricate it in the dark. They were alike deaf to advice, entreaties, and commands, until one of the sentries was ordered to charge

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upon them, when they hurriedly dispersed, and the poor camel and ourselves were left in quietude.

Saturday, May 13. Calm and cloudy. 6 A. M., thermometer 68°. It had been 53° during the night, and 79° at 11 A. M. the preceding day. Deferred levelling any farther, until we had reconnoitred the two routes to Jerusalem. The one up the ravine, although presenting great difficulties, proved more practicable than the route we had come. Let all hands rest until Monday. Extricated the camel from the ravine.

Sunday, May 14. A quiet day—wind east; weather pleasant. Collected some fossils, and a few flowers, for preservation. At meridian, temperature 76°; at midnight, 58°. While here, several of the bteddin, or coney of Scripture, were seen among the rocks.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM MAR SABA TO JERUSALEM.

Monday, May 15. Wind S. W.; partially cloudy. Thermometer, at 2 A. M., 58°; at Meridian, 72°. Discharged all the Arabs, except a guide and the necessary camel-drivers. The levelling party worked up the bed of the Kidron, while the camp proceeded along the edge of the western cliff. In about two hours, we passed a large cistern, hewn in the rock, twenty feet long, twelve wide, and eighteen high. There was water in it to the depth of four feet, and its surface was coated with green slime. In it two Arabs were bathing. Nevertheless, our

beasts and ourselves were compelled to drink it. Soon after, isolated tufts of scant and parched vegetation began to appear upon the hill-sides. We were truly in a desert. There was no difference of hue between the dry torrent-bed and the sides and summits of the mountains. From the Great Sea, which washes the sandy plain on the west, to that bitter sea on the east, which bears no living thing within it, all was dreary desolation! The very birds and animals, as on the shores of the Dead Sea, were of the same dull-brown colour,—the colour of ashes. How literally is the prophecy of Joel fulfilled! "That which the palmer-worm hath left, hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left, hath the canker-worm eaten; and that which the canker-worm hath left, hath the caterpillar eaten. The field is wasted, the land mourneth, and joy is withered from the sons of men."

How different the appearance of the mountain districts of our own land at this season! There, hills and plains, as graceful in their sweep as the arrested billows of a mighty ocean, are before and around the delighted traveller. Diversified in scenery, luxuriant of foliage, and, like virgin ore, crumbling from their own richness, they teem with their abundant products. The lowing herds, the bleating flocks, the choral songsters of the grove, gratify and delight the ear; the clustering fruit-blossoms, the waving corn, the grain slow bending to the breeze, proclaim an early and redundant harvest. More boundless than the view, that glorious land is uninterrupted in its sweep until the one extreme is locked in the fast embrace of thick-ribbed ice, and the other is washed by the phosphorescent ripple of the tropic; while, on either side, is heard the murmuring surge of a wide-spread and magnificent ocean. Who can look upon that land and not thank God that his lot is cast within it? And yet *this* country, scathed by the wrath of an offended Deity, teems with

associations of the most thrilling events recorded in the book of time. The patriot may glory in the one,—the Christian of every clime must weep, but, even in weeping, hope for the other.

Soon after leaving the cistern, or pool, we passed an Arab burial-ground, the graves indicated by a double line of rude stones, as at Kerak; excepting one of a sheikh, over which was a plastered tomb. Before it our Arab guide stopped, and, bowing his head, recited a short prayer.

As we thence advanced, pursuing a north-westerly course, signs of cultivation began to exhibit themselves. On each side of us were magnificent rounded and sharp-crested hills; and, on the top of one, we soon after saw the black tents of an Arab encampment; some camels and goats browsing along the sides; and, upon the very summit, the figures of some fellahas (Arab peasant women) cut sharp against the sky.

A little farther on, we came to a small patch of tobacco, in a narrow ravine, the cotyledons just appearing; and, in the shadow of a rock, a fellah was seated, with his long gun, to guard it. Half a mile farther, we met an Arab, a genuine Bedawy, wearing a sheepskin āba, the fur inwards, and driving before him a she-camel, with its foal. A little after, still following the bed of the Kidron, we came to the fork of the pilgrim's road, which turns to the north, at the foot of a high hill, on the summit of which was a large encampment of the tribe Subeih. Leaving the pilgrim's road on the right, we skirted the southern base of the hill, with patches of wheat and barley covering the surface of the narrow valley;—the wheat just heading, and the fields of barley literally "white for the harvest." Standing by the roadside, was a fellaha, with a child in her arms, who courteously saluted us. She did not appear to be more than sixteen.

The valley was here about two hundred yards wide; and to our eyes, so long unused to the sight of vegetation, presented a beautiful appearance. The people of the village collected in crowds to look upon us as we passed far beneath them. Some of them came down and declared that they would not permit the 'Abeidîyeh (of which tribe were our camel-drivers) to pass through their territory; and claimed for themselves the privilege of furnishing camels. We paid no attention to them, but camped on the west side of the hill, where the valley sweeps to the north.

Tuesday, May 16. Weather clear, cool, and delightful. At daylight, recommenced levelling. Soon after, the sheikh of the village above us, with fifteen or twenty followers, armed with long guns, came down and demanded money for passing through his territory. On our refusal, high words ensued; but finding his efforts at intimidation unsuccessful, he presented us with a sheep, which he refused to sell, but gave it, he said, as a backshish. Knowing that an extravagant return was expected, and determined not to humour him, I directed the fair value of the sheep, in money, to be given. Finding that no more was to be obtained, he left us.

It was a pastoral sight, when we broke up camp, this morning. The sun was just rising over the eastern hills; and, in every direction, we heard shepherds calling to each other from height to height, their voices mingling with the bleating of sheep and goats, and the lowing of numerous cattle. Reapers were harvesting in every field; around the threshing-floors the oxen, three abreast, were treading out the grain; and women were passing to and fro, bearing huge bundles of grain in the straw, or pitchers of leban (sour milk), upon their heads. Every available part of this valley is cultivated. The mode of harvesting is primitive. The reaping-hook alone is used; the cradle

seemed to be unknown. The scene reminded one forcibly of the fields of Boaz, and Ruth the gleaner. But, with all its peaceful aspect, there was a feature of insecurity. Along the bases of the hills, from time to time shifting their positions, to keep within the shade, were several armed fellahin, guarding the reapers and the grain. The remark of Volney yet holds true:—"the countryman must sow with his musket in his hand, and no more is sown than is necessary for subsistence."

Towards noon it became very warm, and we were thirsty. Meeting an old Arab woman, we despatched her to the Subeih for some leban. We noticed that 'Awad, our Ta'âmirah guide, was exceedingly polite to her. But when she returned, accompanied by her daughter, a young and pretty fellaha, he became sad, and scarce said a word while they remained. On being asked the reason of his sudden sadness, he confessed that he had once spent twelve months with that tribe, sleeping, according to the custom of Arab courtship, every night outside of the young girl's tent, in the hope of winning her for his wife. He said that they were mutually attached, but that the mother was opposed to him, and the father demanded 4000 piastres, about 170 dollars. 'Awad had 2000 piastres, the earnings of his whole life, and in the hope of buying her (for such is the true name of an Arab marriage), he determined to sell his horse, which he valued at 1000 piastres, or a little over forty dollars. But,

"The course of true love did never yet run smooth;"

and unfortunately his horse died, which reduced him to despair. Shortly after, the girl's uncle claimed her for his son, then five years old, offering to give his daughter to her brother. According to an immemorial custom of the Arabs, such a claim took precedence of all others, and the beautiful girl, just ripening into womanhood, was be-

trothed to the child. With the philosophy of his race, however, 'Awad subsequently consoled himself with a wife; but, true to his first love, never sees its object without violent emotion.

He further told us, that in the same camp there was another girl far more beautiful than the one we had seen, for whom her father asked 6000 piastres, a little more than 250 dollars. The one we saw was lightly and symmetrically formed, and exceedingly graceful in her movements. The tawny complexion, the cheek-bones somewhat prominent, the coarse black hair, and the dark, lascivious eye, reminded us of a female Indian of our border.

Leaving the fellahin busy in their fields, and still following the ravine, we came to a narrow ridge, immediately on the other side of which were some thirty or forty black tents. Here a stain upon the rocks told a tale of blood.

An Arab widower ran off with a married woman from the encampment before us,—a most unusual crime among this people. In little more than a month, the unhappy woman died. Knowing that by the laws of the tribes he could be put to death by the injured man, or any of his or the woman's relatives he might encounter, and that they were on the watch for him; and yet anxious to return, he made overtures for a settlement. After much negotiation, the feud was reconciled on condition that he gave his daughter, 400 piastres, a camel, and some sheep to the injured man. A feast was accordingly given, and the parties embraced in seeming amity. But the son-in-law brooded over his wrong, and one day seeing the seducer of his former wife approaching, concealed himself in a cavity of the rock and deliberately shot him as he passed. Such is the Arab law of vengeance, in cases of a flagrant breach of faith like this, that all of both tribes,

'Awad told us, are now bound to put the murderer to death.

This elopement is not an isolated circumstance, although a most unusual one. The only wonder is that with such a licentious race as the Arabs, the marriage contract, wherein the woman has no choice, is not more frequently violated. Burckhardt relates a similar case, which occurred south of Kerak, in 1810.

A young man of Tafyle had eloped with the wife of another. The father of the young man with all his family had been also obliged to fly, for the Bedawin law authorized the injured husband to kill any of the offender's relations in retaliation for the loss of his wife. Proffers were made for a settlement of the difficulty, and negotiations were opened. The husband began by demanding from the young man's father two wives in return for the one carried off, and the greater part of the property which the emigrant family possessed in Tafyle. The father of the guilty wife, and her first-cousin also, demanded compensation for the insult which their family had received by the elopement. The affair was settled by the offender's father placing four infant daughters, the youngest of whom was not yet weaned, at the disposal of the husband and his father-in-law, who might betroth them to whom they pleased, and receive themselves the money which is usually paid for girls. The four girls were estimated at three thousand piastres. In testimony of peace being concluded between the two families, and of the price of blood having been paid, the young man's father, who had not yet shown himself publicly, came to shake hands with the injured husband; a white flag was suspended at the top of the tent in which they sat, a sheep was killed and the night spent in feasting. After that, the guilty pair could return in safety.

Soon after noon, we passed the last encampment of

black tents, and turning aside from the line of march, I rode to the summit of a hill on the left, and beheld the Holy City, on its elevated site at the head of the ravine. With an interest never felt before, I gazed upon the hallowed spot of our redemption. Forgetting myself and all around me, I saw, in vivid fancy, the route traversed eighteen centuries before by the Man of Sorrows. Men may say what they please, but there are moments when the soul, casting aside the artificial trammels of the world, will assert its claim to a celestial origin, and regardless of time and place, of sneers and sarcasms, pay its tribute at the shrine of faith, and weep for the sufferings of its founder.

I scarce realized my position. Could it be, that with my companions I had been permitted to explore that wondrous sea, which an angry God threw as a mantle over the cities he had condemned, and of which it had been heretofore predicted that no one could traverse it and live. It was so, for there, far below, through the descending vista, lay the sombre sea. Before me, on its lofty hill, four thousand feet above that sea, was the queenly city. I cannot coincide with most travellers in decrying its position. To my unlettered mind, its site, from that view, seemed, in isolated grandeur, to be in admirable keeping with the sublimity of its associations. A lofty mountain, sloping to the south, and precipitous on the east and west, has a yawning natural fosse on those three sides, worn by the torrents of ages. The deep vale of the son of Hinnom; the profound chasm of the valley of Jehoshaphat, unite at the south-east angle of the base to form the Wady en Nar, the ravine of fire, down which, in the rainy season, the Kidron precipitates its swollen flood into the sea below.

Mellowed by time, and yet further softened by the intervening distance, the massive walls, with their towers

and bastions, looked beautiful yet imposing in the golden sunlight; and above them, the only thing within their compass visible from that point, rose the glittering dome of the mosque of Omar, crowning Mount Moriah, on the site of the Holy Temple. On the other side of the chasm, commanding the city and the surrounding hills, is the Mount of Olives, its slopes darkened with the foliage of olive-trees, and on its very summit the former Church of the Ascension, now converted into a mosque.

Many writers have undertaken to describe the first sight of Jerusalem; but all that I have read convey but a faint idea of the reality. There is a gloomy grandeur in the scene which language cannot paint. My feeble pen is wholly unworthy of the effort. With fervent emotions I have made the attempt, but congealed in the process of transmission, the most glowing thoughts are turned to icicles.

The ravine widened as we approached Jerusalem; fields of yellow grain, orchards of olives and figs, and some apricot-trees, covered all the land in sight capable of cultivation; but not a tree, nor a bush, on the barren hill-sides. The young figs, from the size of a currant to a plum, were shooting from the extremities of the branches, while the leaf-buds were just bursting. Indeed, the fruit of the fig appears before the leaves are formed,* and thus, when our Saviour saw a fig-tree in leaf, he had, humanly speaking, reason to expect to find fruit upon it.

Although the mountain-sides were barren, there were vestiges of terraces on nearly all of them. On the slope of one there were twenty-four, which accounts for the redundant population this country once supported.

Ascending the valley, which, at every step, presented more and more an increasing luxuriance of vegetation,

* Kitto's Palestine.

the dark hue of the olive, with its dull, white blossoms, relieved by the light, rich green of the apricot and the fig, and an occasional pomegranate, thickly studded with its scarlet flowers, we came to En Rogel, the Well of Job, or of Nehemiah (where the fire of the altar was recovered), with cool, delicious water, 118 feet deep, and a small, arched, stone building over it.

On our right, was the Mount of Offence, where Solomon worshipped Ashtaroth: before us, in the rising slope of the valley of Jehoshaphat, had been the kings' gardens in the palmy days of Jerusalem: a little above, and farther to the west, were the pool of Siloam and the fountain of the Virgin: on the opposite side of the chasm was the village of Siloam, where, it is said, Solomon kept his strange wives; and, below it, the great Jewish burial-ground, tessellated with the flat surfaces of grave-stones; and, near by, the tombs of Absalom, Zacharias, and Jehoshaphat; and, above and beyond, and more dear in its associations than all, the garden of Gethsemane.

We here turned to the left, up the valley of the son of Hinnom, where Saul was anointed king; and, passing a tree on the right, which, according to tradition, indicates the spot where Isaiah was sawn asunder; and by a cave in which it is asserted that the apostles concealed themselves when they forsook their Master; and under the Aceldama, bought with the price of blood; and near the pool in the garden of Urias, where, from his palace, the king saw Bathsheba bathing; we levelled slowly along the skirts of Mount Zion, near the summit of which towered a mosque, above the tomb of David.

It was up Mount Zion that Abraham, steadfast in faith, led the wondering Isaac, the type of a future sacrifice.

Centuries after, a more august and a self-devoted victim, laden with the instrument of his torture, toiled along the same acclivity; but there was then no miraculous

TOMB OF ABSALOM.

interposition; and He who felt for the anguish of a human parent, spared not Himself.

From this valley Mount Zion rises high and precipitous; and, isolated as the hill was under the Jebusites, might well justify their scornful message, when summoned by David to surrender.

Following the curve of the vale of Hinnom, the Gehenna of the Old Testament, which rounds gradually to the north, with the Hill of Evil Counsel* on our left, we proceeded to the lower pool of Gihon, where, at 5 P. M., we were compelled to halt, in consequence of the high wind agitating the spirit-level.

We pitched our tents upon a terrace, just above where the aqueduct crosses from Solomon's pool, with Zion gate immediately over us, and, a quarter of a mile below the tower of Hippacus and the Jaffa gate. In a line with us, above the Jaffa gate, was the upper pool of Gihon, with a number of Turkish tombs near it. On the opposite, or western side of the ravine, were old, gray, barren cliffs, with excavated tombs and caverns. The lower pool, beneath the camp, is formed by two huge, thick walls across the chasm. The aqueduct is led along the upper edge of the lower one; and the surface of the wall serves as a bridge, over which passes the road to Bethlehem,—the one traversed by our Saviour, on his first visit to Jerusalem. We made a bench-mark on a rock, above the north-west angle of the city-wall. We made a similar mark in the Wady en Nar, immediately under the Convent of Mar Saba. The object of these bench-marks was to prevent the necessity of recommencing the level, de novo, in the event of an error.

There was little evidence of curiosity respecting us or

* So called, from the tradition that on it Caiaphas dwelt when he counselled with the Jews.

the labour in which we were engaged. Our interpreter once or twice heard the remark, "the Franks are preparing to take possession of the Holy City."

The localities around us were so interesting, every spot teeming with recollections of the past, that the night was far advanced before we slept. The stars shone forth lustrous, yet serene; and the fleecy cloud drifted slowly along the sky; and the glittering dew settled upon the bending blade, which, while it bent, it fertilized. The luxuriant valleys, the lofty mountains, and the jewelled sky, proclaimed the existence of a Being as merciful as He is potent; while the crumbling terraces, the desecrated tombs, and the fast-bound gates of the silent city, beyond which, after night-fall, none can venture in security, told of the devastating hand, and the cruel and rapacious nature of man.

The dew was heavy, and we suffered from the cold, although the thermometer did not range below 52° in the night. The grain, already cut, laid in heaps in the valley below, exposed to the depredation of the spoiler, for none dared remain to guard it. Of all that solitude, we were the only tenants.

CHAPTER XXI.

JERUSALEM.

WEDNESDAY, May 17. At 4 A. M. this morning, the thermometer stood at 53°. In our present condition, the air felt as keen at this temperature as formerly at home, when the sky was clouded, and there was snow upon the ground.

We ran the level up the road, and beyond the Jaffa gate, to the highest near peak, north-west of Jerusalem. There were many Jewish women and children, clothed all in white, under the olive-trees in the valley, as we passed. They were families from the city, who thus came to spend the day beneath the shade, away from the stifling air of the Jew's quarter.

On the eminence just without the gate, was a large khan, in which the sections of our boats had been deposited on their arrival. A little beyond, on the somewhat flattened summit, a battalion of Turkish infantry was going through the exercise. The arms were brightly burnished and in fine order, and the precision of their evolutions was admirable; but the men were of small stature, and looked physically incapable of enduring much fatigue. They were dressed in the European costume.

Passing a large tomb which stands conspicuous to the north, we camped a little off the Jaffa road, beside an olive-tree, about a mile and a half distant from the city; and as far south-west from the reputed place where the empress Helena was buried, and immediately west of the site most probably occupied by the besieging camp of the

Roman army under Titus. There were many fields of grain around us, occasionally separated by low walls of uncut and uncemented stone. There were few trees, and the mountains, from their summits two-thirds down, were masses of brown rock without soil and unrelieved by verdure. South-west from us, about a mile distant, was a large building, its towers just visible over an intervening ridge. It was the Greek convent of the Holy Cross, where, we were told, "is the earth that nourished the root, that bore the tree, that yielded the timber, that made the cross." A most irreverent play upon words connected with such a theme, for it reminds one forcibly of the nursery tale of the "house that Jack built."

It is from this quarter that the appearance of Jerusalem has been usually described. Looking hence upon the city, but little above a level, it is certainly less grand and imposing than from the gorge of the valley to the south-east, where it towers majestically above the spectator. Yet, beheld even from this point, there is no other city in the world which can compare with it in position. It does not, like other cities, present an indefinite mass of buildings, which must be viewed in detail before the eye can be gratified; but, with only its dome-roofs swelling above the time-stained and lofty walls, Jerusalem sits enthroned, a queen in the midst of an empire of desolation. Apart from its associations, we look upon it in admiration; but, connected with them, the mind is filled with reverential awe, as it recalls the wondrous events that have occurred within and around it.

The city is nearly in the form of a paralellogram, about three-fourths of a mile long, from east to west, and half a mile broad, from north to south. The walls are lofty, protected by an artificial fosse on the north, and the deep ravines of Jehoshaphat, of Gihon, and the Son of Hinnom, on the east, south, and west. There are now but four

gates to the city. The Jaffa gate, the fish-gate of the New Testament, on the west; the Damascus gate, opening on the great northern road, along which our Saviour travelled, when, at twelve years of age, he came up with his mother and kindred; the gate of St. Stephen, on the east, near the spot where the first Christian martyr fell, and overlooking the valley of Jehoshaphat; and the Zion gate, to the south, on the crest of the mount. Immediately within the last, are the habitations of the lepers.

On the 18th, sent the sections of the boats to Jaffa, under the charge of Sherîf, whom we found here. We remained in camp until the 22d, the officers and men by turns visiting the city and its environs. During that time the weather was clear, cool at night, and delightful throughout the day.

Dr. Anderson left us here, his business calling him in another direction. Although not required to do so, he had, while with us, generously persisted in bearing his portion of watchfulness and fatigue; and by his invariable cheerfulness, his promptitude and zeal on all occasions, proved, independently of his professional services, a most valuable auxiliary. He won our esteem, and carried with him the fervent good will of every member of the party. Mr. Bedlow, who had studied medicine, and given us satisfactory proof of his capacity, was appointed to fill the place of Dr. Anderson.

The following account of his first day in Jerusalem is from the diary of the youngest member of the party, who was sent up from Ain Jidy in advance of the camp. I give it as the unvarnished recital of one who simply relates what he saw.

"Our bones yet ached from the effects of our fatiguing ride; nevertheless, we determined first to visit the holy places of Jerusalem, and then to regale ourselves with

a civilized repast, and afterwards luxuriate upon a bona fide bed.

"Our cicerone had arrived betimes, and installed himself in his office with that pleasantness of manner which the expectation of a liberal fee produces. His entreaties to make haste roused us from our recumbent postures, and we sallied forth through miserable apologies for streets, lined on each side by dilapidated bazaars.

"The Via Dolorosa, or Sorrowful Way, first arrested our attention, and our guide pointed out the spot where our Saviour fell under the burthen of his cross. A little farther on, we had a partial view of the mosque of Omar, above the high walls by which it is surrounded. While we gazed upon it, a crowd of Abyssinian pilgrims called out to us with such fierce expressions of fanatic rage that our hands instinctively grasped our weapons. The movement had its effect, and after indulging our curiosity, we passed on unmolested.

"Next to Mecca, Jerusalem is the most holy place of Muhammedan pilgrimage, and throughout the year, the mosque of Omar and its court are crowded with turbanned worshippers. This mosque, built upon the site of the Holy Temple, is the great shrine of their devotions. It is strictly guarded against all intruders, and there is a superstitious Muslim belief that if a Christian were to gain access to it, Allah would assent to whatever he might please to ask, and they take it for granted that his first prayer would be for the subversion of the religion of the Prophet.

"In one of the streets we came to a low gate, passing through which and descending a long flight of stairs, we entered upon an open court in front of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, an ancient and venerable building. Scattered about the court were motley groups of Jew pedlars, Turks, beggars, and Christian pilgrims. The appearance

of a poor cripple excited my compassion, and I gave him a piastre; but the consequences were fearful. The war-cry of the Syrian pauper, "backshish! backshish!" instantly resounded from all quarters, and we were hemmed in, pressed, and swayed to and fro by the rabble. Our cicerone plied his stick vigorously in our defence, and it truly seemed to be gifted with miraculous powers, for the blind saw, and the lame walked, and amid their imprecations upon our Christian heads we entered the church.

"Just within the door, seated on a raised divan, two sedate old Muslims were regaling themselves with miniature cups of coffee and the everlasting chiboque. Immediately in front of the entrance is the stone of unction, upon which, according to tradition, the body of our Lord was anointed. It is a plain slab of Jerusalem marble, slightly elevated above the floor of the church, and enclosed by a low railing. The pilgrims, in their pious fervour, crowding forward to kiss it, prevented our near approach.

"Turning to the left, we saw in the centre of the main body of the church a small oblong building, which contains the sepulchre. There were different processions crossing and recrossing each other with slow and measured pace, each pilgrim with a taper in his hand, and the numerous choirs, in various languages, were chanting aloud the service of the day. The lights, the noise, and the moving crowd had an effect for which the mind was not prepared, and with far less awe than the sanctity of the place is calculated to inspire, we entered the sepulchre. In the middle of the first apartment, for it is divided into two, is a stone, upon which the angel was seated when he informed the two Marys of the resurrection. This room is about eight feet square, and beautifully ornamented. From this we crept through a narrow aperture into the inner apartment, against the north side

of which is the sepulchre in the form of a low altar. It is about the same size as the first, and between the sepulchre and the southern wall, there is barely space to kneel. It was brilliantly lighted by rich and costly lamps.

"From the sepulchre we were led to see the pillar of flagellation, visible through a hole in the wall, but we did not credit the pious imposition. Thence, we ascended to the altar of Calvary, with three holes beneath it, where were planted the crosses upon which the Saviour and the two thieves were crucified. The holes are cut through beautifully polished marble.* Near by is a fissure in the limestone rock, caused, it is alleged, by the earthquake which closed the sad drama of the crucifixion. This rent is certainly not an artificial one. Before leaving the church, we visited the tomb of Godfrey of Bouillon, and the place where the true cross, it is said, was found by the Empress Helena.

"We next determined to visit a spot respecting the identity of which even the mind of the most skeptical can have no room for doubt. Passing through the Damascus gate, we skirted the northern wall, and descending into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and crossing the bridge over the dry bed of the Kidron, we commenced the ascent of the Mount of Olives. We soon reached the summit, but the scorching heat of a Syrian sun did not permit us to enjoy long the magnificent view it afforded. Parts of the Dead Sea were visible, and looking down upon it, we felt proud in being able to say that we were the first thoroughly to explore this sea, which has for ages kept its mysteries buried in the deep bosom of its sullen waters.

* The writer was not aware that the surface of the natural rock had been cut away, and marble placed upon it.

"On our return, we stopped at the garden of Gethsemane, which is held by the Latins, who have enclosed it with a wall. After repeatedly knocking at the gate, we were about to come away, when it was opened by a garrulous old Spaniard, whose visage was as gnarled as the trees we now saw before us. The garden consists of eight enormous olive-trees, their venerable appearance truly typical of old age; and there can scarcely be a reasonable doubt that this is, indeed, the very place where the Saviour wept and prayed.

"Crossing the valley of Jehoshaphat, and ascending the slope of Mount Moriah, we passed by the Golden Gate, now walled up by the Turks. Why it is called 'golden,' I am unable to say, unless from its rich and elaborate sculpture.

"We next came to the fountain of the Virgin, which flows through a subterranean passage into the pool of Siloam, and is thence distributed along the slope of the valley. The pool is near the foot of the mount, and is a deep oblong pit, with fragments of columns in the centre. There are steps leading down to it on the left side, and the water is muddy and shallow. Here Christ restored the blind man to sight.

"Re-entering the city through the Jaffa gate, our cicerone declared 'by the body of Bacchus' that he would show us the greatest sight in the Holy City. It was the Armenian convent near by. We entered through the portal, and were ushered into an antechamber by a sour looking old monk, where, in the midst of a crowd of camel-drivers, we waited for permission from the patriarch to see the riches of the convent. We were first shown the portraits of all preceding patriarchs, now canonized as saints in their calendar; while that of the present one was the most gorgeously framed — par excellence, the greatest saint of them all. Persons well versed in the art

of discolouring canvass had painted these miserable daubs, which, taking the portrait of the present patriarch as a fair criterion, bore not the slightest resemblance to their originals.

"We then entered the chapel, the chef-d'œuvre of this costly building. The most tasteful ornaments were the doors, made of tortoise-shell and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The walls were of mosaic, representing saints and devils engaged in most furious combats; but unfortunately, although our cicerone zealously endeavoured to point out which were the saints and which the devils, we often fell into a mistake respecting them. We were shown throughout the convent, which is constructed in the well-known Saracenic style of architecture; and the patriarch long detained us with an account of the improvements he intended to make.

"We returned to our hotel sorely fatigued, and for lack of better amusement, watched the preparations for dinner with more avidity than would a hungry citizen of Arkansas the like evolutions on board of a western steamboat."

Jerusalem, its narrow, tortuous streets, with its pavement of large round stones, and its arches and recesses, time-stained and ivy-grown, and the walls of many of the houses, like those of the pavement, a consolidated limestone, cream-coloured and streaked with blood-red, has been repeatedly described.

Visitors to Jerusalem consist, usually, of three classes:—the ignorant and credulous, who are prepared to believe everything; the conceited and intolerant, who are equally determined to believe nothing; and the weak and indolent, who side with the last, because it is easier to doubt than to investigate.

The first listens with greedy ear, and assenting mind, to the most improbable legends. The second, stubborn

and querulous, scoffs openly at what he hears, and laughs in his sleeve at the simplicity of those who differ from him. The third, not sufficiently ill-natured to sneer, adopts the opinions, without the malevolence, of others, who, because they are more positive, he concludes must be the best informed.

Most of the wall, and all the houses of Jerusalem, were demolished by Titus. Who, therefore, can believe in the assigned localities along the "Via Dolorosa"? Who can credit that here the Virgin Mary was born; there, the Saviour instituted the sacrament of the last supper; or that yonder is the house where Pilate sat in judgment? Faith does not require, and true reverence would not be sustained by, such weak credulity.

But there is a place which, above all others, should be approached with humility, — the church of the Holy Sepulchre; for even the greatest cavillers admit that, if it do not cover all the sacred localities assigned to it, some, at least, may lie beneath its roof, and none can be very far distant from it.

It is known that early in the second century, the pagan conquerors of Jerusalem erected a statue to Jupiter, on the site of the Holy Sepulchre, and one to Venus, on Mount Calvary;—thus, the very means taken to obliterate the recollections of those localities, served, as has been often remarked, to perpetuate them. The Christians were never absent from the city, except at its destruction by Titus, when they took refuge, for a short time, in Pella. In less than two centuries after the destruction of the temple, the holy places were restored to them. So that they could not have forgotten them. Can the Jews forget the site of the temple?

It is not my purpose to enter into an argument. No one, however, should venture to approach the sacred precincts without learning thus much; and he who, with

this knowledge, enters them with a cavilling spirit, is a heartless scoffer.

Some of our officers visited this church in company with a clergyman. While their minds were occupied with the thoughts which such a place is calculated to inspire in all but a perverted heart, the latter annoyed them by the frequent remark, "Well, I hope you will not be offended, but I am somewhat skeptical on this point." At length one of the officers said to him, "Please reserve your doubts for discussion elsewhere; we do not believe all that is told us, but know that not far from this, if not here, the Saviour died."

It is true that much occurs in these places calculated to shake the faith of the unstable, who cannot distinguish between what men do and what they are enjoined to do. The Almighty withheld from the Israelites all knowledge of the final resting-place of their great lawgiver: may not the same Supreme Wisdom have left us in ignorance of the exact position of places infinitely more sacred, to preserve them from desecration, whether of wanton malice or intemperate zeal? The *possibility* that any assigned spot may be the true one, and the certainty that it cannot be very far removed from it, is sufficient to inspire awe in every feeling breast.

Disgusted with the conduct of many of the pilgrims, in paschal week, without looking to the impelling motive, many come to the sage conclusion that the temple must be an imposture because some of its visitors are disorderly;—which is about as fair as to judge of the nature of our beautiful institutions by the pugilistic combats which sometimes (thank God, rarely) disgrace our national halls of legislation.

Intemperate zeal may be as reckless as intoxication from drink;—but is the sincere Christian to be, therefore, classed with a fanatic; or a sober citizen with an ine-

briate? At all events, on such a subject, an excess of enthusiasm is preferable to insensibility; and he who believes and bows down is more to be envied than he that stands scornfully erect because unconvinced *by so many feet and inches.* He who, in such places, with tape-line and rule, employs himself measuring the sizes of objects, and their exact distances from each other, thereby endeavouring not only to destroy what he persuades himself are the illusions, but absolutely undermining the religious belief, of others, is little better than a heathen.

There is nothing which so perverts the heart as intellectual pride. The calamities which have most afflicted and debased our race have sprung from the abuse of the free and gifted intellect. In the perversity of a corrupt will, and in the excesses of a presumptuous understanding, man has frightfully abused the powers entrusted to him for high and holy purposes. Too often, the extent of human knowledge is the measure of human crime.

History, revelation, and tradition, unite to teach us that the unchastened will, and the perverted genius, seeking to snatch the forbidden fruit, have been man's first, greatest, unforgiven sin. While other crimes seem rather to excite the pity than to provoke the immediate wrath of heaven, and, by degrading the soaring spirit to the earth, serve to humble its pride, this appears to be a rebellion against Him, who is a jealous God, and who will avenge his cause. From the fall of the son of the morning star, who, in the excess of a presumptuous understanding, dared to wage war "against the throne and monarchy of God," down, through the deserted paths of paradise, to the terrible convulsions of the last century, when an impiety, second only to that of the archangel ruined, met with a punishment scarcely less horrible, we see, everywhere, this frightful lesson written in characters of ruin.

Yet mind is not like the "corporal rind" with which it is "immanacled," subjected to age, and decay, and decrepitude. Nor is it refluent in its essence, having a latent power within, or a controlling principle without, which proclaims, thus far shalt thou go, and no farther. It is immortal in its energies and aspirings—ever advancing and to advance—soaring still higher and higher with untiring wing, and gaining new scope and vigour from every flight towards Him from whom it descended, and with whose image it is stamped. Limitless and free, its nature is progressive, its spring is upward; no barrier to check its lofty aspirations; no power to control its daring flight; no obstacle to stay its resistless progress, *but* its own wild and erring presumption, its own fiery and impetuous promptings, its own inherent and rebellious pride. As long as, with humble heart and chastened will, it seeks the end of its being in the ocean of truth, its stream can never flow backward.

Such is the law of all intelligence. "The rapt seraph that adores and burns," the chief of the hierarchy of Heaven, the moment he deems himself sufficient for his own support, by that one act of impious self-idolatry, falls, headlong, from his high estate.

Such is the awful and salutary lesson which we glean from that book, which contains all that is useful in time and hopeful in the future.

As if to impress indelibly upon the soul of man the terrible consequences of a presumptuous intellect, a jealous Deity has enforced the lesson with special revelations. He has not only bestowed upon us the godlike capacity of reason to collect and compare the fruits of experience in the ages which have been gathered to the past, but he has suspended the arm of the cherubim, that we might enter the forbidden paths of paradise to read, beneath the tree of knowledge, the price of disobedience. And he

has unbarred the gates of heaven itself, that, in the fall of the angelic hosts, we might tremble at the instant and irremediable ruin which followed the single sin of thought. One truth we therefore know, that, unaccompanied with an upright heart and a chastened will, with the morality which springs from religion, the measure of man's intellect is the measure of his ruin. The pride of wealth inspires contempt, and the pride of place awakens resentment,—they are human follies, and are punished by human means; but the pride of intellect, wherein the gifted wars with the Giver, is a crime which the dread Creator has reserved for special retribution.

There is a remark of Sir H. Davy, so appropriate to this subject, that I cannot withhold it:—"I envy no quality of the mind or intellect of others,—not genius, wit, nor fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe, most useful to me, I prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes discipline of good, creates new hopes when earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life in death, and, from corruption and decay, calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of misfortune and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise, and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths,—the gardens of the blest, and the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair."

My apology for touching on this subject, which is without my sphere and above my capacity, is the pain I have felt, with others, in witnessing the effects of the cavilling spirit of those who plume themselves on being considered the most literary of modern travellers to the Holy Land. For their peace of mind here, I hope that they may never

know how much they have injured a cause, of which some of them are the professed champions; and, for their future welfare, every true Christian will pray that the evil has not been premeditated. I have not meant to reflect upon those who honestly doubt; for faith is not a product of reason, but a gift, an inspiration from on high. I allude to those whose intellectual pride prompts them to parade their own attainments in opposition to, rather than in the search of, truth,—which never shrinks from a fair encounter. In the words of Milton, "Truth is strong, next to the Almighty." The mists of human prejudice cannot long withstand the penetrating light of truth,—which is the purest ray, reflected from the brightest gem in the diadem of the Great Jehovah.

Thursday, May 18. Visited, to-day, the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and other places consecrated by tradition. All these localities have been so repeatedly and so minutely described by other writers, as to be familiar to every Sunday-school scholar, beyond the age of childhood, at home; and Jerusalem itself is, geographically, better known to the educated classes in the United States, than Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, to those who do not reside in and have not visited them.

Neither need anything be said of the present condition and future prospects of Palestine; for it is a theme too copious for this work, even if it were not above the capacity of its author. I can only express an opinion, founded upon what I have seen and heard, that the fanaticism of the Turks is fast subsiding, with the rapid diminution of their number, while the Christian and Jewish population is increasing. As yet, this holds good only of the capital. The country traversed by nomadic tribes, and cultivated but in patches, continues to be as insecure as it is unproductive. But, like the swelling of the waters which precede the tide of flood, there are indications of a favourable

change. The Muhammedan rule, that political sirocco, which withers all before it, is fast losing the fierce energy which was its peculiar characteristic, and the world is being gradually prepared for the final dismemberment of the Ottoman empire.

It needs but the destruction of that power which, for so many centuries, has rested like an incubus upon the eastern world, to ensure the restoration of the Jews to Palestine. The increase of toleration; the assimilation of creeds; the unanimity with which all works of charity are undertaken, prove, to the observing mind, that, ere long, with every other vestige of bigotry, the prejudices against this unhappy race will be obliterated by a noble and a God-like sympathy. "Many a Thor, with all his eddas, must first be swept into dimness;"—but the time will come. All things are onward; and, in God's providence, all things are good.

How eventful, yet how fearful, is the history of this people! "The Almighty, moved by their lamentations, determined, not only to relieve them from Egyptian bondage, but to make them the chosen depositary of his law, by the observance of which men might be gradually prepared for the advent of the Saviour. Living at first under a theocracy, the most perfect form of government that can exist, for it unites infinite wisdom with power supreme;" and subsequently, under judges, prophets, and kings, the Israelites were led through wondrous vicissitudes to the trying scene, which crowned their perfidy with an act so atrocious that, like the glimmer of an earthly torch before the lurid glare of pandemonium, their previous crimes sunk into insignificance; and nature thrilled with horror as she looked upon the deicides, their hands imbrued in the blood they should have worshipped. Yet even this sin will be forgiven them; and the fulfilment of the prophecy with regard to the Egyptians

ensures the accomplishment of the numerous ones which predict the restoration of the tribes. Besides overwhelming Pharaoh and his host, the Almighty decreed, through Ezekiel, that Egypt should never obey a native sceptre. From Cambyses to the Mamelukes; from Muhammed to Ali Pasha, how wonderfully has this judgment been carried out!

From the 15th to the 22d of May was devoted to making astronomical observations, and reconnoitering the country for the most eligible route to level across to the Mediterranean. All the time not appropriated to duty, was spent in visiting over and over again the interesting localities in and around Jerusalem. Above all others, the spot least doubted, and very far from the least hallowed, was the garden of Gethsemane. It is enclosed by a high stone wall, and when we saw it, the trees were in blossom; the clover upon the ground in bloom, and altogether, in its aspect and its associations, was better calculated than any place I know to soothe a troubled spirit.

Eight venerable trees, isolated from the smaller and less imposing ones which skirt the base of the Mount of Olives, form a consecrated grove. High above, on either hand, towers a lofty mountain, with the deep, yawning chasm of Jehoshaphat between them. Crowning one of them is Jerusalem, a living city; on the slope of the other is the great Jewish cemetery, a city of the dead. Each tree in this grove, cankered, and gnarled, and furrowed by age, yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the affecting scenes that have taken place beneath and around it. The olive perpetuates itself, and from the root of the dying parent stem, the young tree springs into existence. These trees are accounted 1000 years old. Under those of the preceding growth, therefore, the Saviour was wont to rest; and one of the present may mark the very spot where he

GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

knelt, and prayed, and wept. No cavilling doubts can find entrance here. The geographical boundaries are too distinct and clear for an instant's hesitation. Here the Christian, forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the past, can resign himself to sad yet soothing meditation. The few purple and crimson flowers, growing about the roots of the trees, will give him ample food for contemplation, for they tell of the suffering life and ensanguined death of the Redeemer.

On the same slope and a little below Gethsemane, facing the city, are the reputed tombs of Absalom, Zachariah, St. James, and Jehoshaphat, the last giving its name to the valley. Some of them are hewn bodily from the rock, and the whole form a remarkable group. That of Absalom in particular, from its peculiar tint, as well as from its style of architecture, reminded us of the descriptions of the sepulchral monuments of Petra. It is eight feet square, surmounted by a rounded pyramid, and there are six semi-columns to each face, which are of the same mass with the body of the sepulchre.

The tomb of Zachariah is also hewn square from the rock, and its four sides form a pyramid. The tomb of Jehoshaphat has a handsomely carved door; and a portico with four columns indicates the sepulchre where St. James, the apostle, concealed himself.

It was in the valley of Jehoshaphat that Melchisedec, king of Salem, met Abraham on his return from defeating the five kings in the vale of Siddim. In the depths of this ravine Moloch was worshipped, beneath the temple of the Most High, which crowned the summit of Mount Moriah.

In the village of Siloam, the scene of Solomon's apostasy, the living have ejected the dead, and there are as many dwelling in tombs as in houses. Beneath it, at the base of the Mount of Offence, is the great burial-ground,

the desired final resting-place of Jews all over the world. The flat stones, rudely sculptured with Hebrew characters, lie, as the tenants beneath were laid, with their faces towards heaven. In the village above it and in the city over against it, the silence is almost as death-like as in the grave-yard itself. Here the voice of hilarity or the hum of social intercourse is never heard, and when man meets his fellow there is no social greeting. The air here never vibrates with the melodious voice of woman, the nearest approach to a celestial sound; but, shrouded from head to foot, she flits about, abashed and shrinking like some guilty thing. This profound silence is in keeping with the scene. Along the slope of the hill, above the village, the Master, on his way to Bethany, was wont to teach his followers the sublime truths of the gospel. On its acclivity, a little more to the north, he wept for the fate of Jerusalem. In the garden below, he was betrayed, and within those city walls he was crucified. Everything is calculated to inspire with awe, and it is fitting that, except in prayer, the human voice should not disturb these sepulchral solitudes.

From the slope of the Mount of Olives projects a rock, pointed out by tradition as the one whereon the Saviour sat when he predicted and wept over the fate of Jerusalem. It is farther alleged that upon this spot Titus pitched his camp when besieging the city. Neither the prediction nor its accomplishment required such a coincidence to make it impressive. The main camp of the besiegers was north of the city, but as the sixth legion was posted on the Mount of Olives, the tradition may not be wholly erroneous.

A little higher, were some grotto-like excavations, hypothetically called the Tombs of the Prophets; and above them, were some arches, under which, it is said, the Apostles composed the creed. Yet above, the spot is

TOMBS IN THE VALLEY OF JEHOSAPHAT.

pointed out where the Messiah taught his disciples the Lord's Prayer,—that beautiful compend of all that it is necessary for man to ask, whether for time or eternity.

On the summit of the mount are many wheat-fields, and it is crowned with a paltry village, a small mosque, and the ruined church of the Ascension. In the naked rock, which is the floor of the mosque, an indentation is shown as the foot-print of the Messiah, when he ascended to heaven. Apart from the sites of the Temple, of Calvary, and of the Holy Sepulchre, the assigned localities within the city walls, such as the Arch of the Ecce Homo, and the house of the rich man before whose gate Lazarus lay, are unworthy of credit. But those without the walls, like the three first-named within them, are geographically defined, and of imperishable materials. While one, therefore, may not be convinced with regard to all, he feels that the traditions respecting them are not wholly improbable.

From the summit, the view was magnificent. On the one hand lay Jerusalem, with its yellow walls, its towers, its churches, its dome-roof houses, and its hills and valleys, covered with orchards and fields of green and golden grain, while beneath, distinct and near, the mosque of Omar, the Harem (the Sacred), lay exposed to our infidel gaze, with its verdant carpet and groves of cypress, beneath whose holy shade none but the faithful can seek repose. On the other hand was the valley of Jordan, a barren plain, with a line of verdure marking the course of the sacred river, until it was lost in an expanse of sluggish water, which we recognised as the familiar scene of our recent labours. The rays of the descending sun shone full upon the Arabian shore, and we could see the castle of Kerak, perched high up in the country of Moab, and the black chasm of Zerka, through which flows the hot and sulphureous stream of Callirohoe.

No other spot in the world commands a view so desolate, and, at the same time, so interesting and impressive. The yawning ravine of Jehoshaphat, immediately beneath, was verdant with vegetation, which became less and less luxuriant, until, a few miles below, it was lost in a huge torrent bed, its sides bare precipitous rock, and its bed covered with boulders, whitened with saline deposit, and calcined by the heat of a Syrian sun. Beyond it, south, stretched the desert of Judea; and to the north, was the continuous chain of this almost barren mountain. These mountains were not always thus barren and unproductive. The remains of terraces yet upon their slopes, prove that this country, now almost depopulated, once maintained a numerous and industrious people.

North of Gethsemane, nearer the bed of the ravine and the one-arched bridge which spans it, is a subterranean church, in a grotto reputed to contain the tomb of the Virgin Mary. Having no faith in the tradition, which is based on an improbable legend, I did not visit it; but in passing by, just from the garden, and accoutred in a soiled and salt-encrusted dress, the only one I had, I saw a European fop ascending the flight of steps, attired in a short frock, tightly-fitting pants, a jockey-cap upon his head, a riding-whip in his hand, and the lines of his face wreathed in a smile of smirking self-conceit,—not one feature of the man or his dress in keeping with the scenes around him.

H. B. M. Consul, Mr. Finn, as I have before said, kindly took charge of the money I sent to him; and, furthermore, put himself to great trouble in paying the drafts which, from time to time, I made upon it; and, also, in forwarding provisions to our depôt at Ain Jidy. In all matters of business, he was as attentive as he could have been were he our own consular representative. But from none of the foreign residents in Jerusalem did we receive the slightest personal attention. This I ascribe

to the condition of our wardrobe. Before commencing the descent of the Jordan, we had been compelled to send back from Tiberias everything that could possibly be dispensed with. Each one, officer and man, retained only the suit he wore, with a change of linen; and, whenever circumstances permitted, did his own washing. Sometimes, when both of those garments required the process, we lay in the water until one of them had dried. From an indifferent tailor, we procured a few articles of dress a short time previous to our departure from Jerusalem, but had to be economical, in order to reserve what money remained for the necessary expenses of the expedition. I mention the circumstance, not as a matter of complaint, but to account to any of those gentlemen who may see this, for our toil-worn and shabby appearance.

Returning from the Mount of Olives, we passed along the hill of Zion, and made another circuit of the city.

A little below the gate of St. Stephen is the pool of Bethesda, where our Saviour healed the paralytic. It is now dry, and partly filled with rubbish.

Yet farther south, in the face of the eastern wall, near the court of the mosque of Omar, is the Golden gate, now built up. Through this gate, it is supposed, the Messiah entered in triumph on the Sunday preceding his crucifixion.

Some distance down, is the Fountain of the Virgin; and yet farther below, the pool of Siloam, which has been mentioned before. The water, which is hard and unpalatable to the taste, has no regular current, but ebbs and flows at intervals of a few minutes.

North of the city, on the margin of the Damascus road, was a picturesque scene—hundreds of Jews, enjoying the fresh air, seated under enormous olive-trees—the women all in white shrouds, the men in various costumes—some with broad-brimmed black hats, and many with fur caps. There were also many Turks and Christians abroad

The Jewesses, while they enveloped their figures in loose and uncomely robes, allowed their faces to be seen; and the Christian and the Turkish female exhibited, the one, perhaps, too much, the other, nothing whatever of her person and attire. There was also a marriage-procession, which was more funereal than festive. The women, as usual, clothed all in white, like so many spectres, chaunted unintelligibly, in a low, monotonous, wailing tone; while some, apparently the most antique, for they tottered most, closed each bar with a scream like a diapason. The least natural and the most pompous feature of the scene, was the foreign consuls, promenading with their families, preceded by Janissaries, with silver-mounted batons, stalking solemnly along, like so many drum-majors of a marching regiment. As the sun sank behind the western hills, the pedestrians walked faster, and the sitters gathered themselves up and hastened within the walls.

The present walls of the city were rebuilt in the 16th century, and vary from thirty to sixty or seventy feet in height, according to the inequalities of the ground. They are about ten feet thick at the base, narrowing to the top. The stones are evidently of different eras, extending back to the period of Roman sway, if not to the time when Judea was an independent kingdom. Some massive pieces near the south-eastern angle, bear marks of great antiquity. From a projecting one, the Turks have a prediction that Muhammed, their Prophet, will judge his followers. We have also a prediction respecting this vicinity which will prove as true as the other is fabulous. It is up the valley of Jehoshaphat that the prophet Joel declares the quick and the dead shall come to judgment.

On the third day after our arrival, we went to Bethlehem, two hours distant. Going out of the Jaffa gate, and obliquely descending the western flank of Mount Zion, we

crossed the valley of the son of Hinnom (Wady Gehenna, or valley of Hell), by the wall of the lower pool of Gihon. The road then turned southwardly, and ran mostly parallel with the aqueduct from Solomon's pools. This aqueduct consists of stones hollowed into cylinders, well cemented at the joints, and supported upon walls or terraces of rock or earth, and mostly concealed from sight. Here and there, a more than usual luxuriance of vegetation indicated places where water was drawn from it to irrigate the olive orchards which, for much of the way, abounded on our left; and occasionally, a stone drawn aside disclosed a fracture in the trough beneath, where the traveller might quench his thirst.

We soon came to the well of the Magi, assigned by tradition as the spot where the star reappeared to the wise men from the east. The country on our left was here broken and rough, and on the right was the plain of Rephaim, with the convent of John the Baptist, erected on the spot where the great precursor was born, and the grotto where the Virgin Mary pronounced that sublime hymn, beginning "My soul doth magnify the Lord." We next came to the tomb of Rachel, in the plain of Ramah,— a modern Turkish building, but the locality of which is believed to be correctly assigned. It is a small building, with two apartments, the one over the tomb being surmounted by a dome. On the right was the wilderness of St. John, wherein the Baptist practised his austerities. In that direction, too, is the valley of Elah, where David slew the giant; and in the valley before us, it is said the army of Sennacherib the Assyrian was encamped, when

"The angel of death spread his wings on the blast."

Ascending the hill from the tomb, and for the second time during the ride recognising the Dead Sea through gorges

in the mountains, we passed some extensive olive orchards, and after turning aside to the left to look at a nearly dry cistern called David's Well, and admiring the luxuriant groves of olives and figs, and the many vineyards which beautify the head of the ravine of Ta'âmirah, we entered Bethlehem, the "city of king David," and the birthplace of the Redeemer; and went direct to the Franciscan convent, a large, massive, and ancient building. The church within it, erected by the Empress Helena, is in the form of a cross. It is supported by four rows of twelve columns each, without a ceiling, and presented the appearance of a net-work of longitudinal and transverse beams of wood, with the roof above them. But this church, and the grotto of the Nativity within it, has been repeatedly and accurately described.

Many visitors to Bethlehem have persuaded themselves to use the words of a recent one, "that the Saviour was *not* born in a subterraneous cavern like this, difficult of access to cattle, but in an approachable stable attached to the khan, or inn, in which the virgin mother could not be accommodated." Without dwelling on our own observation of the frequent and almost universal appropriation, where practicable, of caverns and recesses in the rocks for sheltering man and beast from the heat and inclemency of the weather, and forbearing to quote from Stephens, whose experience was similar to our own, I extract some passages from Calmet's dissertation upon the habitations of the ancient Hebrews, to show that such places were frequently selected as desirable human dwellings.

"The rocks and the caverns were not only places of retreat, and forts against enemies, in times of war and trouble; they were also ordinary dwelling-places, both commodious and agreeable, in the country of the Israelites. On the coasts of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, in the mountains of Armenia, in the Balearic Islands,

and in the isle of Malta, we learn that certain people had no other homes than the hollows of the rocks, scooped out by their own labours; from which circumstance they took the name of Troglodytes, which signifies, in Greek, those who hide themselves in caverns.

"In short, they were the ordinary retreat of the prophets and the just in times of persecution, to avoid the machinations of the wicked; and in times of peace, to fly from the corruptions of the world, and to exercise themselves in practices of piety and prayer. It was this mode of life that Elias, St. John the Baptist, and Jesus Christ adopted.

"The summer habitations were of various kinds, or rather, they had various means of protecting themselves from the extreme heat of the sun. Sometimes it was in places deep and hidden, where its ardour could not penetrate, under crypts, subterranean porticoes, &c."*

To the east of Bethlehem is the hill where the shepherds heard the annunciation of the birth of the Messiah; and in the plain below, the field where Ruth gleaned after the reapers. The country around was luxuriant with vegetation, and the yellow grain, even as we looked, was falling beneath the sickle. Variegated flint, chalk and limestone, without fossils, cropped out occasionally on the hill-sides; but along the lower slopes, and in the bottom of the valley, were continuous groves, with a verdant carpet beneath them. It was the most rural and the loveliest spot we had seen in Palestine. From among many flowers we gathered a beautiful white one, free from all earthly taint, fit emblem of the purity of the infant Godhead.

* Those who wish to see more on the subject, are referred to Pliny, lib. vi. c. 29. Strabo, lib. xi. c. 26. Diodorus Siculus, lib. v. Josephus' Antiq., lib. xiv. c. 27, where he speaks of the caverns of Galilee. Genesis, xix. 30. Judges, xv. 8. 1 Kings, x. 11; xxiv. 4. Judges, vi. 2. 1 Kings, xiii. 6. 3 Kings, xviii. 4. Hebrews, xi. 38.

This was not the only time we visited Bethlehem; but, although my notes are copious, I deem it unnecessary to say anything more of a place which has been so often and so well described. The same remark holds good of the tombs of the kings, or of the Empress Helena, the grotto of Jeremiah, and other places within and without the walls of Jerusalem.

In the Latin convent at Jerusalem, poor pilgrims are allowed to remain thirty days, with two meals a-day, free of cost; in the one at Bethlehem, three days; and at Ramleh, one day. No Frank is permitted to hold real estate in Palestine, or, I believe, in any part of the Turkish dominions. In the country around Jerusalem, olives, figs, wheat, barley, dhoura, lentils, melons, cucumbers, artichokes, and many leguminous plants and Irish potatoes are cultivated; the last in small, experimental patches. The silk-worm is also reared, and some little silk is made.

CHAPTER XXII.

FROM JERUSALEM TO JAFFA.

MONDAY, May 22. Having completed all the necessary arrangements, given the officers and men time to recruit, and to see Jerusalem and its vicinity, I settled the accounts of the Expedition with H. B. M. Consul, Mr. Finn, broke up the camp, and started to run the line of level across to the Mediterranean, thirty-three miles distant, in a direct line. The desert being passed, we substituted mules for camels, to transport our baggage.

1 P. M. We recommenced levelling from the bench-mark we had made north-west of Jerusalem, and carried

the line to the highest point, but little less than four thousand feet above the surface of the Dead Sea, before skirting down the Wady Lüfte.

The road, which was frightful, ran at first along the mountain ridge, looking down into the beautiful valley, with a convent toward the head of the gorge, and Ghebel Samwil, the highest peak in Palestine, towering to the north-west, its summit crowned with a ruined mosque. It is supposed to be the Mozpeh of the Old Testament, the reputed birth-place and the tomb of the Prophet Samuel.

We here overtook a number of Jews, of both sexes and various ages. They were separating, one part to return to the city, the other to pursue the route towards the sea coast. Their sobs and tears, and clinging embraces, were truly affecting.

The vegetation increased in luxuriance, and in vividness of colour, as we descended. The mountain-sides are cut in terraces, many of them but a few yards wide, bearing olive, fig, and apricot trees, and numerous extensive vineyards.

At 3.25, crossed a massive stone bridge of one arch, which spans the now dry torrent bed of Kŭlonîeh, and proceeding half a mile farther, stopped for the night on the edge of an olive-grove, a short distance from a fountain. The tents looked picturesque, pitched upon the green sward, with the highly cultivated valley before, and the village of Kŭlonîeh perched high on the hill above them. Soon after camping, we caught a cameleon, six inches long. It was deep green, with dark spots; but the colour became of a lighter hue, and turned brown, when the animal was placed upon a stone.* *

By a regulation most necessary for the security of tra-

* This cameleon was brought safely home, together with a pheasant from the vale of Sharon. Nearly everything else, including some singular blue pigeons from the Dead Sea, perished.

vellers, the nomadic tribes are not permitted to pitch their tents west of Jerusalem. The only extortion to be now apprehended, is from the powerful and rapacious family of Abu Ghŭsh, the sheikh of which, Lamartine, with his usual exaggeration, represents as having fifty thousand Arabs, subject to his sway. In order to evade the severe military conscription under the Egyptian rule, some of the Arabs of this district put out one of their eyes; but Ibrahim Pasha counteracted their purpose, by forming a one-eyed regiment.

The night was clear, and quite cool; the dew fell heavily, and the morning found us enveloped in a mist.

Tuesday, May 23. At 4 A. M., very cold. Wishing to send to Jaffa some things, which were cumbersome to carry about, and could be dispensed with, I roused one of the Arab mule-drivers, and bade him go up to the village, about a mile distant, and procure another mule. He sprang instantly to his feet, and, from where he stood, called out in a stentorian voice to some one in the village. To my surprise, he was answered almost immediately, and very soon afterwards the mule was brought. It is astonishing how far, and how distinctly, the Arabs can hear and recognise each other's voices in this hilly country. In the descent of the Jordan, and repeatedly along the cliffs of the Dead Sea, when we could only hear a faint halloo, or inarticulate sounds, our swarthy friends could distinguish words, and sometimes recognise the tribe of the speaker from his voice. They seem to have distinctive cries, corresponding to the whoops of our Indians.

We have often thought that we detected a resemblance, in many respects, between the Arabs and our North American Indians; but we were like those who, at a superficial glance, pronounce a portrait to be an exact similitude of the original, which, on a close inspection, exhibits such traits of difference, that they are astonished at their

first impression. The nomadic mode of life, the colour of the skin, the prominent cheek-bones, and the black hair and eyes, present a similarity of appearance which, at first, misleads an observer. By slow degrees, however, traits of character are developed, and peculiarities of manner exhibited, which proclaim a marked and striking difference.

In his most repulsive aspect, the North American savage is a being lusty and ferocious, over whose countenance the light of intelligence casts but a feeble and lingering ray. He exhibits no trait whatever of that forethought which is the great characteristic of the grandeur of the human mind. To gather the fruit, he fells the tree; he slaughters the oxen bestowed upon him by the missionary to till his lands; and with the fragments of his plough he builds the fire to roast his food. From his civilized neighbour he seeks nothing but gunpowder, to destroy his brethren, and intoxicating spirits, to destroy himself; and, relying upon the undying avarice of the white man, he never dreams of manufacturing them. The son murders the father, to relieve him from the ennui of old age, and his wife destroys the fruit of his passion in her womb, to escape the duties of a nurse. He snatches the bleeding scalp from his yet living foe; he tears the flesh from his body; he roasts it and devours it amid songs of triumph; and if he can procure ardent spirits, he drinks to intoxication, to madness, to death, insensible alike to the reason which restrains man by his fears, and the instinct which repels the animal by distaste. To all human judgment, he seems a doomed being, smitten for his crimes by an avenging Hand, in the innermost recesses of his moral conformation, so that he who regards him with an observant eye, trembles as he views.* Hence it

* This view of the character of the North American Indian has once before been presented, in the columns of a periodical.

has been charged that, "in the commission of a crime, the savage but follows his nature, while, by the same act, we violate our own;" and it is therefore inferred that he can never be reclaimed. They who reason thus are but shallow observers, and confound the bias of education with inherent propensities. The child of the meekest Christian of the land, if torn from the parental roof, and brought up from infancy in a wigwam, would become a blood-thirsty and ferocious savage; while the papoose, exchanging conditions, might be a zealous missionary of the Gospel. Instances of the former are frequent in our border history; and an educated Indian, not very long since, died, holding a commission in the medical corps of the Navy.

Beneath the frightful exterior of the North American savage, there are noble attributes. Such races are as necessary for the well-being of the human family as the whirlwind to the atmosphere when it sweeps through the forest and bears off the decaying and tainting vegetation. Such men, or not far removed from such, were the ancient Northmen, the Goths, and the Vandals. And now the countries overrun and settled by them are the most polished on the surface of the globe. England occupies the key-stone of the arch of civilization; France has long been proverbial for its refinement; and in Italy, the temple of the arts, the painter and the sculptor seek for the most beautiful models. The tide is now setting the other way, and civilization is overwhelming barbarism. Whether the Indian is to be swept away, or the red-man become merged with the white, time alone can determine.

The distinctive trait of the American savage is his vindictiveness towards an enemy. The ruling passion of an Arab is greediness of gold, which he will clutch from the unarmed stranger, or filch from an unsuspecting friend. The Indian, seeking only a trophy, as a record of his

achievement, is content with the scalp of the foe he has slain in war. The Arab lurks in the crevices of the rock, and, from his covert, fires upon the peaceful traveller, that he may rifle his body of money and clothes. It is the ambition of an Indian father to bestow his daughter on the bravest warrior of the tribe: an Arab sheikh will sell his child to the meanest fellah, if he be the highest bidder. The Arab is yet more lascivious than the Indian; and in no part of the world is the condition of woman more abject than it is in the East. The wandering Arab does not, like the wild Indian, destroy the implements of agriculture, but watches and waits, and sweeps off the fresh-gathered harvest of the laborious and timid fellahin. The Arab will extort money from his guest, and expects a backshish for the slightest act of hospitality. The Indian, without dreaming of recompense, will share his last morsel, and, with his life, protect the stranger who has sought the shelter of his wigwam. To the noisy children of the desert, intoxicating drink is unknown; and, in that respect, their condition is far superior to that of the more taciturn but intemperate hunters of the forest. But the greatest distinction of all is, that while the North American savage, except in war or the chase, evinces no forethought whatever, the Arabian is cautious to the extreme of timidity. The one is reckless, the other calculating. The one, when roused, is implacable; the other barters forgiveness of the deepest injuries for a new wife, or her equivalent in money. The Arab, therefore, to the best of my judgment, is as far inferior to the North American Indian as an insatiate love of gold is more ignoble than a spirit of revenge. The distinction drawn by Chateaubriand is as beautiful as it is true:—

"In the American (Indian) everything proclaims the savage who has not yet arrived at a state of civilization,

in the Arab, everything indicates the civilized man who has returned to the savage state."

Started, after an early breakfast; the road, execrable, leading along the skirts and over the crests of mountains; the ravines and the slopes fertile and highly cultivated; the ridges bare and verdureless. From the highest peak, we had anticipated another and a last view of Jerusalem, but it was concealed by intervening hills. Nebi Samwil towered above us to the north. The country bordering the ravine became more beautiful as we descended in the afternoon, and a little before sunset we encamped at 'Ain Dilbeh (Fountain of the Plane-tree), near Beit Nakûbeh (House of Nakûbeh). There were some old ruins about the spring. In the bed of the ravine there were fields of grain; on the lower slopes, vineyards and olive-groves; above them, dwarf oak-trees and bushes; and towards and along the summits, huge masses and scattered fragments of rock. On a hill in the distance, was a ruin, pointed out as the castle of the Macchabees; and among those hills, it is supposed that the Virgin visited the mother of the Baptist. In our route this day, we may have crossed the dry bed of the brook where David gathered the pebbles, with one of which he slew the Philistine. In this neighbourhood, it is supposed was the village of Emmaus, on the road to which our Saviour conversed with two of his disciples after his resurrection.

We found here the hop-trefoil, a small clover, with yellow flowers and hop-like heads; also a pink, with viscid flower-stalks, the first sometimes seen, the last common, at home.

From the vestiges about it, this spot seemed to be a favourite camping-ground of travellers. We found here some mules laden with baggage, marked "Miss Cooper, by steamer Novelty." The lady, attended by an escort, soon after made her appearance, and expressed the opi-

nion, which will be confirmed as she advances, that "the roads are very bad in this country."

Every preceding camp seems to have left its colony here. We were annoyed during the night by all kinds of vermin. The weather was cool and damp, and the cries of jackals down in the ravine were incessant. The cry very much resembles that of a person in distress.

Wednesday, May 24. Descended the ravine into the vale of Jeremiah by the village of 'Kuryet el 'Enab (village of grapes), the Kirjath-jearim of the Bible, where it is said the prophet was born. When passing the village the sheikh, with the evident purpose of levying tribute, came out and forbade us to level through his territory; but we paid no attention to the terrible Abu Ghûsh (father of lies). He then rode within forty or fifty yards of the interpreter, who was in advance of the levelling party, and called out in an imperious tone, "toorgeman, talon!" (interpreter, come here); to which the latter, half turning round, but without rising from his position, replied "talon!" The sheikh at length went up to him, and demanded by what right we attempted to pass through his territory, stating that none could do so without his permission. The firman was shown to him. After reading it, he said that it mentioned nothing about surveying the road, and that one thousand armed men could not pass against his will. We told him that he had better consent then, for we had the sanction of his superiors and were not to be bullied. During the altercation, our Arab cook was dreadfully alarmed, and, reminding us that Abu Ghûsh was a powerful sheikh, implored us in his broken English not to provoke him.

Great exception was taken by this sheikh to 'Awad, our Ta'âmirah guide, who, he swore, should not pass through his territory; to which we replied that his services were necessary to us, and that we would protect

him. 'Awad said to him, in a deprecating tone, that he was only a poor fellah. We may judge of his fright and feigned humility, from the supreme contempt in which it is known that the predatory and pastoral Arabs hold the fellahin.

The sheikh was of a light complexion, with European features, and wearing a red moustache—very much resembling a gaunt, rough Jew. He is brother to the celebrated Abu Ghûsh, so long the terror of this district, who, for his exactions, robberies, and murders, was sent not long since to Constantinople, and is now, it is said, an exile on the banks of the Euxine.

When abreast of the village, in which there are the ruins of a Christian church, an old Arab called out, "O ye Muslims, come forth and see the Christians searching for treasures concealed by their forefathers in this country." Great curiosity was exhibited by the people with respect to our operations. All desired to look through the telescope, and even little children were held up for a peep.

Leaving the village on the left, the road led over a high ridge; the vegetation extremely luxuriant, and the hillsides terraced, with many vines and fig-trees, and groves of olive on each side. The olive is only picturesque in clusters. Individually it is an ungainly tree. With the appearance of greater strength than the oak, its branches are less graceful, and its leaves are smaller and less vivid in colour. The old trunks, gnarled and twisted, present to the eye vast bodies with disproportioned limbs. Those which are partially decayed are protected by stones piled up in the hollows.

From the summit of the ridge, through the mist which curtained it in the distance, we beheld the blue, the glorious Mediterranean. Not the soldiers of Xenophon cheered more heartily than we did when we beheld its

broad expanse stretching towards the west, where lay our country and our homes.

Crossing over a rugged, rocky country, we descended by a precipitous road, a slope covered with bushes and shrubbery, to a dense olive grove near the village of Sârûs, where we camped for the night.

The whole face of the country since leaving Jerusalem bears evidence of a high state of cultivation, and after the calcined cliffs of the Dead Sea and the utter barrenness of the desert of Judea, our senses are soothed by the soft and refreshing green of these terraced hills.

In the middle of the day the weather was oppressively warm, and being much fatigued we retired early

"To sleep — to dream,
But in that sleep" — what bugs may come.

Thursday, May 25. Weather cloudy, with a fine westerly breeze. Descended the dreadful road which leads down Wady Ali, and through Bab Wady Ali (Gate of the Ravine of Ali), issued out upon the vale of Sharon, covered with immense fields of ripened grain; the thick, clustering stems bending to the breeze, and their golden surfaces chequered with the shadows of passing clouds. Behind us were the rugged mountains; before us the lovely plain, dotted with villages, and covered with a whole population gathering the harvest; and beyond, in the distance, the pellucid and far-stretching sea, over which lay our homeward route. In the ravine we saw in great profusion the corn poppy, its bright scarlet flowers presenting a gorgeous appearance. The acacia was also abundant.

Camped under some tamarisk trees, near the village of Dier Ayoub, and received a visit from its sheikh. 10 P. M., temperature of the air 78°.

Friday, May 26. A pleasant morning; wind light, with

passing clouds; a dense fog to seaward. The night passed with less annoyance than usual from fleas and other insects. Long before sunrise, the industrious fellahin were at work in the fields. The scene was pastoral and picturesque. The herdsmen, with their flocks of black goats on the hill-sides, the cattle grazing below them; the reapers among the grain, the women gleaning after them; while the armed Nubian guard sat under the shadow of a tree, his ample costume setting off his jet-black skin. A light wind played in the loose folds of his white āba, and thence sweeping on, bowed down the heads of the unreaped barley, presenting an appearance like the surface of a still lake, when clouds are drifting over it.

We soon passed the Bir Dier Ayoub, the road, which was yet but a bridle-path, becoming better, and the mountains receding on each side, and giving at once an almost uninterrupted view of the plain. On the summit of a lofty hill before us, was the village of Latrûn (Thief), named by tradition as the birth-place of the repentant thief upon the cross. Instead of following the road over the hill and through the village, we skirted its southern base, and passing the well, struck first into the Gaza road, and then into the usual road to Ramleh.

Gaza, the famous town of the Philistines, in a direct line, was about thirty miles distant. Once the residence of a king, it is now a paltry village. It was taken by Alexander the Great, after a siege of two months; and Quintus Curtius relates that, in imitation of Achilles, the ungenerous conqueror, who was twice wounded during the siege, dragged twice round the walls, at his chariot-wheels, the body of the general who had gallantly defended it.

Pursuing the road to Ramleh, we crossed Merj ibn 'Amir, an extensive plain under high cultivation. Ascending a slight eminence, we passed the village of Kubab.

The scene must have been similar to those of the days of Scripture. Below the village, and on the sides of the hill, the fields, in some spots, were yellow with the ripened grain; in others, large quantities, newly reaped, were spread upon the threshing-floors, and the cattle, yoked in couples, were treading it out; the whole population of the village was at work, reaping, gleaning, tossing in the sheaves, or raking aside the chaff. We encamped in the field by the road-side.

Saturday, May 27. A fine breeze from the westward gave us a delicious temperature. Early in the morning, two jackals came nearly up to the camp, and narrowly escaped paying, with their lives, for their temerity. They were frequently around us at night, and their cries were the accompaniments of our slumbers; but they had not, before, ventured so near in open day. Towards mid-day, the wind lulled, and the heat was oppresssive.

The road continued over the almost level plain. Hundreds of villagers, men, women and children, with camels, mules, and donkeys, were employed getting in the harvest. The donkey is loaded in a singular manner: an immense heap of grain, in the straw, is trussed together, in the form of a parallelogram, and laid on one of its narrow sides; a donkey is made to stand close against it; and two of the fellahin, standing on the opposite side, place each a foot against the animal, and haul over on the bundle by a rope. When it is half over, they secure it; and there is nothing of the donkey to be seen but its little feet, far beneath the cumbrous load, in bulk six times larger than himself. The small, square houses of the village, like those of all we have seen, Aba Ghûsh's excepted, are of uncut stones, cemented and plastered with mud, and with flat, mud roofs. The mud floors are usually several feet below the surface of the ground; and the only aperture in the walls is the low and narrow

doorway. Through the last, a stream of smoke is ever issuing, tainted with the fœtid odour of the fuel, the sun-dried excrement of the camel; which is so offensive that the deaf and the blind would detect, with their nostrils, the impregnated atmosphere of a village. The habits of the people are as filthy as their dwellings are uncomfortable; and it is not surprising that, with all their simplicity of life, there are so few instances of longevity.

The town of Ramleh, seated in the plain, with its tower, its minarets, its ruins, and its palm-trees, looked more like an oriental city, than any we had seen in Palestine. In this plain, according to tradition, the Virgin, the infant Saviour, and St. Joseph, passed a night, in their flight to Egypt.

Arriving at Ramleh, we experienced great difficulty in getting round it, owing to the number of high and impenetrable cactus-hedges. At length our vice-consul came out in state, and guided us round to the north side, where we struck into the Jaffa road. This is the only place in the interior of Palestine where the American flag is permitted to fly. There were fine olive-groves, and many cypresses, around the town; and beyond, a lovely plain, bounded by a range of mountains on one hand, and the Mediterranean on the other.

Ramleh is supposed to have been the Rama-Ephraim of the Old Testament, where Samuel judged the people, and where the elders assembled to demand a king. It has now a large convent, rebuilt, it is said, by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy.

Passing along the plain of Beth Dagon, we camped, for Sunday, a little off the road, on a slope in the edge of an orchard of old olive-trees, near the village, and a few miles distant from Lyd, the Lydda of the New Testament, and the Diospolis of the Romans, where St. Peter miraculously cured the man afflicted with the palsy.

The uncultivated parts of the plain were beautified by the violet purple flowers of the plumbago, which grows more luxuriantly here than in southern Europe, the heads of the flowers being much longer, and the colours more vivid.

Monday, May 29. Pleasant weather; — commenced operations early. At the village of Yâzûr, turned to the left and followed the Frank road, the one on which Napoleon marched to and from Gaza. There were a number of people in the fields, but not many travellers on the road. Some wandering dervishes, bearing banners, and a few returning Christian pilgrims, passed us in the course of the morning. About three miles from the town, was a very handsome fountain, with a mosque beside it. Pursuing thence nearly a due-west course, we came out on the sand-hills, and planted the level on the margin of the Mediterranean, about one and a half miles south of Jaffa. The task was at length accomplished. We had carried a line of levels, with the spirit-level, from the chasm of the Dead Sea, through the Desert of Judea, over precipices and mountain-ridges, and down and across yawning ravines, and for much of the time beneath a scorching sun. It had been considered by many as impracticable. It has, however, been accomplished; and with as much accuracy as, I believe, it can be done. The instrument was a capital one of Troughton's, imported by Blunt. It was of the most recent construction, with staves to be read off by the observer. The adjustments of the instruments were frequently examined, and we were careful to make the observations as nearly mid-way as possible. The whole credit of this is due to Lieutenant Dale, to whom, in full confidence of his zeal and capacity, I assigned the task of levelling. The result is confirmatory of the skill and extraordinary accuracy of the triangulation of Lieutenant Symonds, R. N.

We found the difference of level, in other words, the depression of the surface of the Dead Sea, below that of the Mediterranean, to be a little over 1300 feet. The height of Jerusalem above the former sea, is very nearly three times that of this difference of level, while, at the same time, it is almost the exact multiple of the depth of that sea, of the height of its banks, and of the depression of its surface.

In the hollow of the hills near Jaffa, is a circular plain, where Ibrahim Pasha contemplated making a harbour, to be connected with the Mediterranean by a canal. At the request of our Vice-Consul, who had come to meet us early in the day, we examined it carefully, and felt satisfied that the work could be done at little cost, compared to the immense benefit that would be derived from it. The duties of the customs, 12 per cent., amount to 10,000 pounds sterling per annum; and twice that sum, or two years' duties appropriated to the purpose, would accomplish it. Vessels not exceeding 160 tons can anchor near the town in summer; but in winter, they must keep in the offing.

Our work accomplished, we repaired to the country-house of Mr. Murad, our worthy consular representative, who had kindly placed it at our disposal.

The town of Jaffa is situated on a hill-side, the declivity towards the sea, and sweeping round it, inland, from north to south, is a plain of luxuriant vegetation, consisting of gardens and orange and mulberry groves, separated by hedges of cactus, fifteen feet high, then in full blossom, bearing a beautiful straw-coloured, cup-shaped, wax-looking flower. The roads, numerous but narrow, and shaded by the magnificent sycamore fig, wind between these hedges, the tenderest leaves of which are cropped by the passing camels, though, from being fretted with thorns, they are avoided by every other animal.

The garden in which we were quartered, was a delightful spot to recruit in, after our fatigue. A great many swallows were flying in and out, and twittering over our heads, in the open alcove we selected for our bed-chamber. We had been so long accustomed to camping in the open air, that we could not reconcile ourselves to sleeping in a room; moreover, we felt more secure from insects, away from apartments that had recently been inhabited

We never wearied of the luxuriant and refreshing green of the gardens around and before us. The one we occupied, although not the largest in the vicinity, had in it 2500 orange and 1500 lemon, besides a number of apricot, and some *apple* and pomegranate trees. The first were nearly all laden with fruit, then near maturity, but some were in blossom, as were also all the pomegranate trees, and the beautiful white and crimson flowers were richly intermingled; while those of the orange, the bridal flower, fairly burthened the air with their fragrance. Attached to the garden is a well, a Persian wheel, and a reservoir. The wheel is worked day and night by mules; the water is collected in the reservoir, and thence conducted by small canals through the garden. There are two canals, built of cemented stone, with apertures in them at regular distances. They were this evening occupied two hours in irrigating one half of the garden, which is done on alternate days. A trench is dug in the loose soil from one of the canals to a tree, and the earth is raked aside from the roots and the stem, leaving a circular basin, according to the size of the tree; the water is let in, the basin filled, and in the mean time another trench and basin are prepared; the first is blocked up, the water diverted to the second, and in this manner every tree is irrigated once in two days. There is great loss of water by the process, and we endeavoured to persuade our consul to erect a windmill, which, requiring no food and

much less attendance than mules, would, in this region of periodical winds, be far more economical than the present mode. But Jaffa is an antediluvian place, and I suppose that the Persian water-wheel, like the other customs of their ancestors, will be adhered to by this people. In the vineyard attached to the garden, within pistol-shot of the alcove we occupied, is the reputed tomb of Tabitha, who was restored by St. Peter. It is a cave excavated in a scaly, friable limestone, and is about twelve feet deep, with a flight of steps leading down to it. The floor is level. The interior is about eighteen feet long, and it has nine crypts, three fronting the entrance, and three on each side, each one measuring eight feet in length, two feet in width, and three feet in height; the side crypts about eight feet apart.

We remained in the quarters so hospitably assigned to us until the 6th of June; and found full occupation in bringing up our work, particularly the astronomical and barometrical observations, and the measurements of the level, and rebuilding our boats by putting their sections together. The physical repose was truly grateful.

On the main road between this and the town there is an arabesque fountain, with a reservoir. Besides the fruit and mulberry trees, and wheat, barley, sesame, dhoura, and lentils,* we noticed within the gardens, squashes, cucumbers, melons, peas, artichokes, egg-plants, okra, and some Irish potatoes, the last recently introduced. A little off the road, there was a very large tamarind and some date trees. In the near vicinity of the town there were many beggars, seated beneath trees by the road-side, reciting passages from the Koran to excite the sympathy of travellers. We came out from the labyrinthine road upon

* Of this pea, was made the red pottage for which Esau sold his birthright.

a sandy knoll, just without the town, and had the waves of the Mediterranean at our feet, the brawling sound of which we had heard before we saw them. Apart from the associations of the sight, we were exhilarated by the breeze which its sister element rendered so cool and refreshing. We had thence a glorious view of the sea before, and the plain and the cloud-capped mountains behind us.

To the north of the town, a short distance from the gate, for Jaffa has but one, and immediately upon the sea shore, is a village inhabited by Copts. These people followed Ibrahim Pasha from Egypt, but since the restoration of the country to Ottoman sway they have been driven from the town, and live in their poor mud village with the sea before and a graveyard behind them. Possessing no means of transportation over the first, along which they must often wistfully gaze towards their native country, the last remains as their only refuge from hunger, oppression, and unrewarded toil. Their complexions are dark, but the dress of the men differs in no respect from that of Arabs of the lowest class. The women wear a triangular piece of thin dark cloth suspended from the forehead, sometimes fringed with coins, and concealing the nose, mouth, and chin.

In another graveyard to the left was an Egyptian woman at her devotions. Eastern women are rarely seen to pray by travellers. Like the majority of their sex all over the world, they seem to shrink from public exhibition. Once before, in a Turkish burial-ground just without St. Stephen's gate, Jerusalem, I saw some black slaves making their prostrations before a tomb, but could not tell whether they were worshipping God, or paying homage to the shade of their master. The real belief of Muhammedans with regard to the future prospects of women, I have never been able to ascertain. The vulgar

idea that they are denied the possession of souls by the Koran, is, however, an incorrect one. Muhammed named four as worthy of Paradise. But it is impossible, for a Christian at least, to obtain satisfactory information from a native on this subject. They never speak of their women to strangers, and consider any allusion to them as insulting. 'Awad, our guide, was the only one who would answer our questions in this matter, and he did it with perceptible reluctance. Indeed, all the Arabs with whom we have been associated, and they were many and of various tribes, were very reserved about their domestic affairs, and more evasive even than our eastern brethren in their replies to questions of a personal nature. I have never known them to give a direct answer to a question pertaining to their families or themselves. When asked how he is, an Arab replies, "Thanks be to God!" When the question is repeated, he says, "God is great!" and if asked the third time, his reply is, "God is bountiful!"

On the sands of the sea, a little beyond the Coptic village, the Pasha of Jerusalem, with a number of his officers and attendants, were jousting and throwing the djerid. They were mounted on spirited horses, drawn up in two lines, facing each other, about 150 yards apart. A single horseman would leave his ranks, cross the intervening space, and ride leisurely along in front of the opposite line, when, selecting his opponent, he quickly threw his djerid, or short, blunted, wooden spear, directly at him. The latter, generally dodging the weapon, immediately started in hot pursuit of his antagonist, who, now unarmed, spurred his horse towards his friends, and, to avoid the threatened blow, threw himself nearly from the steed, hanging by one leg, exactly in the manner of our Blackfoot Indians, and the inhabitants of the Pampas of South America. If the assailed were struck with the first cast, one of his party pursued the assailant; and if

successful in striking him, it became his turn to flee from an adversary. It is a manly and a beautiful game, and excited us as we looked upon it. How much more so must it have been to those who were engaged in it! The noble black charger of the Pasha seemed to devour the wind, and not one escaped the unerring aim of his rider. There was no sycophancy, however; for, less successful in retreat than pursuit, the Pasha was repeatedly struck before he regained his place.

Immediately in front of the gate were a number of fruit-sellers, some bazaars, and a new khan under construction, with a throng of people moving rapidly to and fro, indicating more activity of trade than we had seen since leaving Beïrût. Just before entering, we stopped to let a funeral procession pass. It was quite a long one, and consisted wholly of females. They were wailing in the same monotonous tone as those we saw in a similar procession at Jerusalem. It is the custom for the relatives and friends, for three consecutive days, to repair in procession to, and weep over, the grave of the deceased.

Just within the gate, on the right, is a very handsome fountain, with elaborate carved-work about it. Passing through lines of bazaars, and by a mosque with a large court, and handsome fountain on the right, and thence threading narrow, unpaved streets, cumbered with rubbish, which seemed to have no precise direction, and to lead to no particular place, and twice descending steps where Putnam might have hesitated, with a foe behind him, but down which our horses walked as carefully as we could have done ourselves, we at length reached the residence of our consul, immediately overlooking the harbour. There were some thirty or forty small polacre vessels in the port, which is protected by a reef of rocks to the westward. This reef is generally supposed to be the remains of a breakwater, built by the Emperor

Adrian; but to me the reef presented a natural aspect. I could detect no vestiges of an ancient mole, and have not been able to find any historical account of an artificial harbour being formed here. On the contrary, Josephus speaks of the dangers of the anchorage, caused by a number of rocks off the town.

Our worthy consular representative is a Syrian by birth and an Armenian in faith. He was dressed in the oriental style, and received us hospitably and kindly. For upwards of twenty years he has been in the service of our government; in the first place as an assistant, and subsequently as the successor of his father.

Jaffa is, perhaps, the oldest city in the world; and Pliny calls it an antediluvian one. Here, in mythology, Andromeda was chained to a rock, and exposed to the embraces of a sea-monster.

History fixes upon this as the landing-place of the crusaders, subsequently fortified by St. Louis; within its Armenian convent Napoleon touched the sick infected with the plague, and without its walls massacred his prisoners in cold blood; and here Ibrahim Pasha sought refuge from the Arab tribes, whom he had driven to desperation. According to tradition, here Noah built the ark, and from its port Jonas embarked; on these shores were landed the cedars of Lebanon, brought for the building of the temple; and in it was the house of Simon the tanner, with whom the first of the apostles dwelt. We visited the site of the last, which is upon the sea-side, exactly accordant with the description. There is a sarcophagus in the yard, used as a reservoir to the fountain. It is said to have belonged to the family of Simon. Quien sabe? Who knows? Who can believe? and who can contradict it? The population of Jaffa is now about 13,000, viz: Turks, 8000; Greeks, 2000; Armenians, 2000; Maronites, 700; and Jews, about 300.

The consul's dinner was an extremely plentiful one, consisting of a great variety of dishes, many of them unknown to us, prepared in the Eastern style. His wife, in compliment to us, for the first time in her life, sat down to a table with strangers. She had a sweet countenance, and her profile was a beautiful one. She was timid, yet dignified in her manners; the wave of her hand was particularly graceful, and her voice soft and gentle, — "an excellent thing in woman." She was dressed richly, according to the fashion of her country. Her head was ornamented with diamonds, in clusters of leaves and flowers; and on her finger was a magnificent ruby, encircled with brilliants. When she turned to address those who were waiting behind her, we were particularly struck with the exquisite contour and flexure of her head and throat. A master-artist would have painted her so, and called her the heroine of some historic scene. From time to time, she helped us to morsels from her own plate; a marked compliment, founded on a custom which, under other circumstances, we should have thought "more honoured in the breach than the observance;" but her manner was so gentle and so winning, and her smile so irresistible, that, had it been physic instead of palatable food, we should have swallowed it without hesitation. For, the first time within many months, we felt the soothing and refining influence of the society of the other sex.

Members of the family acted as waiters, it being the custom when it is intended to pay the highest honour to a guest. Conscious of not deserving it in that sense, we received it as a tribute to the exalted character of our country, and as an evidence of the patriotism of our worthy host; — and a more patriotic, unassuming, and truly hospitable representative of that country I have never seen. He stowed our boats in his warehouse, and

placed his country-house at our disposal. His residence in town was our familiar resort, and we ever found a heartfelt welcome at his table. He spared no trouble; hesitated at no expense; and, at the settlement of the accounts, refused all compensation whatever. Mr. Stephens says that he is the only man he has ever known to declare himself happy. I can safely add that he is the only one whom I thought truly so. Many there are who ought to be, but I have never before met with one who rightly appreciated the blessings he enjoyed.

While at dinner, we heard sung in the street the same song of the wild Ta'âmirah, to which we had so often listened on the shores of the Dead Sea. Heretofore invariably discordant, it now sounded almost melodious.

In the afternoon there was a marriage-procession; the bride being escorted to her future home by her husband and his friends. First came the groom, with a number of his male friends, walking two abreast; then a gorgeous silken canopy, beneath which walked the bride, her person entirely screened. On each side was a man with a drawn sword in his hand, suggesting to the mind thoughts about a lamb led to the sacrifice, or of a criminal conducted to execution. Behind the canopy, in the same order as the men who preceded it, were a number of females of various ages. There were also many attendants with musical instruments. The monotonous, twanging sound of the last, mingled with the shouts of the men; the whining tones and occasional screams of the women; and the flourishes of the swords by those who bore them, presented a singular spectacle; a most extraordinary vocal and instrumental concert, with a yet stranger accompaniment.

We learned from our Consul, that the Turks treat their wives very badly. In consequence of the power vested in the husband to divorce at will, there is no community

of interest between man and wife. The latter, not knowing at what moment the dreadful word may be pronounced, is ever laying by something for such a contingency, of which her mother is usually the depository. Hence, the husband, in self-defence, rarely provides groceries or food in any quantity, of which the wife would certainly sell a portion, and retain the proceeds. In the vicinity of towns, therefore, and we have frequently observed it, Turks may be seen returning home with a little oil, and a small quantity of provisions, for the day's consumption.

It is true, that if the wife be divorced for any other cause than infidelity, she can claim her dower,—that is, the sum paid for her by her husband, if it had been returned to him, which is rarely the case. But her youth, and with it, all her attractions, had probably passed away; and, what is the most severe part of the infliction, the children, in such an event, remain subject to the father's control. The wife can also obtain divorce; and in Constantinople there is a singular female court to which she may appeal, but its jurisdiction, like the edict with regard to slavery, is nominal, and the rights of woman and the slave are alike disregarded.

All over the world, civilized and savage, women are treated as inferior beings. In what is esteemed refined society, we hold them in mental thraldom, while we exempt them from bodily labour; and, paying a sensual worship to their persons, treat them as pretty playthings.

The law of inheritance, in the Turkish dominions, recognises no right whatever in the female. On the death of the father, if there be one son and one or more daughters, the son inherits all the property. If two or more sons, it is portioned equally among them; but, in either case, the daughters have no share.

As illustrative of the seclusion of the female in Syria,

the Christian as well as the Muslim, a circumstance was related to us by our Consul's brother, which, from a less authentic source, we should have deemed incredible. A widower, on marrying a second time, enjoined it upon his son, then about half-grown, never to enter the apartment occupied by his step-mother without knocking, in order that she might have time to conceal her face. This form was scrupulously observed by the son, who, after the lapse of some years, also married. In turn, he requested his father to adopt the same rule which had been applied to him; and we were assured that they lived and died in the same house, without seeing the faces of each other's wives. I give this for what it is worth.

On the 5th of June we dined with Dr. Kayat, H. B. M. Consul. The dishes were excellent and most abundant; — among them a lamb, roasted whole — and the attendance was a miracle for Syrian servants. The dress of the hostess, a perfect lady in her manners and appearance, was a singular dovetailing of the oriental with the European costume. Her hair, flowing beneath her head-dress of cerulean silk, ornamented with crimson and surmounted by a gold-embroidered crown, was internetted with minute spiculæ of gold about the size of a spangle, and fell like the fabulous tiara of a mermaid upon her shoulders. Her neck, at least so much of it as could be seen, for the lady was not slightly moulded, was encircled with a string of golden ornaments in the forms of claws of animals, altogether reminding one of the necklace of a Tuscarora belle. Her fingers sparkled with rings of emerald, ruby and diamond, and an amethystine silk dress, made in the European style, with neat slippers upon the feet, completed her costume. She presided with quiet dignity and becoming grace, and the conversation of the husband gave an additional zest to the repast he had hospitably prepared for us.

Dr. K. has just claims to be considered a benefactor to this section of country. He has encouraged the culture of the vine; has introduced that of the mulberry and of the Irish potatoe; and by word and example is endeavouring to prevail on the people in the adjacent plain to cultivate the sweet potatoe, which in this warm climate and light friable soil will doubtless succeed admirably. This section, like all Syria, has few nutritious and succulent vegetables. The introduction of the potatoe would be a blessing, if only to supersede the washy and unwholesome cucumber, which is now *the* vegetable of the country. In the court-yard we observed an English plough of an improved construction, imported by the consul. This gentleman related two anecdotes, one illustrative of the superstition of the lower order, the other, of the increasing liberality of spirit among the Muslim clergy.

Last winter a boat was upset in the harbour, and the insensible body of one of the crew was thrown by the waves upon the beach. Dr. K. had it immediately carried to his house, where he took instant measures for its resuscitation. In the mean time, a report was spread abroad that a Giaour was making incantations over the body of one of the faithful. A crowd was very soon collected before the house, and became clamorous for the body that they might inter it; for, as I have before stated, it is an article of Muslim belief that the soul of a person, not slain in battle, cannot enter the gardens of Paradise until the body is interred. Dr. K., from his official position, succeeded in keeping the doors closed, until, after several hours' persevering efforts, he succeeded, and indignation gave way to astonishment among the people, who declared that he had restored the dead to life.

A short time after the above occurrence, two Mullahs called upon him, and seeing an Arabic translation of the

Bible upon his table, expressed a desire to read it, whereupon he presented each of them with a copy. The Imaum (head of the hierarchy in Jaffa) was present, but said nothing. A few days after, however, he came alone, and asked why a copy had not been given to him. Of course, he was presented with one.

Our host also told us of a ruin, supposed to be antediluvian, and we went to see it. It is covered by a Saracenic arch, some thirty or forty feet from the sea. We could not tell whether it had been a pier or an abutment of a bridge, but the fragmentary ruin bore evident traces of the action of water, and we found some small, dead seashells in its crevices. It was deliciously cool as we returned after nightfall, by the faint light of the young moon, with the old moon in her arms. Every evening, after sunset, the zodaical lights were beautiful. Can they, as has been suggested, be the unabsorbed rays of the sun?

Monday, June 5. Another night has passed, which would have been delightful, were it not for the harassing and incessant annoyance of fleas. The boats being complete, I now chartered a small Arab brig to convey them, our stores, and a majority of the party, to St. Jean d'Acre. A short distance within the gate, we recognized and joyfully accosted Sherîf Musaid, one of our Bedawin allies. To our mortification his return greeting was anything but a cordial one, and we parted from him abruptly, our bosoms chilled with such an unexpected proof of the instability of human friendship. We had all become much attached to him during our association, and from his deportment towards us had believed the feeling to be reciprocal. Many, therefore, were the fruitless surmises as to the cause of his change of manner.

After embarking the boats, and making all necessary arrangements for to-morrow's start, among them, pro-

curing quantities of every variety of seed, we returned to our quarters, to spend the last night in the spacious but infested villa of our most worthy consul. Great was our surprise, and unequalled our delight, when, shortly after, the younger Sherîf came in and explained the cause of his reserved demeanour in the morning. A valuable slave had absconded from him at Acre, taking with him his master's best horse and a highly prized rifle. Following in swift pursuit, Musaid had tracked him to Jaffa, and was, incognito, making some necessary inquiries, when we suddenly came upon him. He ascertained that the slave had continued his flight to Egypt, and purposed following in pursuit.

In reply to our inquiries, Sherîf humanely said that if he came within gun-shot of the fugitive, he would not shoot him, even to secure his horse and his gun. He expressed his regret that he had not parted with the slave some time before, when he seemed dissatisfied. By an imperial edict (which is, however, disregarded with respect to Nubians), a slave cannot remain in servitude more than seven years; and, by a custom, the most imperative of all laws, a slave, if dissatisfied, can claim to be sold; and if the demand be thrice ineffectually made, before witnesses, he becomes, ipso facto, free. Hence, the treatment of slaves is mild and conciliatory.

I do not purpose entering into a description of Jaffa, or to give the statistical facts which were collected there. The first has been repeatedly done before; the last will, with more propriety, accompany the official report. Moreover, I feel that my notes are diminishing in interest as we recede from those mysterious shores, where we alone were almost the only voyagers. We were now, and had, since our departure from Jerusalem, been travelling a route repeatedly and graphically described by others. Any attempt, on my part, to compete with some of them,

would be like one endeavouring to rival the lightning of heaven with the artificial fireworks of earth. In consideration, therefore, alike of the patience of the reader and my own reputation, I will henceforth be as brief as possible.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM JAFFA TO NAZARETH.

TUESDAY, June 6. A pleasant, calm morning, with a dense fog to seaward. Set the cook to work at 4 A. M. The sun rose at 4.40.

When all hands were called, I was amused with the simplicity of an Arab's toilet. He had been sleeping beneath a tree in the court. When awakened, he sprang immediately to his feet, tightened the leathern belt around his āba, and throwing back the flaps of his kooffeeyah, he was attired for the day. Except the elder Sherîf, we never saw the Arabs wash anything but their feet, and they regarded our use of the tooth-brush as an absurdity.

At 7 A. M., the land-party, under command of Mr. Dale, started for St. Jean d'Acre. In the evening, I embarked with the remainder in the Arab brig. These vessels have no names, each one being designated only by that of the reis or captain. According to the custom of the country, a vessel becomes the property of the chartering party for the time being. We therefore hoisted our colours, and christened the brig after a valued friend of one of us. The name, beautiful in itself, was the more accepta-

ble, that, although rarely met with now, it is frequent in songs of the olden time, and a great favourite with sailors.

The wind drawing too much ahead, we were, near sunset, compelled to anchor again within the outer verge of the harbour. While thus detained, we received another proof of the kindness of our consul, in a present of provisions and fruit.

The finest view of Jaffa is from the harbour. The houses are mostly one story, with flat roofs, and being built on an acclivity, the flat roofs of those on one street form terraces to the houses on the one above it; hence, at sunset, when the inhabitants were assembled on the house-tops to enjoy the breeze, they presented an animated and pleasing appearance. After night-fall, the scene was beautiful; the town rising terrace above terrace, with hundreds of living and moving lights; in front, stretched the sea, with a line of foam where it broke against the reef, and a young, but bright, unclouded moon above it.

Sailed again at 8 P. M.; the wind very light. When I awoke, at 2 A. M., the brig was gently moving, unrestrained by human guidance. The sheets were hauled aft; the helm lashed alee, and the reis and his crew were fast asleep. The moon had gone down, and the stars shone lustrous through the humid atmosphere.

Behind us, but a few miles distant, was Jaffa, dark and still as a city of the dead. To the left, was the broad expanse of sea, arched over by an unclouded sky. On the right, was a waving line of coast, defined by the uncrested waves, as they lazily tumbled and broke against it with a monotonous, but refreshing sound. Beyond, was a line of barren sand-hills, terminated by cliffs in the remote distance. To the careless eye and unreflecting mind, an unattractive and a dreary scene! But, in truth, how teeming with association, and with food for thought!

Over those barren sand-hills, were the sites of Gilgal and Antipatris; and to the north, that seeming line of cliffs was Cæsarea, built (or rebuilt) by Herod, and named after his imperial master. Thence, St. Paul departed on his way to Rome. Some centuries later, this very shore presented another and a less quiet scene,—when the battle raged upon its sands, and Christian and Infidel hosts rent the air with shouts of defiance. To the west, across the sea, lay our home, the resting-place of all our earthly ties; and to the east, beyond the line of hills which skirts the horizon, were the consecrated scenes in the life of Him, in whom should be centred all our future hopes.

Early in the morning, the sea-breeze sprang up, and making a speedy passage, we anchored off St. Jean d'Acre, about an hour after the gates were closed, and had, consequently, to remain all night on board.

The route of the land party was along the sea shore, with an occasional detour to the right. The beach was covered with a profusion of shells, of a yellow colour near the sea, but blanched white a short distance up, which, with a harsh, discordant sound, crushed and crumbled beneath the horses' feet.

Early in the day, they passed the ruins of Apollonia, and, a short distance beyond, the village El Haram, with a mosque and minaret. The cliff was 300 to 400 feet high, sand and crumbling sandstone, and the walls ran into the sea: there was also a bastion with loop-holes, like the one at Kerak. There were several feluccas here, lading with stone from the ruins, to be taken to Jaffa.

After leaving Apollonia, the beach was a heavy sand, until, early in the afternoon, they came to a stream, El Faled, which cuts through a rock; when, turning inland, they entered upon a rolling country, and crossing a hill, spurring off from the range, they followed a broad valley

or plain, and camped for the night near the village of Mŭkhalid. The village Es Skarki, with ruins, was on a hill to the right. There was here a sycamore fig-tree, under which reclined three Armenians, officers of the customs, respectively, of Jaffa, Gaza, and Jerusalem. They were attired in shabby European costume. But the resemblance extended to a less commendable feature; they drank freely of arrack, a vile, spirituous compound. At sunset, a Muslim was seen at his prayers and prostrations on the extreme end of the castle wall. His figure, cutting against the clear sky, had a singular effect, and reminded one of "prayer on the house-top."

At sunset, the flocks of sheep and goats were driven in. It was a clear, glorious night, but with a heavy dew; and it was necessary to keep vigilant watch, for the fellahin between Jaffa and Acre are noted for their thievish propensities. The shepherd's pipe was heard from the village; there were many watch-dogs barking, and sheep bleating, and hundreds of goats sneezing throughout the night; and there were many, many fleas.

Early on the 7th they started, and passing a number of women, some cutting wood, and others carrying it in large bundles upon their heads, they recrossed the sand-hills, with scattering, scrubby bushes on them, and came again upon the sea-shore. The coast here was sand, with outlying flat sandstone. At 10 A. M., they crossed the Nahr Akhdar, and came to the ruins of Cæsarea.

These ruins present walls and bastions with a deep ditch around them. They are all of cut sandstone, which a number of feluccas were taking to Jaffa for the new khan. In like manner and for a like purpose, stones have doubtless been taken to Beïrût, Tripoli, and other places. The citadel presents a striking scene of great masses of masonry overturned, and displaying rows of dark granite columns beneath, the foundation of which

was laid in what is termed cob-house fashion. All the ruins were of massive sandstone. There were Saracenic arches and three very lofty pieces of masonry standing—abutments, perhaps, of a church, or a castle. The whole area within the walls is full of pits, where hewn stones have been dug from the earth accumulated over them in the lapse of ages. There was an Arab shepherd with several hundred goats within the enclosure. "The sea-coasts shall be dwellings, cottages for shepherds and folds for flocks."

The walls were in good preservation. Along the bank are the remains of a line of ancient buildings, and near the termination, a temple fallen into the sea, its dark granite columns lying side by side in the water. How beautiful once! how mournful now! Parallel to the sea are Roman arches of an aqueduct, nearly buried in the fine white sand. This aqueduct evidently conveyed water from the Zerka (Blue River), although where the party came upon it, it ran more inland among the sand-hills. The whole of this region is almost an entire desert.

The river Zerka is a fine stream, with the remains of a stone bridge at its mouth, on the very shore of the sea. There is a mill a little distance up, and an ancient dam or bridge across of solid masonry. There were a number of camels, horses, and donkeys standing around with their loads of grain. This mill grinds for the neighbouring villages, and is represented to have been a mill-seat of ancient Cæsarea. Throughout the day, there was a lofty spire visible in the distance, which they took for a minaret or a light-house.

At 2 P. M., they reached Tantûra, a populous and thriving town, with a harbour formed by three or four islands. There were several feluccas taking in grain, from huge piles of it on the beach; and among the fellahin there was a merchant from Beïrût.

Leaving Tantûra, they passed some wells excavated in the rocks, so near the sea that the latter, when moderately agitated, breaks into them. Shortly after, they came to the ruins of Dora, situated on a promontory; where were the remains of an ancient building, very much resembling a light-house—the one they had seen all the morning. The base of the rock was excavated for a fosse to the castle, and there was a row of granite pedestals of columns. How magnificent the colonnade upon this promontory must have been! After some trouble in finding sweet water, they pitched the tent in a grove of date-palm-trees. There were a number of wells in the field, and many women passing to and fro with jars upon their heads.

On the 8th the road led along the sand beach, passing by occasional coves and over ridges of rock. When near Castellum Perigrinorum, Charles Homer, seaman, was wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun. The load of twelve buck-shot entered the under part of the arm near the wrist, and came out on the upper side below the elbow, lacerating the arm dreadfully, and, as it afterwards proved, shattering one of the bones. The severed artery discharged dark arterial blood in frightful jets, and the wounded man suffered excruciating agony. With great difficulty, Mr. Bedlow checked the bleeding, and the poor fellow was slowly conveyed to the ruined castle. Fortunately there were some feluccas in the harbour, and under charge of Mr. B. he was immediately embarked in one of them for Acre. The wind was fair and fresh, and in six hours they reached their destination. Homer was immediately taken to the consul's house, and a surgeon in the Turkish army, who had been educated in Ibrahim Pasha's medical school in Egypt, dressed the wound. I dreaded, however, the heat of the climate, and felt it my duty to procure for the unfortunate man the most comfortable quarters and the very best surgical attendance.

I therefore sent him, the same evening, to Beïrût, under charge of Passed Midshipman Aulick, Mr. Bedlow, and three men.

The carriage trucks, and all our effects sent back from Tiberias, were also embarked in the brig. On their arrival, Homer was without delay placed under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and a French surgeon of eminence attended him daily. The only time that I have ever been addressed by an Arab female, was this day, when one inquired about the condition of the wounded sailor. Humanity, a lovely tenant, dwell where it may, has its peculiar and appropriate home in the female breast.

The castle of the Pilgrims is a mountain of masonry, furnishing an inexhaustible quarry for exportation. A village of about thirty families is perched upon the summit, and its inhabitants have spent their lives in excavations. A road, made by the excavators, runs over and around the hill. A beautiful arched window, or doorway was crammed with bundles of wheat. One apartment, with groined arches and carved-work, presented a most imposing appearance. It is in perfect preservation, dimly lighted from the doorway, and the windows facing the sea;—it was used as a cow-yard! The guide said that the castle was built "for the king's daughter." North of the castle, was a magnificent fragment of a wall, upwards of one hundred feet high, built of large stones, crossing a stream which is probably the Wady Ajil, but called, by the guide, Nahr Dŭstray (Justerîyeh?). They then opened, from a sand-ridge, the beautiful vale of Esdraelon, running down by Mount Carmel, towards the outlet of the Kishon. Sometime after, they passed Mount Carmel, with its convent, the temporary resting-place of so many travellers; and, riding through the walled village of Haifa, where there were many lazy Arabs lounging about the doors, they came out at the camping-ground of the 31st of

March. There were the grave-yard, the ruined tomb, the carob-tree, and the shelving beach, with its line of foam.

Winding along the beach, and again crossing the Kishon and the Belus, the last our second camping-place, they halted on the glacis of the outer parapet of the eastern wall, a little north of the main gate of the fortress of Acre. In front was the plain, with an aqueduct, Abd' Allah Pasha's garden, and cultivated fields beyond, to the verge of the mountains; behind, and on each side, was the sea.

On the morning of the 9th, we had a visit from Sherîf and 'Akîl, who came in state, and we accepted an invitation to breakfast with them. Going into the town, we saw a man in the fosse of the ramparts, digging for bullets expended in various sieges of the place. He had found a number of them, two feet below the surface.

On repairing to the Sherîf's, a little after noon, we were ushered, through a paved court, into a large room, with a lofty, arched ceiling; Persian mats were upon the floor; a handsome divan at one end, and at the other a *European bedstead, with chintz curtains*, and costly weapons were hanging against the walls. Nubian slaves were in immediate attendance, with sherbet, pipes, and coffee; shortly after which, followed the repast. It consisted of a great many dishes, of Arab cookery, and was served up in an immense circular brazen tray. Among other things, there was a lamb, roasted whole, which 'Akîl tore apart and distributed with his hands. We had learned not to consider knives and forks as indispensable; and, being hungry, made, tooth and nail, a hearty meal. In ten minutes, the exercises were over; and, with a lavation and a pipe, the entertainment concluded.

Saturday, June 10. After taking some observations to connect with preceding ones, we started, at 8.15 A. M., for Nazareth, via the Valley of the Winds, the first

encampment of our previous march. The aspect of the country was far more parched and dry than when we first saw it; the plain was embrowned by the sun, and the air filled with myriads of insects, the product of the already decaying vegetation. At 11.45, reached the former camping-place, and stopped to make renewed observations. To our deep regret, we here discovered the delicate boiling-water apparatus, for determining elevations, to be broken, notwithstanding all our care. The horses were exceedingly restive from the heat and the bites of insects, coming across the wide plain of Acre, and to that I attributed the unfortunate accident. We here gathered a few flowers, which, the offspring of a more mature season, were gaudy in their colouring, but less redolent of fragrance, than those which bloomed around us on our previous visit. From the heat of the climate, vegetation germinates, matures, decays, and revivifies, with great rapidity. The poetical figure is an approximation to the truth:—

"The Syrian flower
Buds, and blooms, and withers, in an hour."

At 1.30 P. M., started again, and, diverging from the route we had before pursued, stopped at Sepphori to examine the ruins of a church with pointed arches, apparently of the time of the crusades. At 4 P. M., came in sight of Nazareth, seated at the head of Wady Hadj (Valley of the Pilgrims), which, through the Wady el Kafyeh (Ravine of the Leap), communicates with the great valley of Esdraelon. Leaving the Greek Church of the Annunciation on our left, we skirted the eastern slope of the mountain, and, descending through the outskirts of the town, camped, where so many travellers had camped before, in an olive-grove, about eighty yards from the Fountain of the Virgin. There were a great many women and children around the fountain; the children, sprightly, with intelligent features; and the women, the

GREEK-CATHOLIC PRIEST AT NAZARETH

most cleanly in their attire, and the most courteous in their manners, of any we had seen in Syria.

Sunday, June 11. We visited the Franciscan Convent, and its church, containing the grotto of the Annunciation. We were also taken to the reputed workshop of St. Joseph; to the place where our Saviour dined with his disciples, and to the precipice whither he was led by the Jews.

The feelings are inexpressible which overpower one in passing to and fro amid scenes which, for the greater portion of his mortal existence, were frequented by our Saviour. In Jerusalem, the theatre of his humiliations, his sufferings, and his death, the heart is oppressed with awe and anguish; but in Nazareth, where he spent his infancy, his youth, and his early manhood, we yearn towards him unchilled by awe, and unstricken by horror.

In its secluded position, with a narrow valley before it, and mountains in every other direction, we liked Nazareth better even than Bethlehem, and thought it the prettiest place we had seen in Palestine. The streets were perfectly quiet; there was an air of comfort about the houses, and the people were better dressed, and far more civil, than any we had encountered.

Nazareth contains about 5000 inhabitants, four-fifths Christians, the remainder Muslims. It has twenty-two villages in its district, which is subordinate to the Pashalic of Acre. While here, we paid a visit to a Turkish tax-gatherer, who, from his books, furnished us with much statistical information with regard to the tenure and the cultivation of land, and the land-tax, the poll-tax, and the "kharaje," or blood-tax, paid by the Christians. This tax-gatherer was an Egyptian, with a dark complexion, and short, crisp, black hair; his wife, a native of Aleppo, in the north of Syria, had a white skin, and chesnut ringlets; and their servant woman was a Maronite of

Mount Lebanon, with high cheek-bones, a freckled face, and reddish-brown hair.

Napoleon stopped at Nazareth after having rescued General Kleber in his desperate engagement with the Syrian army, in the plain of Esdraelon, about two hours distant.

We found here the heliotrope, the pink, the pheasant's eye, and the knotty hartswort. The roots and seeds of the latter are medicinal, having similar properties to those of the carrot. The Turks are said to eat the young shoots as a salad.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM NAZARETH TO THE SOURCE OF THE JORDAN.

Monday, June 12. Started for Mount Tabor, bearing about E. S. E., leaving Cana on the left. There were many oak-trees on the hill-sides and in the ravines, but no cultivation and very few flowers, except the purple bloom of the thorn. Bearing a little to the south, we soon opened the extensive and beautiful plain of Esdraelon. Over the plain was the village of Nain, where the widow's son was restored to life. Skirting along the northern edge of the lovely plain, nearly hemmed in by lofty hills, and cultivated in patches, with here and there a village; passing the battle-field of the French, and the reputed spot where Deborah and Barak discomfited Sisera, we reached a village at the base, and ascended to the summit

FOUNTAIN OF NAZARETH.

of Mount Tabor; the sloping sides, two-thirds up, thickly dotted with oak-trees, and beautified by many white and yellow flowers. Near the top, were remains of ancient walls and fortifications; and on the flattened summit were six or eight acres in wheat, being harvested by male and female fellahin, whose homes were in the village below. All around were ruins, many of cut stone, without mortar, the loftiest fragment being part of a pedestal with sculptured plinths. There were several cisterns and arched vaults on the southern side of the flattened summit. This is the reputed Mount of Transfiguration, and one of those vaults answers annually the purpose of a chapel.

From the summit was a magnificent view of the plain of Esdraelon, stretching to the range of Carmel in the west, and to Mount Gilboa in the south, with its off-shoot, the plain of Jezrael, reaching east to the Jordan. To the north-west, was Nazareth, embosomed among the hills; to the north-east, the Sea of Galilee, with Safed and the snowy peak of Ghibel es Sheikh (Great Mount Hermon). To the south-east, in the plain, was the village of Endor; to the south-west, was Little Mount Hermon, crowned with a ruined mosque, which glittered in the sunlight; and there were two streams from the north, and one from the southward and westward, which, uniting under the south-east base of the mountain, flowed along the plain, and fell into the Jordan near Beisan. A chapter might be written upon the history and associations of Mount Tabor, and its circumjacent plain.

Descending the mount, and pursuing a north-easterly course, we passed a large khan, where about 1000 persons had, that morning, been present at the usual weekly fair. Thence the road, in nearly a due east line, led over rocky ridges, and across barren ravines, for an hour, when we came upon several large encamp-

ments of black tents, with much cultivation, and many cattle and sheep around them. In the fields were dhoura, wheat, (the last being harvested), and some patches of castor-bean, which is raised for lamp-oil. The uncultivated parts of the rolling plain abounded with the khob (wild artichoke), bearing a large, round, beautiful purple flower, resembling the lilac in its hue, and partaking of the fragrance of the thyme.

Soon after, we passed two ruined villages. Just below the last one, was a deserted garden, with apricot and fig trees. No one reclined in the grateful shade of the fruit-trees; and the song of a mother, and the mimic shouts of children, which once echoed around them, were no longer heard. It is not difficult to surmise the fate of the family—the father killed—the mother and the children driven forth—helpless wanderers. A few months back, and this was probably the seat of domestic happiness; but now the plaintive cooing of the dove by day, and the mournful whooping of the owl at night, are the only sounds which find an echo in that desolate spot.

Coming to the summit overlooking the Sea of Galilee, and the Jordan, where it issued from it, we descended to the bank, and halted near our first camping-place on the river, beside the ruined bridge of Semakh. Bathed, for the last time, in the lower Jordan, and gathered some flowers and shells, memorials of the consecrated stream and its lovely banks. From the want of wood, we went nearly supperless to bed.

Tuesday, June 13. We had been compelled, last night, to pitch our tents in a field of wheat newly cut. When about to start, this morning, I sent to some reapers in the adjoining field to pay the owner of the one we had occupied for the slight damage we had occasioned. He came slowly and with hesitation, and appeared perfectly astonished when he understood our object. The idea of

remuneration for waste of another's property never occurring to this harassed and misgoverned people.

Our course to-day was along the western shore of the lake. Passing the ruins of Tarrichæa and of Kades, we stopped to bathe in the hot bath of Emmaus;—the water salt and sulphureous, its temperature as before, 143°. The shore of the lake was in many places fringed with the pink oleander, and we saw a beautiful violet coloured flower, as round and as large as a small apple, growing on a thorn-like bush. We met a Jewish silver-smith going from Tiberias to the Hauran, to supply the wives and daughters of the Arabs with trinkets; thus combining thrift with the preservation of health, he will spend the sultry months of summer in the mountains.

At 9.30, we passed the gate of Tiberias; a few persons on the crumbled walls. The ground, except a few irrigated patches, was parched and dry, and there was much grain being trodden out by cattle and mules.

When here in April, we purchased the only boat upon the lake, with the condition that another should be procured by the 1st of June — an arrangement we were induced to make in the event of losing our boats or being unable to return with them. To our great regret, we now learned that the one being built on the sea-coast would not be delivered for two weeks, a delay prohibited by the advancing season and our enfeebled condition. Thus fell our hopes of thoroughly exploring this inland sea. It could not have been done when we were there before, without incurring great risk of failure in the main objects of the expedition.

We soon after reached the fountain Bareideh, with ruins of baths. The clear thermal stream gushes from the ground and flows into a reservoir, and thence, through another, out upon the shore and into the sea. There were many oleanders and purple flowers growing around,

forming a lovely grove, and there were some gardens and cucumber beds behind and beside it. Resting a short while near Mejdel (Magdala), our road ran parallel with the sea-shore, with the luxuriant but uncultivated plain of Chinnereth on our left, and the holy city of Safed and Mount Hermon towering before us. Upon this plain it is supposed that Chorazin and other towns mentioned in the New Testament were situated.

A little south of the ruins of Khan Minyeh we came to 'Ain et Tîn (Fountain of the Fig). From the base of a high cliff at the north-west angle of the sea, the limpid stream gushes out beneath a rock, with two large fig-trees above it,—whence its name. The water is sweet and cooler than that of the lake. For about twenty paces it flows a broad but shallow stream, which separates into two branches, that enclose a verdant little island, almost exactly in the shape of a heart, and thence its united streams have worn a channel to the sea. Upon the cliff above, Dr. Robinson places the site of Capernaum, where our Saviour cured the centurion's servant. We examined the brow of the hill very minutely, but could discover no traces of ruins. It is said that fragments of pottery have been found there, but we saw none. We were repaid, however, by the splendid view of the sea and its shores.

Ascending from 'Ain et Tîn, turning to the east, and leaving the khan and the usual route on our left, the road led along the face of the cliff, being cut through the rock, about four feet wide, with high perpendicular sides.

We soon after passed Ain et Tobighah, a brackish stream, with a flour-mill, ruins of other mills, canals and wells, and thence along a slope, barren of verdure except a few isolated, thorny shrubs, the surface covered with boulders of ferruginous sandstone. We next came to Tannûr Eiyûb (Job's oven), a small building with a dome roof. In the door-way were several females, coy but

curious, gazing at us. A short distance beyond was Tell Hûm (Hill of Hûm), the reputed site of "Frank's-town," built by the crusaders. The Arabs call it "Infidel's buildings." To my feeble understanding, this seemed the most probable site of Capernaum. It is about the centre of the northern shore line of the sea, and commands a more extensive view of the latter, and is more conspicuous from it, than the cliff over 'Ain et Tîn, at the north-west angle. Next to Safed, the words "a city seated on a hill" seem most applicable to it.

Early in the afternoon, we arrived at the debouchure of the upper Jordan. Flowing through an extensive and fertile plain, the river pours itself in a wide and shallow stream into the sea, nearly at its north-east extremity.

Upon the western shore, near the mouth of the river, were many tents of the tribe El Batiheh. A number of these were constructed of wattled cane, giving free access to the air, and, from their diminutive size, more resembled cages for beasts than human habitations. Much of the plain had been under cultivation, but the harvest was over, and the fields were blackened from the burning of the stubble. We encamped on the western bank, about half a mile up the stream, to avoid the near vicinity of the Arabs, this tribe having a bad reputation. Across the river on the first spur of the hills which bound the plain in that direction, is a village, the reputed site of Bethsaida. The river ran in front of the camp, about ten paces distant, and in the rear and on one side, as well as along the bank, were a great many oleanders in full bloom. This day there were very many oleanders along the sea-shore, and in some places the road passed through groves of them, but we did not meet the aromatic shrub mentioned by Strabo. The purple flower I have before mentioned was frequent. The day had been oppressively

hot, and as soon as the observations of Polaris were taken, we retired—but not to sleep—for we were dreadfully tormented by mosquitoes and fleas; and the distressing cries of the jackals were more incessant even than they were the night before.

Starting early on the 14th, the road led at first through a morass intersected by several streams and numerous ditches, and covered with a tangled growth of shrubbery. Bethsaida, the birth-place of Peter, Andrew, and Philip, in full sight to the north-east. We soon began to ascend, clambering up the western hills, the river becoming rapid, brawling, and more contracted in its width—its banks fringed with the cane, the willow, and the oleander, the last in great profusion, its delicate pink hue contrasting well with the light and dark green of the other vegetation. After a toilsome ascent of an hour, we reached the summit of the hill overlooking the plain. From it was a fine view of the Sea of Galilee and the Jordan, the latter rushing down in one line of foam fringed with willows, oleanders, and the ghŭrrah of the lower Ghor. Thence descending and ascending the sides of a deep ravine, we reached the highest elevation, whence the face of the country breaks down towards lake Huleh. Thus far from the head of the plain, the river has been a perfect torrent. Mount Hĕrmon soon came into view, its brow seamed with lines of snow, which were fast disappearing beneath the sun of a Syrian summer. Passing a reservoir and a ruined khan, we came at noon to Jisr benât Ya'kôb (Jacob's daughter's Bridge), with four arches. There was a toll-house on the western shore, and the ruins of an extensive khan on the eastern side. Here the river flowed with great rapidity, being the first rapid below the upper lake. The last was visible from the bridge.

Above the bridge, the river, about forty yards wide,

and full to the utmost capacity of its banks, flowed in nearly a due south course, through a narrow plain. Our road led parallel with the river, until we opened on a yet more extensive plain, with the lake on its eastern side. This plain was under partial cultivation; there were two villages (one in ruins) near the centre, and many Arab encampments scattered about,—the men smoking in the tents, while the women, with uncovered heads, were at work in the broiling sun. This lake is the Merom of the Bible, and upon this plain, Joshua overthrew the Canaanites.

We stopped to rest at 'Ain el Mellâhah (Fountain of the Salt Works), with a primitive grist-mill beside it. Back of the mill, was a beautiful little lake of cool, pellucid water. The lofty hill to the south was covered with what seemed blocks of lava and scoriæ, but we were too much overcome by heat and fatigue to visit it.

In the afternoon, our course led along the western edge of the plain, between the lake and the mountains. We passed a large pond filled by numerous springs; a Turkish mausoleum on a high western cliff, and a deep and wide ravine, with ruins on its northern summit. The plain seemed perfectly level to the eye; and there were two streams running down its northern end, which, with the numerous fountains, render it very fertile. There were many encampments of the fellahin, who cultivate rice and dhoura. The tents were of cane wicker-work, with upright sides, and more comfortable than any we had seen. The hills on the left formed a lofty range of swelling domes, terminating to the north in an abrupt perpendicular face of horizontal strata,—the prevailing rock, limestone. Sweeping round the head of the plain to the north-east, we ascended to an elevated plateau, and camped on the banks of the Golden Stream, a tributary of the river of Bânias, one of the former supposed sources

of the Jordan. The castle of Honin, which was concealed from view when on the plain, bore north-west. It seemed a bold, commanding fortress, on the extreme summit of the western range.

Starting early on the 15th, our course led north-east, along the brow of the hill overlooking the Ardh el Huleh (Lands of Huleh), the lake, Tell el Kadi (Hill of the Judge), and the town of Bânias, with several villages in sight. Much dhoura and rice, but little wheat, cultivated in the plain.

In two hours, we crossed a fine old Roman bridge, with its three arches, spanning the river Hâsbeiya (the true Jordan), which, far below, swept through with great velocity, its rushing and tumbling waters darkened with fragments of rock peering above the eddying whirls of foam; the light spray half concealing the green fringe, richly decked with flowers, which ran along its shores.

In one hour more, we came to Tell el Kadi (Hill of the Judge), the site of ancient Dan, and the Laish of the Canaanites, "the utmost border northwards of the land of Israel," and where Jeroboam placed one of his golden calves. It is an oblong hill, with swelling sides and a flattened summit, about eighty feet above the plain. Over the crest is a hollow, where the fountain bubbles up. There were a great many oak-trees scattered about; and to the south-west, a ruined stone-house, not very ancient; and, in the same direction, on a smaller elevation, a ruined village. There was much tufa, and some quartz, and the whole hill bore traces of volcanic characters.

On the west side, a short distance from the fountain, a stream, or rather many streams, gushed out so copiously from the hill-side as, in an instant, to form a river; the water clear, sweet and cool. This was long supposed to be the highest source of the Jordan, and from it the name is said to have been derived. The only objection

(although unconfessed), of many to the derivation is that it is too simple. The Hebrew words Jor and Dan, as rendered in our language, mean River and Judge. Dan, in Hebrew, being the same as kadi in Arabic. To this place, as related in Genesis, Abraham pursued the kings.

Thence to Bânias (Cesarea Philippi), the road led, in nearly an easterly direction, through a beautiful country, with numerous clumps of trees, mostly oak, and many coy flowers, peeping out from the tufted grass. Ascending a hill-side, dotted with oaks, we encountered many streams rushing down, it being the hour of irrigation. Passing through an extensive olive-orchard, with grain growing beneath and around the trees, we opened the town, seated near the head of a narrow valley, with the ruins of a bridge, over a deep ravine, and a castle towering high on the hill which overlooked it from the east. In every direction there were broken shafts and capitals of marble pillars scattered upon the ground, and an entire bridge, through the single arch of which rushed a clear, rapid stream, that immediately after leaped down some twenty feet, and was lost to sight in the deep and winding gorge. It was the River of Bânias, one of the tributaries of Lake Huleh.

The houses, built of uncemented stones taken from the ruins, were mostly one story high, almost every one surmounted by a light, graceful structure of lithe and flexible boughs, wattled with the leaves upon them, and with network-like cane floors, laid on transverse poles, some two or three feet above the roof of the dwelling. There were many mulberry-trees about, cultivated, we were told, more for the fruit than for rearing the silk-worm, only a small quantity of silk being raised.

Stopping to rest, a few moments, under a majestic oak, on a raised platform, encircled three feet high by a wall

of fluted and chiselled blocks of marble, we proceeded to the cave, beneath which, it is said, flows the stream we had crossed, which finds an outlet farther down. The cave was dry, but, in places, bore marks of recent water. We were assured that, in the rainy season, it is nearly filled. It no doubt communicates, through a fissure, with one gorge or more in the mountain above. In the face of the rock, above and beside the cave, were niches, supposed to have been occupied by statues of Pan and the nymphs, for another name of this place is Paneas. There is a fabulous legend of the true source of this stream being Lake Phiala, a short distance to the south-east of the town. Josephus states that "Philip the Tetrarch cast straw into this lake, which came out again at Panion, which, till that time, was taken for the head of the Jordan." To this place our Saviour came from Bethsaida.

From Bânias we pursued a north-west course, the country rolling; the soil, like that of yesterday, red clay, with a substratum of limestone, which occasionally cropped out. At first there was much cultivation, and a great many people harvesting; their complexions were much lighter than those of the dwellers in the plain. The women wore petticoats and aprons; and, when first seen, there was a general shout along the line—"hurrah for civilization!" We soon came upon stone fences, and other marks of a more secure tenure of property; and the people were courteous; saluting and returning the salutations of strangers. In saluting, they placed the right hand upon the breast. We were once more among Christians.

The road led over two high mountain-ridges and down into a rolling plain, with fields of dhoura, beans, and houma, and across the Hâsbeiya (Jordan), by a bridge at Khan Suleil. It then wound, first to the north, and then gradually to the north-east, along the valley, which nar-

rowed as we advanced, and led through groves of olive and some poplars, and by fields of grain, in sight of several villages. Turning to the south, and crossing the river again at a ford, and then rounding to the east, we clambered the steep Wady et Teim, along a most execrable road. It is said that the mountaineers, to increase their security, purposely render their roads almost impassable. We soon opened the town of Hâsbeiya, seated far up on the crest of the right acclivity, its castle and a minaret conspicuous, and camped on a ledge, in an olive-grove, about one-third up from the bed of the ravine.

The town was two hundred feet above us, on the opposite side, on the crest of a hill, which sweeps from east round to south, and overlooks the ravine on those two sides. The houses are two stories high, with the universal flat mud roof, which answers very well, there being, even at that elevation, but little frost in winter to affect them. It is not a walled town, but its terraces, and the horizontal lines of houses along the face of the hill, give it quite a fortified aspect. There were groves of olive, mulberry, and fig, and some apricot trees on each side of the ravine, from its head as far down as we could see. There was a large stone reservoir, with a ruined bridge, at the head of the ravine; a meagre fountain a little lower down; and, immediately below us, three or four silk-mills, constructed of wattled twigs, like the summer sleeping apartments on the roofs at Bânias. On the cliffs behind us were many scattered oaks, with here and there an orchard and a dwelling. The rich cultivation extended from the head of the ravine far up to a village on the mountain-side, which was, in turn, overlooked by the snow-capped crest of Mount Hermon, Ghebel es Sheikh, Mountain of the Aged, or Lord of the Mountain, as it is variously rendered.

From extreme weariness, we could not leave the tents

the day after our arrival, even to visit the town, but impatiently awaited intelligence from our wounded comrade; intending, if his life were in danger, to hasten to him.

On the 16th, we received a great many visitors, and obtained much information from some of the most intelligent. There are 1500 who pay poll-tax in the town; and as it is only paid by able-bodied men, over twenty-one and under forty years of age, there must be near 9000 inhabitants in Hâsbeiya, of whom two-thirds are Christians, mostly of the Greek persuasion. The Protestants number fifty-five; the Maronites, fifty; the Greek Catholics, thirty; and there are a few Jews. There was great religious discord here: the members of the Greek church being prohibited from speaking to, or holding any communication with the Protestants. The governor was under the influence of the Greeks, it was asserted, from mercenary considerations; but the rest of the Muslims, as well as the Druses, were free from intolerance, and seemed disposed to favour the persecuted. Freedom of religious worship was denied to the Protestants, and we were indignant witnesses of the persecutions to which they were subjected.

We are, mercifully, so framed as to depend upon association with each other, to relieve necessities, to enhance enjoyments, and to maintain security. Peace, therefore, and harmony, unity and benevolence, is the proper condition of the human family; without which, man but cumbers the earth he should adorn; and, in his abasement, deeply feels the abiding curse of Ishmael,—"thy hand is against every man, and every man's hand against thee."

Of all the embittered feelings of the human heart, there are none so detestable as those engendered by fanaticism. Of all the human family, there is not one so malevolent and so fiendish as the sour and self-sufficient bigot, who,

catching a brand from the altar of Moloch, lights the fires of persecution, and perverting, with infamous audacity, the mild breathings of the sacred volume into lessons of cruelty and proscription, becomes the foe of his fellow-man and the mocker of his august Creator. The persecuted have our warmest sympathies.

In the afternoon, Prince Ali called upon us. He is of the family of Shehab, which came in with Saladin, and is the oldest in Syria. We accompanied him to the source of the Jordan. Descending the ravine, and turning to the north, we passed through groves of olive, fig, and mulberry trees, and crossed the river over a one-arched bridge; the banks lined with willow and plane trees, and luxuriantly fertile. Thence going east, in ten minutes we came suddenly to the source, a bold, perpendicular rock, from beneath which the river gushed copious, translucent, and cool, in two rectangular streams, one to the north-east, the other to the north-west. The scarp of the rock was about forty feet high; and the north-east branch, being mere back-water, extended only a few hundred yards; but its banks were fringed with the wild rose, the white and pink oleander, and the clematis orientalis, or oriental virgin's bower. The north-west branch, at the distance of about a hundred yards, plunged over a dam, and went rushing through the arch of the bridge below. The hand of art could not have improved the scene. The gigantic rock, all majesty, above; its banks, enamelled with beauty and fragrance, all loveliness, beneath; render it a fitting fountain-head of a stream which was destined to lave the immaculate body of the Redeemer of the world. Mr. Dale, who had the eye of an artist, thought that the scene would make a more beautiful picture than any he had ever beheld. He sketched it, with Prince Ali in the foreground.

The costume of the prince, except in the richness of

the materials, was the same as that of the majority of the males of the upper class. He wore a low crimson tarbouch, with a flat silver button on the crown, a brown cloth embroidered jacket, with short, tight sleeves, loose white trousers gathered at the ancles, a green sash round the waist, and red boots and slippers upon the feet. The lower orders, instead of the jacket, were mostly attired in a gown of some striped pattern, with slashed sleeves, open in front, and confined by a sash. The women were adorned with ear-rings, and wore the red cloth cap with the button, and a string of gold pieces in front, spanning from ear to ear across the brow, and a white veil thrown over all. The ear-rings consist of three or four gazas (gold pieces) each, suspended from a golden loop. Like the Egyptian women, they dye their eye-lids with antimony and soot, which gives an unearthly appearance, and very much disfigures them.

While here, our observation confirmed the accounts given us of the wonderful product of terrace cultivation, but I will not cumber my already extended narrative with statistics.

There were many Druse and Christian women at work with the men in the fields. The former do not allow their faces to be seen by strangers. The other women, without being immodest, did not shun being seen.

There are supposed to be ten thousand Druses able to bear arms, which make about fifty thousand in all, living in the Lebanon, from Beïrût to Tyre, along the coast, in the Hauran, and near Damascus. Their religion is little known. A catechism of it which has been published, is so ambiguous, that it throws little light upon their creed. It originated in Egypt. The tradition as related to us, is this. In the 600th year of the Hegira, or about 800 years ago, there was a tyrannical ruler of Egypt, who was persuaded by an artful Persian to declare himself a god. Shortly

after the self-constituted deity disappeared, murdered, it was supposed, by his instigator, with the connivance of the tyrant's sister. The Persian then gave out that the missing deity had left a book suspended to the door of the great mosque, where it was found. This book is reverenced as their bible. It inculcates the transmigration of souls, and enjoins conformity in *outward* observance with the prevailing religion of the state. They teach the Koran to their children, and recite it in their public prayers, while they are said secretly to detest it. They have houses of prayer, apart from their villages, whither they repair every Friday evening. Prayers on such occasions are first offered in open communion, but, towards the close of the exercises the great body of the people retire, and only the initiated remain. They are taught to give no direct answer to one of another persuasion. If one be asked his name, he will probably say that he does not know. Much was told us of their secret rites, which I discard as being too horrid to be true. The costume of the men is the turban, with the tarbouch beneath, Turkish trowsers and slippers, and a spencer or light frock, open in front. With similar dresses, the married women wear the long hollow horn, its base resting on the head and its point protruding forwards or sideways, much in the shape of an elongated cone.

On the 17th, Mr. Dale and myself visited the valley of the Litany (ancient Leontes). Crossing a cultivated ridge, with Kŭlat es Shŭkîf (castle Belle Forte of the crusaders) to the S. W., we came upon a ravine, with a stream running down from the south at right angles with the river. The torrent of water pouring down the ravine, rushed across the river and regurgitated loudly in a large cave on the opposite shore.

The rolling valley of the Bŭk'ah is hemmed in by the two parallel ridges of Lebanon and anti-Lebanon. The

latter skirts it on the east, the former upon the west. Like the waving backs of huge monsters, whose bodies are prostrate but their heads erect, their summits stretch in ascending lines to the north till they terminate in two crowning peaks, Ghebel es Sheikh and Ghebel Sŭnnîn, each capped and ribbed with snow. The Litany ran here close against the Lebanon range, the stream visible here and there, far down the steep chasm.

Descending, with great difficulty, we came upon the river where it flowed impetuously beneath a natural bridge,—an arch excavated, by the water, through the opposing mass of rock. The reverberating noise beyond soon told of its reappearance; and, clambering along and down the precipice, we saw it issuing gently, at first, from its subterranean chasm, its banks fringed with the willow and the plane tree, and decked with flowers of the richest hue. The stream thence flowed with increasing velocity, for about 200 yards, between a high, naked rock on one side, and a luxuriant growth of overhanging plane-trees on the other, when, whirling suddenly to the right, and again to the left, it gathered its tumultuous waters, and, rushing in a narrow but impetuous cascade into a circular basin, it thence leaped twenty feet into a foaming caldron. The rays of the sun were reflected in rain-bow hues, as they fell upon the long line of foam, which sparkled and glittered among the trees, whose branches almost intertwined above, and nearly overshadowed the stream that rushed so madly beneath. If the site of the grove of Daphne were upon this stream instead of the Orontes, here, no doubt, would have been the favoured spot.

We here gathered the althea, the retem, or broom-plant, the dianthus, or pink, and the snap-dragon.

On our return, we had, from an elevation, a full view of the Ardh el Hûleh (Lands of Hûleh), lake Hûleh, the Jordan above and beyond, and the Sea of Galilee in the

distance. Turning aside from the road, we visited some pits of bitumen. There were five of them; two then in operation, one sixteen and the other twenty-five feet deep. The bitumen is less porous than that of the Dead Sea.

With the exception of those of the highest class among the Turks, all the females of the town came indiscriminately to the fountain in the ravine for water. Each one carried a large jar, some upon the head, but most upon the back of the neck, between the shoulders. While here, we saw the wives and daughters of Christians (Protestants and Greeks), Druses and Turks, among them the married daughter of the richest man in town, pass, at all hours of the day, to and from the fountain.

The transition from a severely active life in the plains to a wholly inactive one in an elevated region proved very trying, and we waited impatiently for intelligence from our comrade. Not hearing on Sunday, I, that evening, despatched a messenger to Beïrût.

CHAPTER XXV.

FROM THE SOURCE OF THE JORDAN TO DAMASCUS, BA'ALBEK, AND BEÏRÛT.

Receiving, on Monday, the joyful intelligence that Homer was out of danger, and that Mr. Aulick and Mr. Bedlow were on the way to rejoin us, I determined to remain no longer inactive; and, early on the 19th, started to lead the party over the Anti-Lebanon into the plain of Damascus.

Clambering diagonally up the mountain-side, which was beautifully terraced, and clothed with vineyards and olive and mulberry orchards, we passed two Druse villages, and a silk-mill, near a cave, which was filled with water, and contained crypts and sarcophagi.

The cultivation gradually disappeared as we ascended, and was succeeded by dwarf oaks, with some large ones in the hollows, and in sheltered places; there were several streams trickling down the mountain side. Near the streams was some grass, and on their banks, and upon the mountain-slope, we observed the oleander, the convolvulus, the pink-flowered valerian, and the retem or broom-plant, the last covered with its straw-coloured and fragrant blossoms. The oak was succeeded by heath and fern, the last beautiful with its small, scarlet blossom; then succeeded lichens and moss, terminating in masses of limestone-rock, with boulders of quartz. We crossed, in a gorge (the Wistanee), between Mount Hermon and the next peak to the southward. The two crests were covered and many clefts on both sides filled with snow. From the summit, the country below, which had seemed so mountainous to the upward view, appeared an immense rolling plain. Far to the north-west, at the verge of the seeming plain, were the red sands, a dazzling line of gold separating the luxuriant green of the plain from the light azure of the far-stretching sea. Upon that line of sand, like clustering dots upon a chart, were the cities of Tyre, Sidon, and Beïrût. Another plain stretched, from the opposite side, south to the Hauran, and to the east until it was lost in the great desert. On the northern margin of that plain, but yet in the far distance, lay the city of Damascus, Es Shâm (the Holy), embosomed in groves and meadows. We made an attempt to ascertain the height of Mount Hermon with our boiling-water apparatus, but the thermometer attached to it was not gra-

duated sufficiently low. The summit is estimated to be about 9000 feet above the level of the sea, which is, perhaps, but little more than the actual height. As we ascended, we suffered from a stricture about the temples, but nearer the summit, the feeling passed away, and was succeeded by great nervous exhilaration.

We found snow some distance down the eastern slope; and the descent was gradual; but, from the nature of the road, very slow and excessively fatiguing. As we descended, the limestone rock disappeared, giving place to sand-stone and trap; and, lower down, serpentine occasionally cropped out. At 'Ain Ennahad (Copper Fountain), the water was deeply impregnated with iron; the dry bed of one of its branches was coated with the yellow oxide of the same metal, and the rocks around bore marks of metallic corrosion. Near the base of the mountain, there was a profusion of wild roses.

The next day, the road led over a high, rolling plain, along the flank of the mountain, which, ribbed and capped with snow, formed a bleak barrier to the west. Ahead was a sea of verdure, which indicated the gardens around Damascus. There is an unfounded legend that Muhammed refused to enter that terrestrial paradise. Advancing into cultivation, there were patches of wheat and barley on the high ground; and in the ravines, groves of olives, figs, apricots, English walnuts, and some melons and cucumbers. The prevailing rock, a dark basalt, with metallic veins, and some quartz. As we proceeded, the number of villages increased, each with its girdle of vegetation; an oasis in the wide-spread and arid desert. Occasionally the wind, sweeping down the gorges of the mountains, would whirl the dust of the incinerated plain in circling eddies, high in air, very much like our water-spouts at sea. There were some camels moving about in search of food; but there were few people, and no birds

or wild animals:—a long, dreary ride over the dry plain, under a burning sun. I had brought the party down from the mountain, where the air was too keen for our debilitated condition;—here there was a prospect of the other extreme, and that the weather would prove hot and relaxing.

In the heat of the day, the whole plain seemed to undulate, and the ascending vapour formed a perfect mirage, through which, like light-houses above the sea, the minarets of the villages were alone visible. We passed through the populous village of Kattana, and a most extensive olive orchard—and with the suburb town of Sâlihîyeh on a slope of the mountain to the left, and on the right a long line of vegetation indicating the course of the river until it was lost in the desert; and Damascus, unseen though near, before us; we pressed forward as rapidly as our strength and that of our steeds permitted. The road led through avenues of large English walnut trees, the blossoms nipped by frost. For miles the way was lined with walls composed of sun-dried blocks of mud, intermixed with pebbles, each about three feet high, four feet long, and one foot thick, larger, but in every other respect very much like the adobes of Mexico. This climate is said to be very cold in winter. It can only be so by contrast with the heat of summer, for much frost would crumble these walls in a single season. Within the lines of walnut trees there were orchards of olives and apricots, and patches of wheat, barley, melons, and leguminous plants. The road ran winding among these delicious gardens, with a rapid stream always on one and generally on both sides, and to which, through each garden there flowed a brawling tributary. After the poetic Lamartine and the graphic Miss Martineau, it would be folly to attempt a description of Damascus. I therefore simply transcribe what fell under our observation.

At 4 P. M., we were abreast of Bab el Karrawat (Gate of the Aqueduct), and turning to the left along the Grecian aqueduct, we came upon a beautiful green, level as a meadow, through the centre of which flows the far-famed Barada, formed by the union of two streams above, which are supposed to have been the Parphar and the Abana, rivers of Damascus, mentioned by Naaman the Syrian.

On our right was a collection of domes and minarets, and over the river on a slightly ascending slope, was the city proper of Damascus. On the high ground back of it was a suburb town, the resort of wild fanatics, with a conspicuous tomb, called the tomb of Nimrod, on a projecting promontory. To our surprise we found that Damascus was situated at almost the very base of Anti-Lebanon, instead of in the midst of an extensive plain. Crossing the bridge which spanned the Barada, we turned to the east, and skirting the northern wall, passed through a cemetery, many of the tombs in which were enclosed in wooden lattice work with bouquets of flowers suspended within, and many women moving about among them. We next passed a house enclosing the tomb of a santon, with numerous placards affixed to it, whither the afflicted or their friends come to pray for recovery from sickness. Very soon after we encountered a fellow-countryman, and our Vice-Consul, a Syrian Jew. By them we were conducted through Bab es Salem (Gate of Peace), to the quarters that had been provided for us. Before entering the city, we were advised to furl our flag, with the assurance that no foreign one had ever been tolerated within the walls; that the British Consul's had been torn down on the first attempt to raise it, and that the appearance of ours would excite commotion, and perhaps lead to serious consequences. But we had carried it to every place we had visited, and, determining to take our chances with it, we kept it flying. Many angry comments were, I

believe, made by the populace, but, as we did not understand what our toorgeman was too wary to interpret, we passed unmolested.

Our quarters consisted of a bower, about eighty by twenty feet, a small fountain at one end, and a large reservoir at the other, with a miniature canal between; a grotto-like recess, with a divan, which was assigned to the sailors, and a large room, with a dais and a jet d'eau in a circular basin—called, by the Jews, "a sea"—for ourselves. The last gave us the first correct idea of the "Brazen Sea" of Solomon.

On our way around the walls, we had seen many light-coloured pigeons, with fan-tails; and in this garden were ravens of a fawn colour, with black head, wings, tail, and feet,—which contradicts mythology; for we are there told that the plumage of this bird was originally white, but that Apollo turned it *all* black, because it misinformed him of the infidelity of Coronis.

The windows of our apartments looked upon the Barada, which flowed immediately beneath them, between two tiny cataracts. On the opposite bank, was a large rural and crowded café, perfectly embowered in a grove of magnificent plane-trees. It was a lively and most attractive sight. There were Turks, Greeks, Arabs, and Syrians, in variety of costume, supinely sipping coffee or smoking, in groups or apart, or attending to the recital of a tale; and on one side a crowd was gathered, listening to a musician, and looking upon the feats of a tight-rope dancer, whose figure was at times half concealed from us by the intervening branches. As the day waned, numerous little coloured lamps, suspended in every direction about the trees, were lighted up, which shone beautifully amid the dark green foliage.

This scene so excited our curiosity, from the idea it conveyed of a social hilarity which we had never before

witnessed in our intercourse among Asiatics, that, wearied as we were, we determined to sally forth. On our way, through the dark, narrow, and crooked streets, we frequently stumbled over sleeping dogs. These animals were by no means vicious, but would howl when trodden upon, and lazily get out of the way. They were more numerous than in Constantinople; and we were told that they perform the office of scavengers, and are, moreover, supported by charitable contribution.

While making our way through a crowded bazaar, a Turk, in passing, elevated his hands above his head. We did not at the time understand it, but learned afterwards, that formerly it was an enforced custom for Christians to keep the centre of the street, which is nothing more than a gutter, while the Muslims passed along the elevated side-walk. The Turk, on this occasion, not being so tall as the member of our party next to him, his gesture was intended as a kind of assertion of superiority.

The bazaars were covered in, and the shops in those appropriated to merchandise were closed; but there were a great many cafés, not confined to houses, but each one embracing a considerable space of the street before it. There were lines drawn across, some ten feet above the pavement, to which were suspended hundreds of little lamps, under which, on broad benches and low stools, squatted and sat, those visitors who preferred the sensual indulgence of coffee and the chibouque; while those whose tastes were more intellectual, listened silently within, as one read or related some tale of the East. The scene brought the days of our boyhood back, and we remembered the Arabian Nights,—Haroun al Raschid, and his excursions in disguise.

Early the next morning, went to a bath, passing on the way the court of the great mosque, once the Christian church of St. John. Many of the streets were so narrow,

that the projecting balconies often touched the walls of the houses opposite. The bath was very much like those of Constantinople, but more elaborate in its decorations, and the process of ablution was more prolonged and complex. The building was ornamented in the Chinese style. The interior of the dome-roof was painted sky-blue, and the walls were in fresco, of Chinese scenery. There were pagodas six stories high, with grotesque ornaments on the top, and trees and flowers nearly as high as the pagodas. There were elevated divans around the rotunda, and two recesses, fitted in like manner, sufficiently large to accommodate about sixty people. These recesses led off to apartments with dome-roofs, studded with circular glass-lights, and having marble floors and fountains, and alabaster reservoirs. We were led into one upon wooden clogs, three or four inches high,—for the floors were heated from beneath,—and made to sit down by one of the fountains which supplied hot and cold water in unlimited profusion, and the whole apartment was filled with a hot and almost stifling vapour. After being parboiled, the scarf-skin of the whole body was scraped off with horse-hair gloves, by yellow imps with shaven crowns, nearly as naked as ourselves. We were afterwards conducted into a room of yet higher temperature, where we were boiled a little more, lathered, and thoroughly washed off. We were then enveloped in napkins, a capacious turban was wreathed around our heads, and, almost exhausted and panting for a less rarefied air, were slowly supported to the outer room, where we reclined upon luxurious couches, and, at will, sipped coffee or sherbet, or smoked the aromatic chibouque.

Friday, June 23. A close, warm day, but the air was much refreshed by the play of the fountains, which sounded like gentle rain, and mingling with the gush of the river, lulled us to sleep at night.

In the course of the day we visited the bazaars, which are larger, loftier, and cleaner; but the shops, even in Persian goods, were not so well supplied as those of Constantinople. The silk for this market is brought from the Anti-Lebanon, and is now about 110,000 lbs. per annum, one-half of the amount brought in formerly. The demand, which regulates the supply, has decreased, in consequence of the general introduction of cotton goods, mostly from England. There were a great many pieces of muslin with *American stamps*, but they were the counterfeits of English manufacturers. One of the khans was finer than any we had seen in Constantinople.

The population of Damascus was estimated by Dr. Mashâka, an intelligent Syrian and member of the Asiatic Historical Society of Beïrût, at 115,000, and he thinks it is upon the increase. This increase, however, is anything but an evidence of the prosperity of the country, for he attributes it to the desertion of the villages, caused by the frequent forays of the wandering Bedawin. He considers that the deaths are fewer even with the increased population, which he ascribes to the more frequent inoculation of children:—for the small-pox has been at times a devastating scourge.

In the evening we dined with Dr. Paulding, who with his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Barnet, belong to the American Evangelical Mission in Syria. We were handsomely entertained, and in many other respects indebted to their kindness. In this land of mental indolence and sensual enjoyment, it was gratifying to converse with our countrymen, and to look upon books, maps, and other marks of western civilization. We heard to-day a singular but well authenticated history of a ruling family, which is indicative alike of the political features and the peculiar manners of the country.

Sa'id Jumblat was the wealthiest and most powerful of

the princes of Lebanon. His younger brother, the Emir Beschir, since so well known in Syrian history, was aspiring and unprincipled, and in order to form a party of his own, professed to be a convert to Christianity, and by degrees won over the Maronites. As soon as he found himself sufficiently strong he made war upon his brother, and defeating him in a pitched battle, drove him to the Anti-Lebanon, where the fugitive was received by one of the mountain chiefs. But the treacherous host, bribed by the Emir, decoyed his guest to Damascus, where he was put to death. The widow of Sa'id Jumblat fled to the mountains of Hauran, with her three sons, but some years after being sorely pinched by want, she sent them to implore the mercy of their uncle. They suddenly and unannounced appeared before the Emir, and prostrating themselves in the humblest manner, quietly sat down upon the divan. Their uncle, not recognising them, demanded their business, when the eldest replied by asking if a child were responsible for the debts of a parent incurred before it was of age. The Emir said, certainly not. "Then," continued the eldest, "my brothers and myself are not answerable for the acts of our father," and divulged who they were. Their uncle, moved by their appeal, received them into favour, and gave them back part of their paternal inheritance. After testing the character and qualifications of the eldest, he procured him the commission of colonel in the Egyptian army. When Syria reverted to the dominion of the Porte, the Emir Beschir was deposed, and, with his family, imprisoned in Constantinople; while his nephew, the eldest son of the murdered brother, was invested with the patrimonial estates of both families. But the two younger brothers were vicious and unprincipled; and, combining together, drove the elder away, and seized upon all his property. They had two cousins, the friends of that

brother of whom they were jealous and fearful. Coming unexpectedly, one day, to the house of their kinsmen, they asked for a draught of water, but declined the invitation to enter. One of the cousins brought the water, and the other, equally unsuspecting, came forth to speak to them, when, without the slightest warning, they were both shot down. The second brother has since driven the younger one away, and offers 100,000 piastres for his head. This, better than a thousand comments, will give an idea of the insecurity of life and property in this region.

In the cool of the evening, we went without the walls. Passing through the east gate, consisting of a large central one, and two side ones now blocked up, we had, from without, a fine view of the city and its suburbs.

The walls are not strong, the towers having been levelled by Ibrahim Pasha, and the materials used in the construction of a large caserne, or infantry barracks, which, a monument of Turkish indolence, is unroofed and falling rapidly to decay. We saw the old Roman foundations of the walls, the ancient arches, the fosse, and evidences of a wall of cement between the outer and the inner one. Near the Jerusalem gate, we were shown the place where St. Paul was let down in a basket, and, on the road beyond, the spot of his conversion; and, on our return, we passed through "the street which is called Straight."

This country is the cradle of the human race; and Damascus is certainly one of the oldest cities in the world. Its name is said to imply "the blood of the righteous;" derived, it is supposed, from the death of Abel. Eleazar, the steward of Abraham, was from Damascus: and about half an hour beyond it, is Hobah of the Old Testament, whither the patriarch followed, to rescue Lot from his captors.

The history of this city teems with vicissitudes. Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Saracens, have been here; and there are ruins, and vestiges of ruins, which would delight an antiquarian.

On Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, we were taken to some houses of wealthy Jews. The exteriors of the dwellings were unpretending and semi-dilapitated; and the entrances were uncleanly, and, in some instances, almost filthy. A narrow, crooked way led to an open court, paved with marble, with a marble fountain and shrubs and flowering plants in the centre, and lofty, spacious, and elaborately-decorated rooms and alcoves around it. At the farther end of each room, was the elevated dais, with divans of costliest silk cushions on the three sides, and Persian carpets between them. From the dais to the opposite end of the room, was a floor of tessellated marble, with an overflowing reservoir, or "sea," supplied by a jet d'eau. The door and windows opened upon the court; and the walls, wainscoting, door and window-frames, and the lofty ceiling, were of mosaic, of different kinds of costly wood, with rich gilt edgings and arabesque figures.

There were neither tables nor chairs; and, in the sleeping apartments, the beds consisted of thick cushions piled upon each other. The men were dressed in black turbans and gaberdines; the wives and daughters, in narrow-skirted gowns, usually of English printed muslin; and a silk boddice, generally yellow, fitting closely to the form—except that, opening and diverging in front, they displayed a thin, white gauze across the breast; which, in consequence of the pressure beneath, protruded forth and presented a most disgusting appearance. The married women sedulously concealed their own, but wore a quantity of artificial hair, confined by a net-work cap, ornamented with gold coins, pearls, and precious stones.

The unmarried wore their own hair, uncovered and unadorned. The eye-brows were shaved; and over each eye was a black, curved line, extending from the outer corner and meeting in the centre, at the bridge of the nose. The lower eye-lid, beneath the lash, was also blackened, and gave to the whole countenance a fierce and repulsive aspect, and the nails were stained with henna. They wore white stockings and loose, thin, yellow, morocco slippers, which, when they left the dais, were thrust into wooden clogs, and in which they moved about with perfect ease. These clogs were of wood, inlaid with pearl, consisting of one horizontal piece, shaped like the sole of a shoe, supported on two upright ones, eight inches high. They slipped their feet into them without stooping, merely half turning round in the evolution; and they always left them at the foot of the dais when they came upon it. Their appearance and their movements were unbecoming and ungraceful.

In the evening, the Great Sheikh of the 'Anazeh tribe (the ruler of the desert) came to see us; and, also, the Sherîf of Damascus. The former is a fine, mild-looking man; but his character belies the expression of his features, for he was recently concerned in an outrage upon some English travellers. He is the Sheikh with whom those who wish to visit the ruins of Palmyra, or cross the great desert, must make their contract.

The Sherîf was a venerable-looking old man, with a magnificent turban, of a fine, white material, intertwined with gold thread. He came in imposing state, with numerous attendants; while the powerful sheikh, who holds life and death at his disposal, announced himself.

Sunday, June 25. The weather oppressively hot, and many complaining; which determined me to remain no longer in the city, but to lead the party again across the mountains.

Starting a little before sunset, and passing through the suburb and a gorge in the hills, we had, from an elevation just above where the Barada bursts through the mountain, a full view of the city and the surrounding country. There were the mountains, the desert, and the forest of gardens; the last intermingled with walls, and domes, and minarets, and untold roofs, and the tops of trees, and the glittering sheen of running water, all forming a scene of beauty unparalleled and indescribable. Damascus, with its gardens, is a city in a grove; and conveys the idea of art seated in the lap of nature,—an island of architecture in the midst of a sea of verdure. A little after 7 P. M., we encamped, for the night, by the village of Damŭr, on the right bank of the Barada.

On the 26th our course led along the right bank of the river, now an impetuous stream, winding frequently, with many graceful curves from side to side of a narrow and luxuriant valley. The country was highly cultivated, with barley, dhoura, the walnut (which is an article of food), the olive, fig, apricot, and mulberry, the pea, and the castor bean. As we advanced, the olive was succeeded by the mulberry and the vine. The rocks were limestone, conglomerate, quartz, and concretions, and in one place there were scattered fragments of marble columns on the plain; and just below a Roman bridge a thick stratum of incrustations of roots of trees and other vegetable matter. The prevailing flowers were the wild white rose; a vine resembling the morning-glory, and a beautiful pink flower. It is strange that with a climate so similar to this, South America does not produce the white rose. High up on the eastern bank, over the bridge, are tombs excavated in the rock, and the ruins of a Roman aqueduct, and a tablet over it with an inscription in Roman characters.

Just before opening the plain of Zebdâny, the Barada

GREAT SHEIKH OF THE ANAZÉH TRIBE.

turns suddenly from west to south in its course, and is joined by a smaller but an impetuous stream from the north, and the two united leap a cataract of twenty, and thence rush foaming down a cascade of thirty feet. Where the plain of Zebdâny opens, the two ranges of mountains nearly meet, leaving but a passage to the great plain.

The road, heretofore, had been winding within a narrow valley, with mountains on each side, and the river rushing and tumbling through; and wherever joined by a tributary there was a village, and around each, in proportion to the size of the stream, were irrigated fields and luxuriant gardens. But, soon after entering the wide plain, the vegetation began to spread from the centre, where ran the river, towards the brown and parched mountains, which, with their sharp and rugged outlines, bounded the horizon on either side.

As we approached the village of Zebdâny, the winding road was shaded by the willow, and confined between hedges of the wild rose and a fragrant but unknown shrub. We camped early just without the village, which is embosomed amid luxuriant gardens enclosed by wattled hedges with rude gates, and beautiful, shaded walks between. The enclosures, like those of Damascus, were a combination of patches of grain, orchards, and gardens, with a running stream through each. Among the fruit trees we gladly recognized the apple and the quince. The apples are celebrated in the market of Damascus.

Among these gardens, in the opinion of some writers, was the paradise of our first parents; and tradition denominates a spot within it the tomb of Adam.

In the evening, visited a holy spring above the town. It was a rill of water trickling from the hill-side and falling into a rude stone trough, with a banner on each side, containing an inscription from the Koran, praying God to

bless all *Muslims* who drank at that sacred fountain. Upon the left was a lamp in a recess, which is lighted after nightfall. We found there a poor old Christian woman from Mesopotamia beyond the Euphrates. She had accompanied her husband on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where he died, and she had only been able to get thus far towards her native country. While conversing with her, a proud Kurd, one of the princes of the district, rode up, and made her stop filling her jar and step aside for his horse to drink. It was a splendid chesnut mare, for which, he told us, he had refused 12,000 piastres. A few moments after him, a fellah came up, bearing something in his bosom. The prince demanded to see what it was, and the fellah exhibited a quantity of houma or pea of the country — of which the former, without leave or apology, took as much as he wanted.

We had reason to believe that inebriety prevailed among the Turks in Constantinople, but while in Syria saw only one intoxicated Arab — our muleteer on the present journey — who was rarely sober. On reaching Zebdâny, he had deceived me about the best camping-place, and on my return from the fountain, I said to him, threateningly, as he laid beneath a tree, "I have a great mind to pour a pint of arrack down your throat for telling me an untruth;" when springing up, he exclaimed, "do, Howajeh, and I will kiss your feet!"

Tuesday, June 27. The nature of the country before us rendered a long ride necessary to-day. We therefore rose at 3.45 A. M., the moon just peering over the eastern mountains, and started at 4.50, just as the first beams of the sun tinged the snowy peak of Hermon. At early daylight a great many goats were driven out to pasture, by herdsmen dressed in goat-skin jackets. We soon passed a holy well, enclosed, on the left; with sixteen banners, bearing inscriptions, around it, and one sus-

pended from an adjoining tree; the road running parallel with the brawling stream;—terraced gardens below, on one hand, and barren mountains above us on the other; with conglomerate rock cropping out, and huge boulders of it on the mountain-side and in the valley.

Passing a small encampment of black tents, we ascended a hill-side, and skirted along a beautiful ravine, with a village at its head, surrounded by orchards. Here we entered upon an elevated plateau, three-fourths of a mile wide and five miles long, narrowing to the north, where a depression in the ridge leads to the great plain of Bŭk'ah. We then came upon a narrow, but highly cultivated valley, with a stream running through it. There were quantities of grain just reaped, and much of it ready for the sickle. A village, through which we passed, was embowered in the luxuriant foliage of the mulberry and the walnut. The houses were mud-plastered, stone huts; the people uncleanly in their persons and attire,—the women and children particularly so. The latter were mostly employed in bearing bundles of mulberry twigs, with the leaves on, to feed the silk-worms in their dwelling-houses.

Until we came upon this valley, the prevailing rock was a coarse conglomerate; but here, the blue limestone, which yesterday dipped, again cropped out, and was succeeded by white calcareous limestone, with some quartz.

The stream widened, and increased in velocity, as we descended, and the strata of the cliffs above us were nearly at right angles to each other,—some horizontal, others perpendicular, and a rock upon the summit looked like a fortification in ruins. The willow, which early in the morning was occasional, became afterwards frequent; and on the brink of the stream were plane-trees, large in girth, but stunted and gnarled. Below them were wild roses, the yellow honeysuckle, and other flowers: we here saw a beautiful bird, resembling the oriole.

Passing by several villages, and a deep ravine with large blocks of conglomerate in its bed, we rode over the rolling, but parched and dreary plain of Bŭk'ah, with Ghebel Sŭnnîn, crowned with snow, on our left. The Arabs hold that the ark rested on Sŭnnîn after the flood, and that Noah lived, and was buried, in this plain. Of the last, which was part of the Cœlosyria of the Romans, we know that it was the high road along which Egyptian, Syrian, and Roman hosts have passed, in devastating progress.

Early in the afternoon, we came in sight of the ruins of Heliopolis, or the Great Temple of the Sun, at Ba'albek. While our eyes were riveted upon the colossal mass of architecture, we were startled by a reverberating sound, the echo of our horses' tread, as if there were caverns or excavations beneath. We camped without the village, on the banks of the small, but rapid and clear stream, dignified with the name of the "river of Ba'albek."

Thoroughly conscious of inability to convey an idea of these ruins, even if our exhausted condition had permitted sufficient notes to have been taken for the purpose, and as we possess an excellent sketch of them, taken by Mr. Aulick, I will select, from the description of Lamartine, some passages which are not exaggerated, and correspond with our own observation.

After describing a small octagonal temple, with a dome-roof, supported on granite columns, which is about half a mile distant from the great temple, he says of the last:— "Mingled in confusion around it were shafts of columns, sculptured capitals, architraves, cornices, entablatures, and pedestals. Beyond, rose the hill of Ba'albek, a platform 1000 feet long and 700 feet broad, built entirely by the hands of men, of hewn stones, some of which are from fifty to sixty feet long, and fifteen to sixteen high, and the greatest part from fifteen to thirty above the ground.

Three pieces of stone give a horizontal line of 180 feet, and near 4000 feet of superficies. On this prodigious platform the temple stood; and the six gigantic columns, bearing majestically their rich and colossal entablature, soared above the scene.

"We skirted one of the sides of this hill of ruins, on which rose a multitude of graceful columns of a smaller temple. There were some having their capitals untouched and their cornices richly sculptured; and others were leaning, entire, against the walls which sustained them. But the greatest number were scattered in immense heaps of marble or stone upon the slopes of the hill, in the deep ditches which surround it, and even in the bed of the river flowing at its foot. There were prodigious walls, built of enormous stones, and almost all bearing traces of sculpture; the relics of another era, which were made use of at the remote epoch when they reared the temples which are now in ruins. From the summit of the breach, all around, were seen marble doorways of a prodigious height and breadth; windows or niches bordered with most admirable sculpture, arches, pieces of cornices, entablatures and capitals. We were still separated from the second scene of the ruins by the interior buildings, which intercepted the view of the temples. According to all appearance, we were but in the abodes of the priests, or on the sites of some chapels, consecrated to unknown peculiar rites. We cleared these monumental constructions, much more richly worked than the outer wall, and the second scene of the ruins was before our eyes. Much wider and longer, more decorated still than the one we had left, it presented an immense platform, in the form of an oblong square, the level being often broken by the remains of a raised pavement, which appeared to have belonged to temples utterly destroyed. All around this platform extended a series of chapels,

decorated with niches admirably sculptured, with friezes, cornices, and the most finished workmanship. The only failing, is a superabundant richness; the stone is crushed beneath its own weight of luxury. Eight or ten of these chapels still remain almost uninjured, and they seem to have always existed thus open to the square they are built around, for the mysteries of the worship of Ba'al were doubtless celebrated in the open air.

"We then proceeded south, where the six gigantic columns reared their heads above the ruins. They are each seven feet in diameter and more than seventy high; they are composed of only two or three blocks, so perfectly joined together that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the lines of junction; their material is a stone of a colour between marble and sand-stone. These columns were either the remains of an avenue, or of an exterior decoration of the temple.

"Opposite, on the south, was the smaller temple, on the edge of the platform, about forty paces distant. It is of inferior proportions to that which the six colossal columns recall. It is surrounded by a portico, sustained by columns of the Corinthian order, each of them being five feet in diameter and forty-five feet in shaft, and composed of three cemented blocks. They are nine feet distant from each other, and the same space from the wall of the temple. A rich architrave and a beautifully sculptured cornice run around their capitals. The roof of this peristyle is formed of large blocks of stone, cut by the chisel into concave hollows, in each of which is represented the figure of a god, a goddess, or a hero. Some of these blocks had fallen; they were sixteen feet wide and nearly five feet thick. Not far from the entrance of the temple were large openings and subterranean stairs, which led to lower constructions, the use of which cannot be assigned with certainty. They seemed to extend through

RUINS OF BAALBEC.

the whole space of the hill. The pedestals of this group of monuments are constructed of stones of prodigious dimensions. They are of hewn granite, some of them fifty-six feet long, fifteen or sixteen broad, and of an unknown thickness, and are raised one upon the other, twenty or thirty feet above the ground. They are evidently of a different date from the temple, and belong to an unknown era; and have, probably, borne a variety of temples, sacred to a successive variety of creeds. There are arched passages, about thirty feet high, beneath the platform, running its whole length and breadth.

"The other ancient edifices of Ba'albek, scattered before us on the plain, had no power to interest us after what we had just inspected. We threw a superficial glance, as we passed, upon temples which would be considered wonders at Rome, but which are here like the works of dwarfs. One of them had served as a church, and the Christian symbols still remain. It is now uncovered and in ruins. The Arabs despoil it as they have occasion for a stone to support their roofs, or of a trough to water their camels."

Wednesday, June 28. Weather, warm and calm;—at mid-day, the heat oppressive, many of the party complaining, and some seriously indisposed. I determined, therefore, to forego a thorough examination of the ruins; and, abandoning the contemplated journey to the cedars of Lebanon, to hasten, with all practicable speed, to Beïrût, in the hope of meeting our ship. We found here a very beautiful species of the pink lark-spur, and also a pale, yellow honeysuckle, a native of the south of Europe, and naturalized as far north as Scotland, but which has not, before, been recognised so far to the East.

At 3.45 P. M., started, and passed a quarry where a huge block of granite lay ready, as it appeared, for transportation. We only stopped a sufficient time to measure

it. It proved longer than any in the ruins of the temple. An intelligent gentleman, whom we afterwards met, informed us that, on digging down, he discovered that its bottom was not detached from the rock beneath it.

Crossing the plain towards the Lebanon range, in an hour we passed a fountain near an artificial Roman mound. At the first were three fellâhas, who expressed great fear of the 'Anazeh Arabs. Two of them were young, and one unmarried: their faces were uncovered, and their lips stained blue. They were timid, but not uncourteous. Crossing the head-waters of the Litany, we were compelled to continue on for some time after dark. The mountains in solemn gloom, and lights here and there on the plain, indicated a distant village; the silence unbroken, but by the tramp of the animals and the tinkling bells of the caravan. At length we heard the welcome sound of dogs barking, succeeded by the voices of men; and at 9.45, camped, by starlight, near a village, where three snow-capped mountains overlooked the plain.

Thursday, June 29. Two of the men sick last night, one of them very much so. We seemed to have imbibed the disease which has heretofore prostrated all who have ventured upon the Dead Sea, and were about to pass the ordeal. As I looked upon my companions drooping around me, many and bitter were my self-reproaches for having ever proposed the undertaking.

Started at 7.10 A. M., our course north-west for the first half hour, to regain the high road, from which we last night diverged in search of water. Our route then led along the flank of Lebanon towards the south-west. Here and there upon the plain on one side, and in every nook of the mountain on the other, was a village, through or beside which flowed a rivulet, bordered with trees and shrubbery, the only lines of vegetation above the plain.

The cultivation was the same as we have heretofore seen, with the addition of the kersenna, a round pea with a hard shell, growing two or three in a pod, and resembling very large radish seeds in appearance. The kernel is saffron-coloured, sweet to the taste, and it is an article of food for oxen and camels, the last particularly. It is broken and given in moistened balls. We saw very few birds in these mountains. We then traversed a well-watered and highly cultivated country, and passed through the village of Ma'alakah and the town of Zahley; the first seated on a slope, the last in a beautiful hollow of the mountain; the borders of the streams, tributaries of the Litany, in sight below, lined with willow and a profusion of the silver-leaved poplar. Near the town, we met a fellah on a donkey, travelling with all his effects; they consisted of a mat, two cushions, a pipe and an āba. This is considered the most flourishing town in the Lebanon, if not in all Syria. It has four Christian churches, each with its bell, which formerly was not permitted in the Turkish dominions. The houses present a neat appearance, and many of them were whitewashed. The people courteously saluted us as we passed. There are said to be some gipsies here.

From this place I sent the interpreter ahead to engage quarters for us in the vicinity of Beïrût, if the ship were not there, as medical attendance would be required immediately upon our arrival. The horse he rode, the best traveller we had, died upon the way. Descending and skirting along the root of Lebanon, we turned and clambered up again, and stopped to rest at noon upon a terrace overlooking the whole plain of Bŭk'ah — a glorious sight — but we were too sick to enjoy it.

At 3.50 P. M., started again — two of the party scarce able to sit upon their horses—but we were obliged to proceed for want of accommodation. The road was a most

execrable one, leading over the summit ridges of the Lebanon — a keen, cold wind blowing from south-west. From the highest summit we could see the mist above the sea, but not the sea itself. At 6.40 P. M., we were compelled to stop, and camped near a dirty khan, on a little platform overlooking the lovely valley of Emanâ, one thousand feet below. It was a cold night, during which Mr. Dale was attacked with the same symptoms as the other sick. One of the party, going out of the tent in the dark, nearly fell over the ledge down the precipice.

Friday, June 30. A chilly morning — misty clouds sweeping over the mountain-tops and resting in the chasms. We were 4000 feet above the level of the sea. The two first taken sick were better, but Mr. Dale was worse. In company with Mr. Bedlow, I sent him ahead, that he might obtain the best medical advice as soon as possible.

Started at 7.2 A. M., the road winding over almost impassable mountain ridges, in some places by steps cut in the rock, and yet it is the high road from Beïrût to Damascus — one, the principal sea-port, and the other, the capital of all Syria. In our weak condition, we travelled slowly; the way grew longer and longer as the day wore on, and the coolness of the morning was succeeded by the scorching heat of noon.

For a short distance we travelled along an old Roman road, the curb-stones distinctly perceptible; and at 10.30, saw the ruins of an aqueduct over the river of Beïrût. There was a single tier of arches on the north, and a double tier on the south side of the stream. At 11, Beïrût and the sea in sight, but the sick scarce able to keep their saddles, when fortunately we met our countryman, Dr. De Forest, of the Evangelical Mission, who prescribed some medicine to be administered as soon as possible. At 11.20, stopped at a khan for that purpose. In

an hour started again, and near the village of Bhamdûn passed some deposites of petrified clam and oyster shells, with some ammonites. Just below was ferruginous sandstone, which dipped towards the west, next carbonate of lime and calcareous limestone. At one place the crumbling sandstone presented a variety of hues, light brown, dark brown, maroon, purple, yellow, and pink. Two miles below, the sandstone descended to the plain, and vegetation increased. The wheat which grew so sparsely up the mountains as to be plucked up by the roots, was succeeded by the fig, the apricot, the vine, dhoura, beans, cucumbers and melons, while three-fourths of the space was covered with the mulberry. Along the road, just where the mountain sinks into the plain, were many carob trees, resembling the cherry in its trunk and limbs, and the colour of its bark, the apple tree in its leaves, and the catalpa in its fruit—a long narrow bean of an insipid sweet taste. As we opened the harbour of Beïrût, our strained eyes sought in vain for the ship we so longed to see. My heart sank within me, as, after many alternations of hope and fear, the only three-masted vessel in the port proved not to be the Supply. The end who could foresee!

The luxuriant foliage of the plain intercepted the light breeze we had felt in the mountains, and it was excessively sultry; but, we at length came to the groves of pine planted to arrest the encroachments of sand from the sea-shore, and thence riding through gardens that seemed interminable, we at length reached our quarters upon the sea-shore. Some of us were unable to dismount, from sheer exhaustion; Mr. Dale, two of the seamen, and myself, requiring immediate medical attendance.

Saturday, July 1. All hands, nearly, sick. Dr. Suquet, a French physician, sent by his government to study the diseases of Syria, in attendance; but, feeling uneasy

about two cases, I sent an express for Dr. De Forest. The weather warm and relaxing.

Sunday, July 2. The sick mostly better. Dr. De Forest arrived. He said that much care was required; but that with care no danger was to be apprehended. He declined compensation. Weather warm but not oppressive.

Monday, July 3. The sick much better, except one new case. Our wounded man came to see us. We were ever scanning the horizon for the expected ship.

Tuesday, July 4. Sick convalescent with the exception of one of the seamen, attacked early in the morning. At noon, fired twenty-one guns in honour of the day. Weather warm.

On Monday, the 10th, Mr. Dale, in the hope of being more speedily invigorated by the mountain air, rode to Bhamdûn, a village about twelve miles distant up the mountain. It was the dreadful Damascus road, which we had travelled eleven days before. He arrived thoroughly exhausted, but was the next day much recruited. On the second day, however, a sirocco set in, which lasted three days, and completely prostrated him. On the 17th I received intelligence that he was very ill, and immediately hastened up, and found him partially delirious. He laboured under a low, nervous fever, the same which had carried off Costigan and Molyneaux. He was in the house of the Rev. Mr. Smith, of the American Presbyterian Mission, and received from all its members there the kindest and most assiduous nursing. Dr. De Forest was in constant attendance day and night, and his wife was as a ministering angel to the invalid. Dr. Vandyke came some distance to see him, and his case received every alleviation that the warmest sympathy could afford.

The exhibition of this sympathy for a stranger, was strikingly contrasted by a case of unfeeling selfishness in the village. It is a custom among the villagers,

the Druses excepted, to fly from any one supposed to be attacked with a contagious disease. A woman, who washed for Dr. De Forest, being taken sick, her family believing that it was fever, contracted from his clothes, in consequence of his attendance on Mr. Dale, they all, her husband and her children, immediately fled, leaving beside her a cucumber and a piece of bread. The Doctor could only prevail on the daughter to place medicine within her mother's reach. And they are as ignorant and superstitious as they are selfish. On occasion of a solar eclipse not long since, they beat upon tin pans, &c., to frighten away the serpents which they imagined were eating up the sun and moon.

My poor friend lingered until the evening of the 24th, when he expired so gently, that it was difficult to tell the moment of dissolution. Determined to take his remains home, if possible, I started immediately with them for Beïrût. It was a slow, dreary ride down the rugged mountain by torchlight. As I followed the body of my late companion, accompanied only by swarthy Arabs, and thought of his young and helpless children, I could scarce repress the wish that I had been taken, and he been spared. At times, the wind, sweeping in fitful gusts, nearly extinguished the torches; and again their blaze would stream up with a lurid glare, as we made our way through chasms and hollows, enveloped in a dense and palpable mist. We reached the neighbourhood of the town at daylight, and the body was immediately placed in three coffins, (one metallic, and two wooden ones,) and laid in a vacant building.

In the gloom, consequent on our loss, we waited impatiently for the Supply; but in vain we hourly scanned the horizon. On the 30th, one month after our return, the physicians advised us to leave at once, as there could be no hope of the recovery of the sick at Beïrût. I therefore chartered a small French brig, to take our boats and

effects, the body of our friend, and ourselves, to Malta. An unhappy accident in the transportation of the remains from the shore to the vessel, and the superstitious fears of the French captain and his crew, compelled me most reluctantly to land them. About sunset, as the Turkish batteries were saluting the first night of the Ramedan, we escorted the body to the Frank cemetery, and laid it beneath a Pride of India tree. A few most appropriate chapters in the Bible were read, and some affecting remarks made by the Rev. Mr. Thompson; after which, the sailors advanced, and fired three volleys over the grave; and thus, amid unbidden tears and stifled sobs, closed the obsequies of our lamented companion and friend.

At 9 P. M., we embarked on board of La Perle d'Orient; and, after a tedious passage of thirty-eight days, during which we suffered much from sickness, debility, and scarcity of food and water, we reached Malta, and received every possible attention from our Consul, Mr. Winthrop. Coming from a sickly climate, we were not permitted to enter the town, or to associate with any one, but were confined in a building apart.

On the 12th of September, the Supply having arrived, I had the satisfaction of reëmbarking the Expedition, with only three of its members on the sick-report.

Sailing thence, we touched at Naples, Marseilles, and Gibraltar, in the hope of procuring supplies; but, in the two first places, we were refused pratique, and from the third, we were peremptorily ordered away. Like the dove that could find no resting-place, our weary ship then winged her way for home; and, early in December, we were greeted with the heart-cheering sight of our native land.

Analysis of the Dead Sea Water, by James C. Booth and Alexander Muckle.

Specific gravity at 60° =	1.22742
Chloride of magnesium,	145.8971
" calcium,	31.0746
" sodium,	78.5537
" potassium,	6.5860
Bromide of potassium,	1.3741
Sulphate of lime,	0.7012
	264.1867
Water,	735.8133
	1000.0000
Total amount of solid matter found by direct experiment,	267.0000

THE END.

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